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THE NEW YORKER

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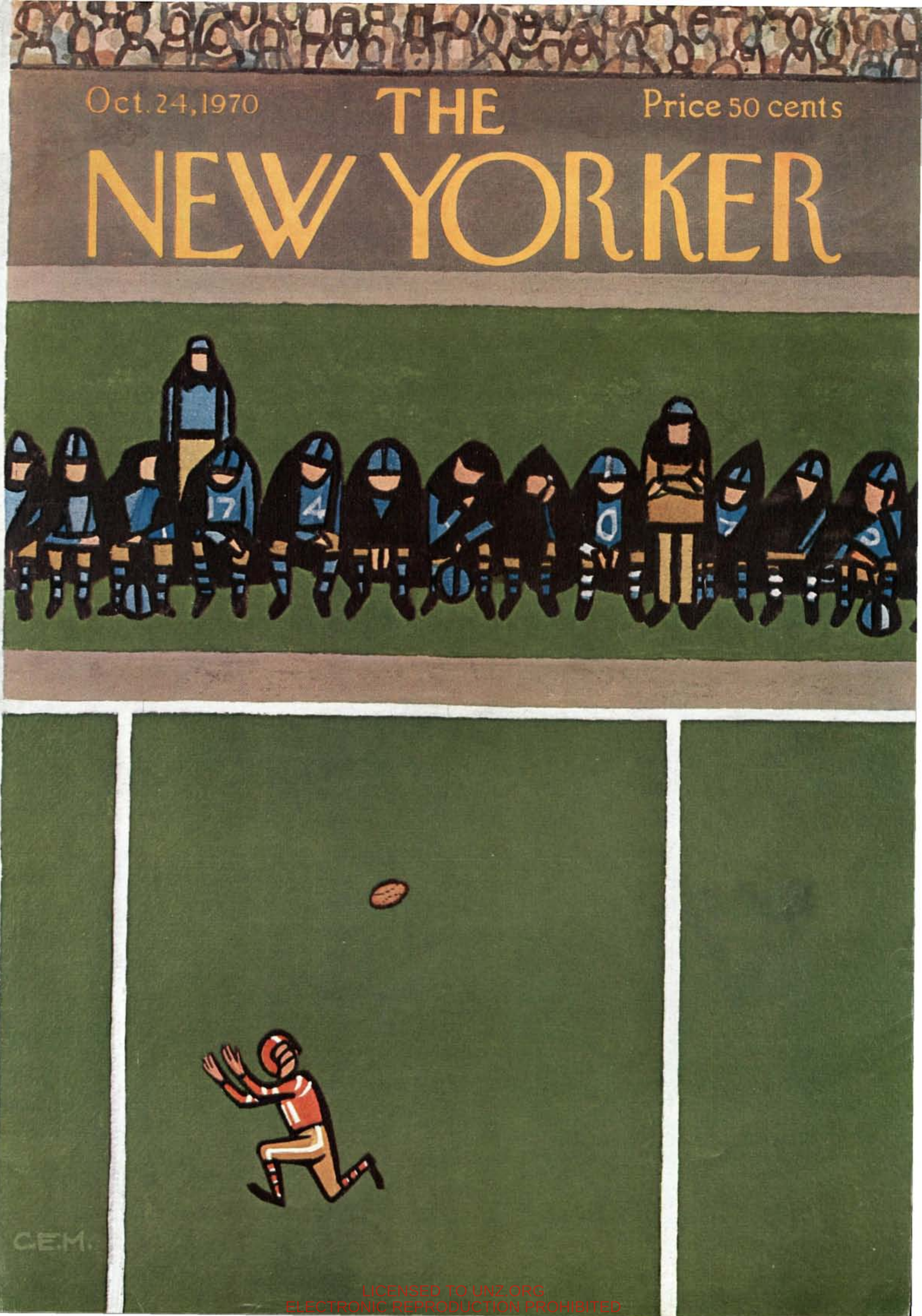

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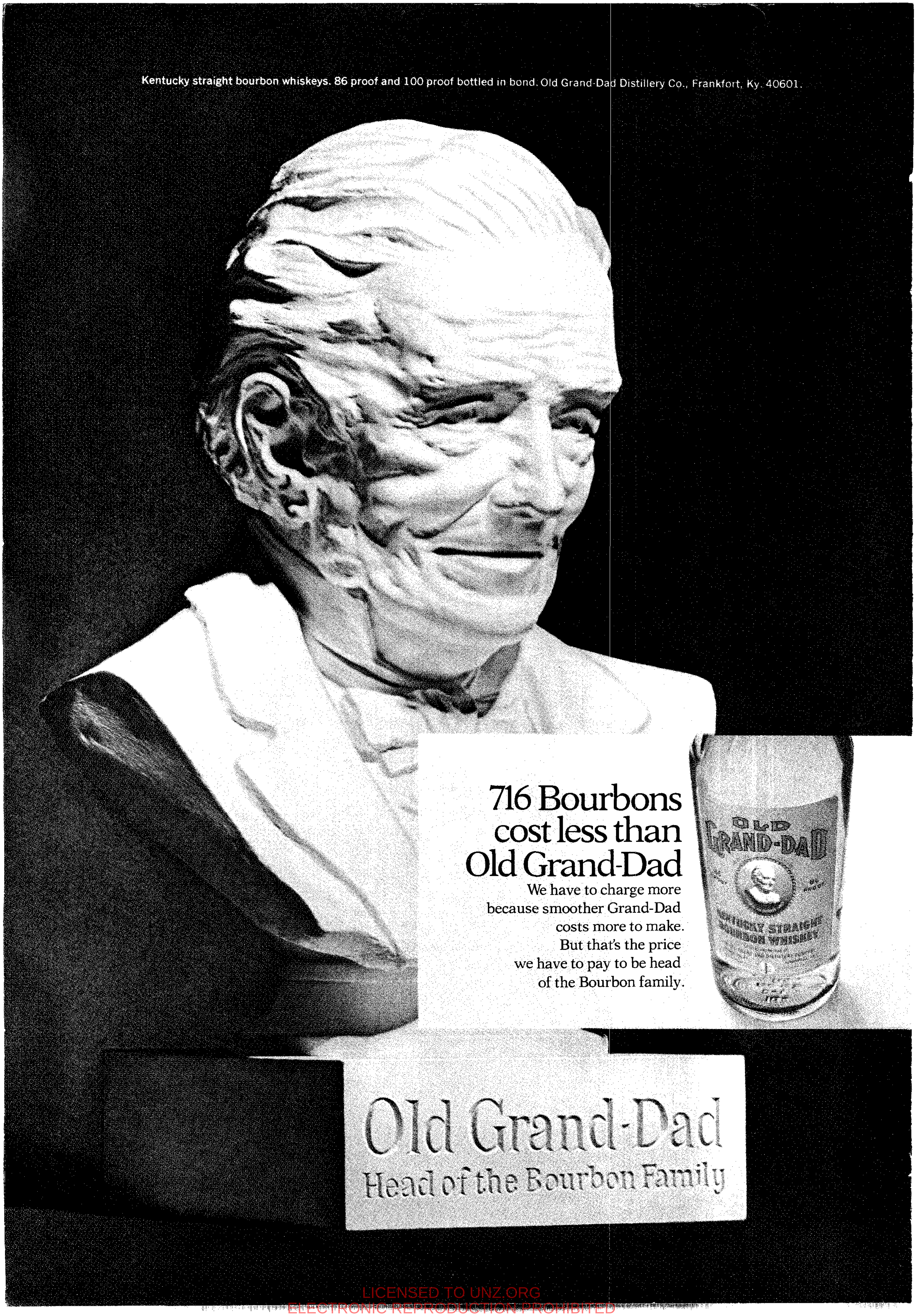
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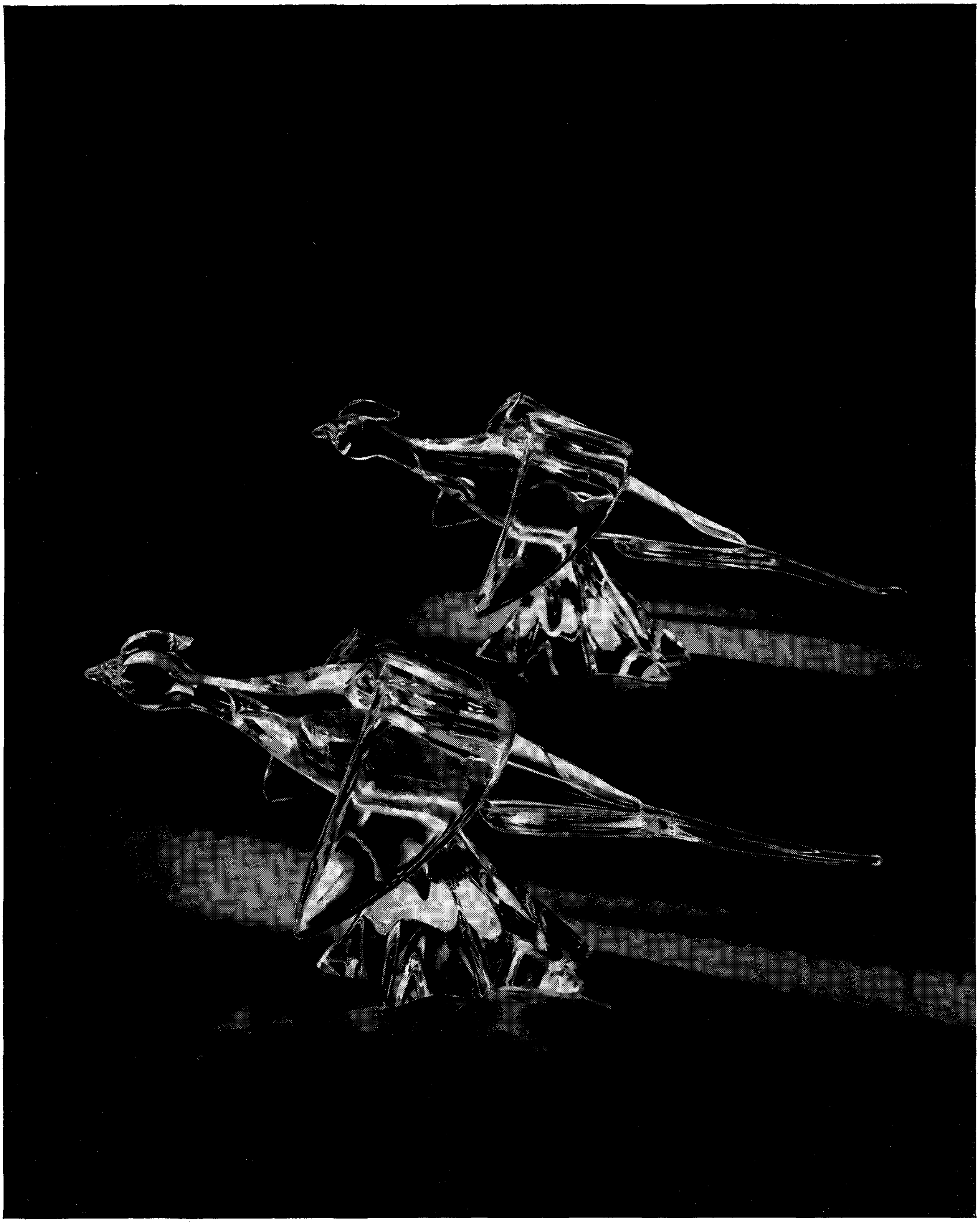

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A modest, homely, and beguiling evening in the company of two very bright men. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Colette—A dramatization of Colette's autobiographical writings, with Fenella Fielding in the title role. Elinor Jones is the dramatist. Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have written a number of appealing songs, which are scattered throughout. (Ellen Stewart, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30, and Saturday at 6:30 and 10. Closes Saturday, Oct. 24. There is a parking lot across the street from the theatre. A bus leaves the theatre after each performance and eventually winds up at Times Square.)

Conduct Unbecoming—Dastardly crimes are being committed by unknown parties in a crack regiment of the Indian Army sometime in the late nineteenth century. A delightful melodrama by Barry England, very well acted by a large company under the direction of Val May. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gandhi—Jack MacGowran in a play written by Gurney Campbell and directed by José Quintero. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Happiness Cage—A science-fiction melodrama about a brain surgeon who completes an experiment to eliminate all human suffering, using three soldiers in a military hospital as guinea pigs. The play, though well done, is only sporadically interesting. (Public/Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tiresome when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Not Now, Darling—A comedy, by Ray Cooney and John Chapman, imported from London. Norman Wisdom has the leading role, and George Abbott is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Oct. 28. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Passage to E. M. Forster—Peggy Wood and Teresa Wright in a play by William Roerick and Thomas Coley based on the works of the English novelist. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the first program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Oct. 26, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 2.)

Story Theatre—Ten fairy tales adapted and directed by Paul Sills, with Melinda Dillon, Paul Sand, and the True Brethren. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 24. Opens of-

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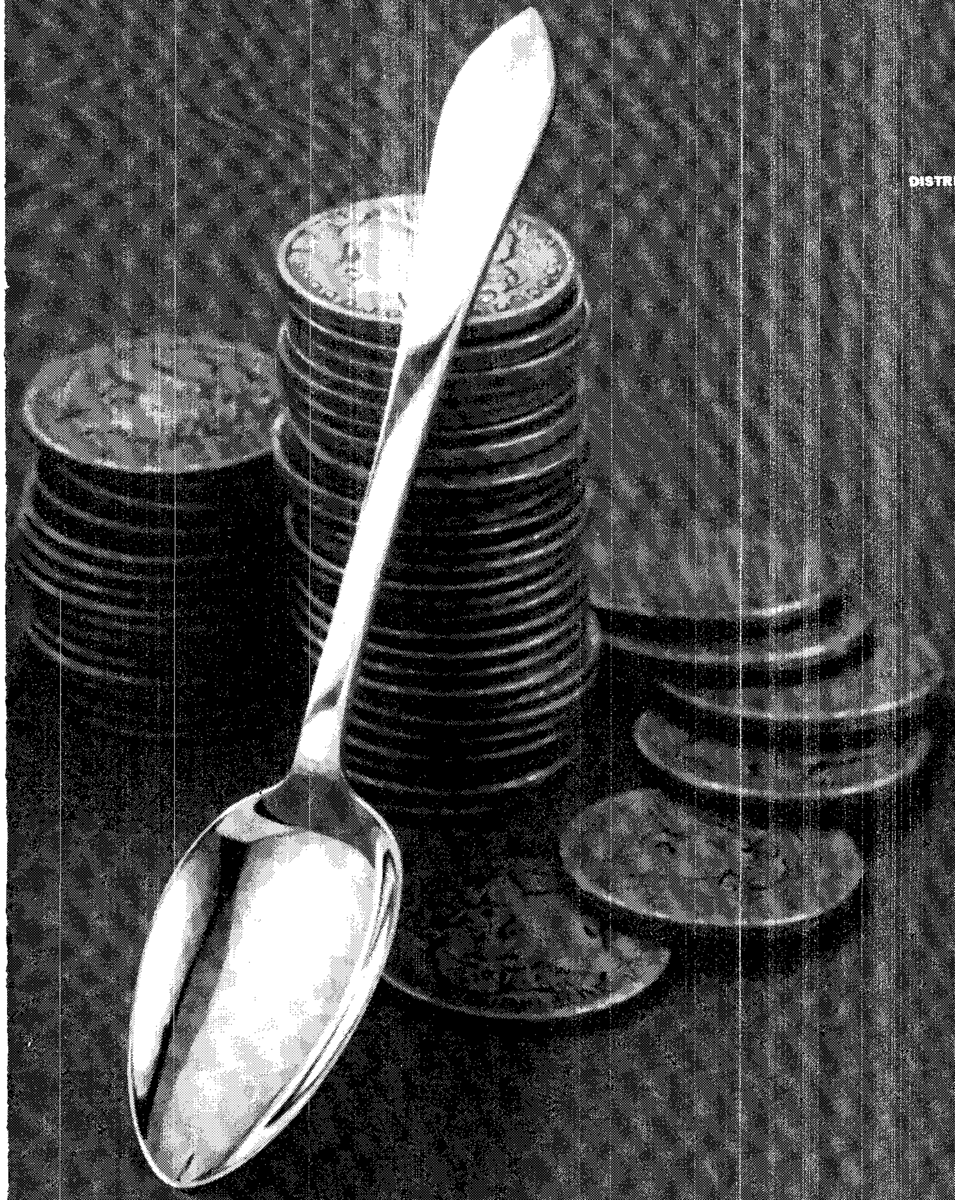

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ficially on Monday, Oct. 26. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunday Dinner—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Theatre on the Balustrade—Ladislav Fialka in the final performances of a one-week engagement by this company from Prague. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22-23, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Public/Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for Zsa Zsa Gabor, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Applause—A rousing, tireless, immensely skillful retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A marvellous cast, headed by Larry Kert, Susan Browning, and Elaine Stritch, in a fresh and funny show. George Furth did the excellent book, and Stephen Sondheim did the equally attractive music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. Previews through Monday, Oct. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 27. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Purlie—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—A musical based on the Frederick Morton biography, with music by Jerry Bock, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, a book by Sherman Yellen, and a cast that includes Paul Hecht, Leila Martin, Keene Curtis, Jill Clayburgh, and Hal Linden. Michael Kidd directed. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

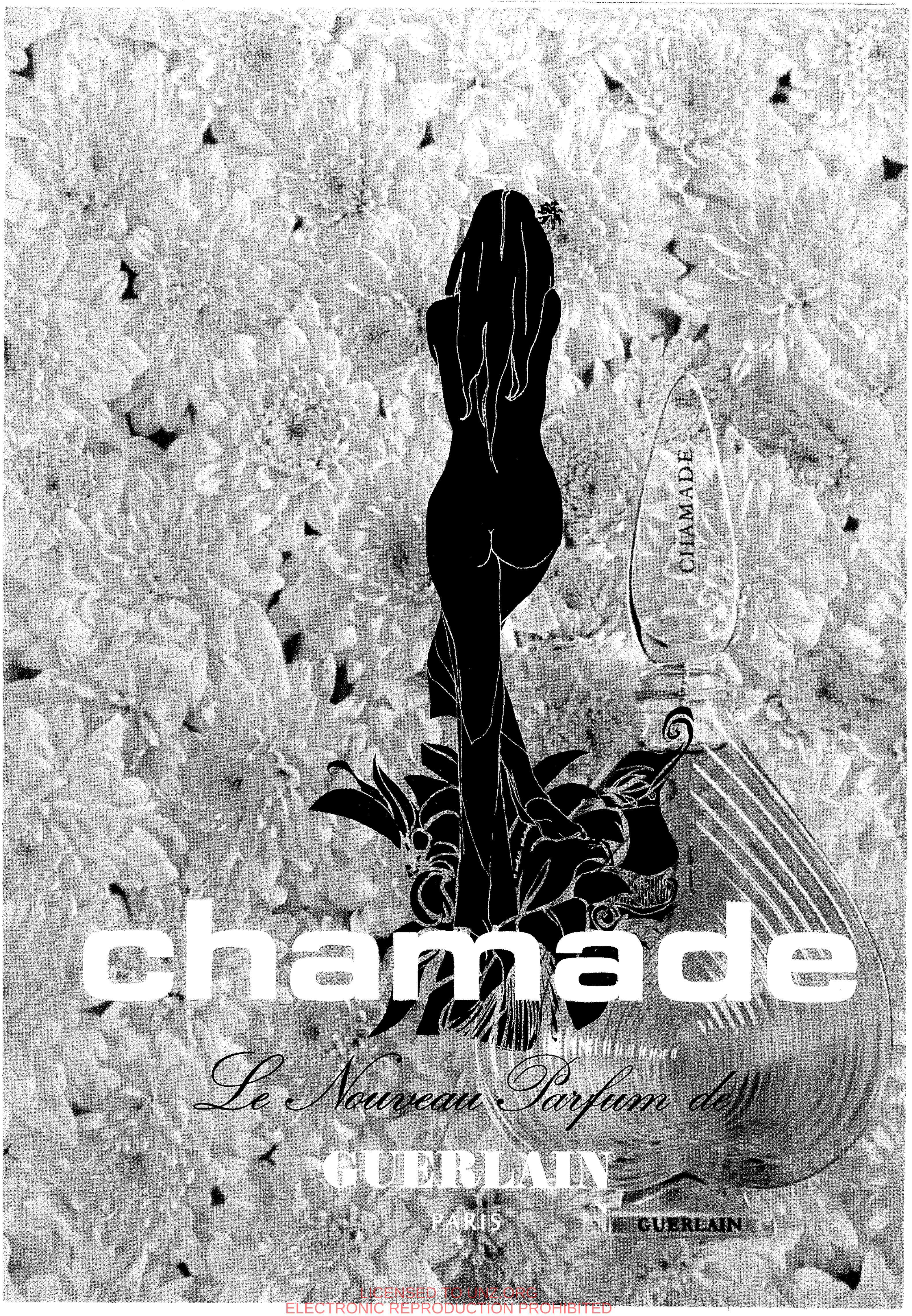
To Be or Not to Be... What Kind of a Question Is That?—An inept and tiresome revue, despite that merry title. Israel is the theme. James Brochu provides a few mildly diverting interludes; the rest is fervent noodle soup. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 247-7000. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 21-22.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Then, suddenly overclouding all his features, he growled in a hoarsened rasping voice as he hewed again vigorously at the loaf: (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —*For old Mary Ann/ She doesn't care a damn,/ But, hising up her petticoats.* (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** He crammed his mouth with fry and munched and droned. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. Starting Monday, Oct. 26, Tony Roberts will replace Mr. Orbach. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Olympics," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Secret Places," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30: "Olympics," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," "Solarwind," and "Façade."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 7:30: "Trinity," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Trinity," "Time Cycle," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Cello Concerto," "Confetti," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Sea Shadow," and "Trinity."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Trinity," "The Still Point," "Solarwind," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Time Cycle," and "Pineapple Poll." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

American Ballet Company—A two-week engage-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ment—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "A Poem Forgotten" (première), "Cortège Parisien" (première), and "Early Songs."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Harbinger," "Clockwise" (première), "The Maids," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2: "Clockwise," "Early Songs," and "Harbinger."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Clockwise," "The Consort" (première), "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2: "Clockwise," "Caprichos," "Cortège Burlesque," and "Harbinger."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 7:30: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," "Intermezzo," and "The Consort." ... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8: "The Consort," "Caprichos," "Cortège Parisien," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "Harbinger," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Burlesque," and "The Consort."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: "The Consort," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Clockwise," "A Poem Forgotten," "The Maids," and "Early Songs." ... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2: "Clockwise," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Meadowlark," "A Poem Forgotten," "Cortège Parisien," and "Harbinger."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Clockwise," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 1, at 7:30: "The Consort," "A Poem Forgotten," "Intermezzo," and "At Midnight." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

LADO, YUGOSLAV NATIONAL DANCE AND FOLK ENSEMBLE—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

INTERNATIONAL DANCERS—A troupe from Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Not for comfort-seekers, only for those who dig entertainment of a contemporary sort. Chico Hamilton's band and rockers Gunhill Road share the stage until Wednesday, Oct. 28, when Tom Rush, a rather sad-voiced fellow, comes in to sing folk. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Gregariousness is evident in this wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from eleven to three. Charlie Brown is on electric guitar, and Tom McFall on electric piano. A bass player assists them. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bassist substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Way West, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with cooking from the Old Kentucky (or Georgia or Mississippi) Home. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 21-25, guitarists Kenny Burrell and Bill Harris team up. On Wednesday, Oct. 28, Burrell will begin a run with bassist Larry Ridley. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The history of jazz is immanent in this club, where innovation tends to rest on strong foundations. Sidemen Ross Tompkins, Mousey Alexander, and Victor Sproles play follow-the-leader, who is Lee Konitz through Saturday, Oct. 24; Ray Nance on Sunday, Oct. 25; and Zoot Sims after that. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 23-25, Maxine Sullivan will sing along. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St (CO 5-9505)—The old hangout, a dependable haven for traditional jazz. The musicians, most of the time, are Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi, and they carry on from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia efflorescent. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully played. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ersatz museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel peachy. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band plays from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Horace Silver's quintet does some neatly rhythmic things, the Silver piano being a good example of funk and confidence. On Tuesday, Oct. 27, Freddie Hubbard's quintet moves over from the Vanguard. The atmosphere of this club is a bit murky, and so are the environs, but if the music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, the Mose Allison trio plays some inventive jazz, remaining listenable despite the management's current attempts to rival the Fillmore East in decibels. On Tuesday, Oct. 27, a trio that includes Roland Hanna and Eddie Locke will take over. On Mondays, the regulars are off and new talent is auditioned. Dining.... ¶ Downstairs, rock is the shape of things. Swinging sounds—and dancing—from ten Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 21, Elvin Bishop and Glory River; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 22-24, Glory River and Spring Plowing; Sunday, Oct. 25, 7th Century. A different spirit on Mondays, when Symphony Sid brings in Latin bands.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Freddie Hubbard, mellow on the flugelhorn, leads a quintet through Sunday, Oct. 25. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, Herbie Hancock's sextet will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Sunday, Oct. 25, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present another of its specials, the musicians this time being Roy Eldridge, Illinois Jacquet, Russell Jacquet, Horace Parlan, Bill Fleming, and Buddy Mack.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers what is known as soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. The crowd, a svelte one, dances to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Assiduously scoring points in the Fairest-of-Them-All stakes, as is usual in the world of the discothèque. Frills and furbelows have an Anglo-Indian look. Dinners are elaborate, and crowds dance to records over a good sound system. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Small, intimate enough for the collegiate crowd that comes here, and musically subdued (records only). Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—A restaurant called the Penthouse Club changes its identity after ten, when people start dancing to records and continue until

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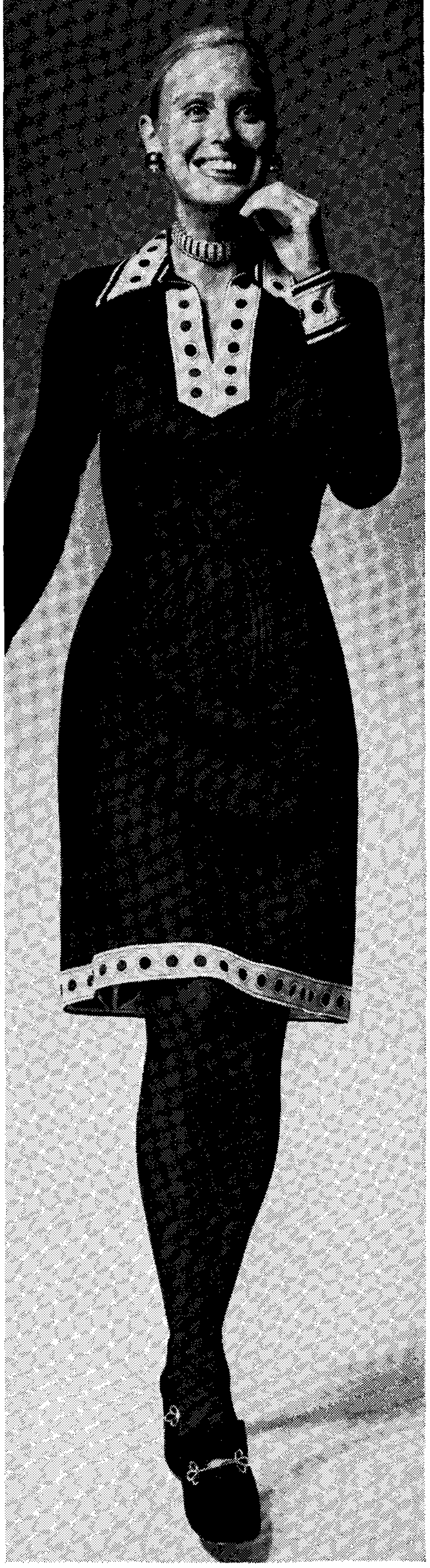

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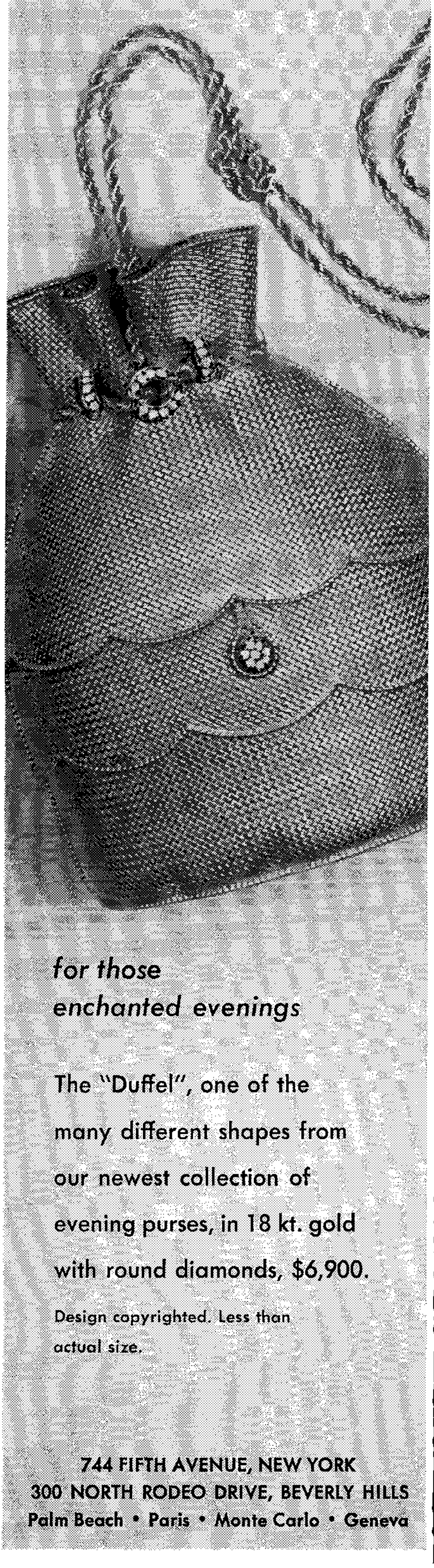

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three or four. The rooms are decorated with wicker fauna, and the view of the Park is fine. Reservations are recommended.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—This ornate room would have been a wow some forty-five years ago, during all the Tutankhamen bother. As it is, the place is loud, active, and sphinx-filled. Three times a night, the Zaras give a Spanish veneer to some pop songs. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Wheels on the doors, wheels on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with E Pluribus Unum, which plays straight—few surprises, few disappointments. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years except for a few cosmetic touches. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance. Action from nine-thirty to three-thirty nightly. Reservations—for what they're worth—are a good idea on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—For five days of the week, the Cellar is Bavarian, and so are the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the surroundings are beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from seven until one. Dance music for all hands. But on Sundays (six to ten) and Mondays (seven to eleven), quite the other way: the mild-mannered Talbot Brothers (practically the entire night life of Bermuda during the season), on their annual crooning visit to the States. Dancing.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—From Spain comes Raphael, a knight in shining *amor*, to continue his career as *vox pop*. He does dinner and supper sessions in the Royal Box, along with the band of Lee Evans, which is right now the best dance band in town. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, those unerring swallows of Capistrano, have homed once more, to march, to sing, to double in brass (particularly on horn). Twice a night, and every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Oct. 28, is the last night for Sammy Davis, Jr., often described as "the World's greatest entertainer." Small world, isn't it? Other performers move in on the following evening. The show goes on twice a night, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which has that open-all-night Las Vegas feeling, there is Las Vegas lounge music for homesick travellers.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—More Beat than Down these nights, now that the temple at which its followers worship is made of Rock. The group called Gas Mask is the current high priest. Dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, whose tenor is a colorful blending of Neapolitan ice creams, sounds off (vimish and vigorish) during the dinner and supper hours in the honorable old Persian Room, and the jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are there all evening long. On Wednesday, Oct. 28, at ten-fifteen, Erroll Garner and his piano and his rhythm section will take over, also *fff*. Thereafter, twice a night for him, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—"Dames at Sea," the young musical onstage here, has absolutely no respect for its elders (those song-and-dance Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movies), but it's a pretty funny kid to have around the house. The parody is the work of Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller, and the delight of an excelling troupe, in which Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson are heavily and heartily involved. The entr'acte music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen, a composer in his own right. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven Fridays and Saturdays; and at three and seven-thirty Sundays. Bar service, and edibles, too. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to ten-thirty (except Sundays), in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At nine the Palm Court becomes the right spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday and Tuesday nights belong to another fiddler.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Jacqueline François, a *salonnière* of impeccable mien, sings (after ten inexplicable years of absence) on this height of land. Dinner and supper are her times of night. Dancing begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

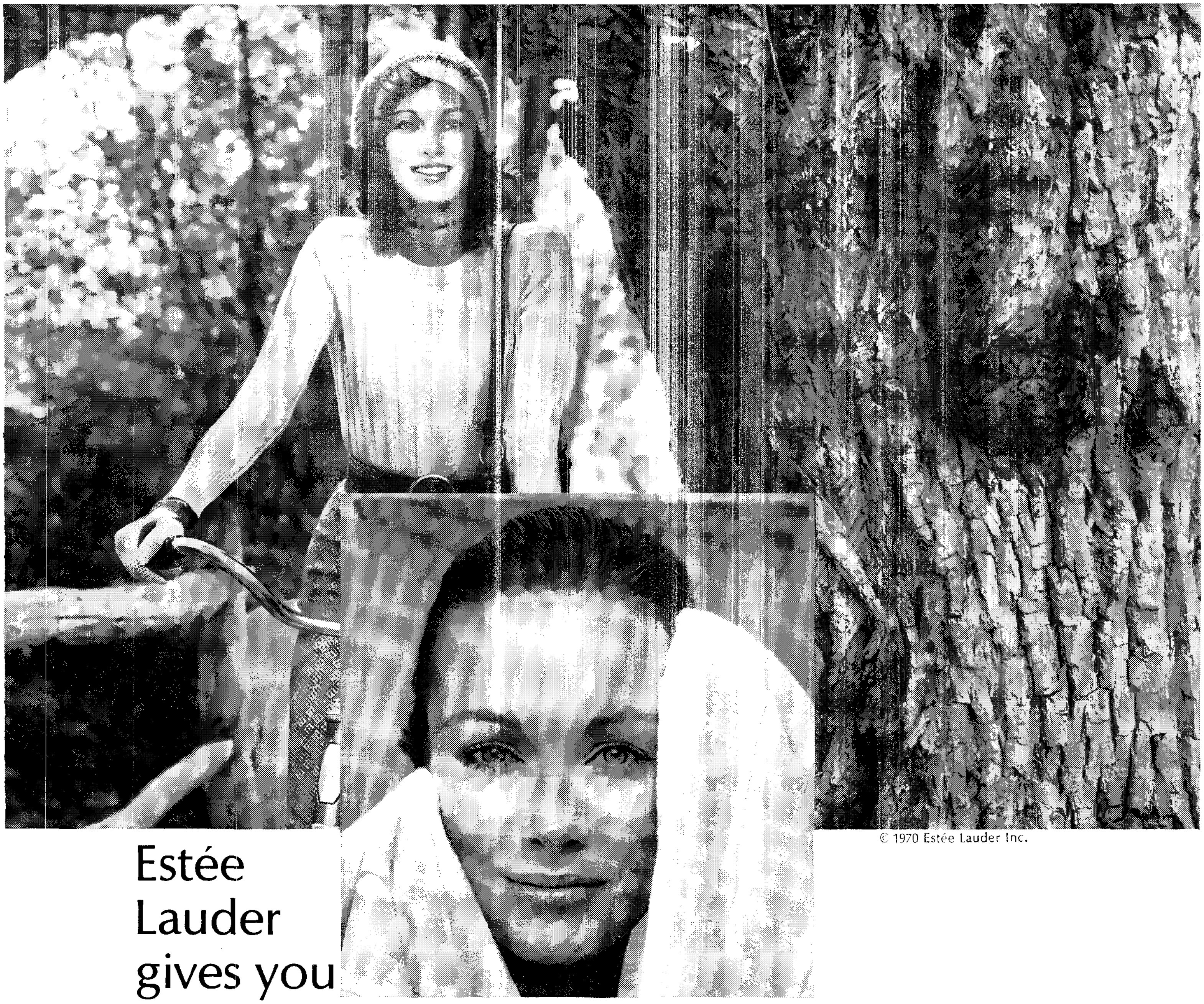
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The canaries who chirruped their way through dinner and supper in the Maisonette have been discontinued (oh, well, the audience never listened), but the dance music is still Right On. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The only change in La Boite this season has been the acquisition of Ray Hartley, a young-man-about-town pianist given to his own special arrangements of the worthier tunes of the era. No dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the team of Barbara & Ernest, very new, very self-conscious, manage—with a certain skill—some unusually extracurricular songs on a casual schedule, nine-thirty to one-thirty, except on Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Shirley Bassey, wise in the ways of the music world, and a fetching girl in her own right, will be singing in the Empire Room, during dinner and supper, as far as Saturday, Oct. 24. On Monday, Oct. 26, Bobbie Gentry will move in, and everyone will turn out to see whether her lyrics will reveal what got thrown off the Tallahatchie Bridge. Dance music, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren run a generous course—seven or eight to one or two is their schedule—in the restaurant every evening but Sunday and Monday. Dancing. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking begins at ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, at eleven the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzim, the leader of whom is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Israeli bop, the song is sort of Israeli pop, the latter the contribution of Ron Eliran. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Sunlit Grecian isle, afloat in a sea of assiduous Greek musicians and Greek singers, and surrounded by a *bordure* of unquestionable Greek cuisine. Architectural triumph, and a lively one. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two, but no Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Strong measures are taken by the young men,



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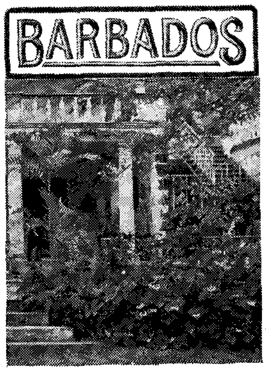


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

equipped with guitar, clapping hands, and voice, who live in the plaza of a country town known to a fair number of off-the-beat Americans. The chef has never been out of the town in his life. Sound from seven-thirty until two, but not on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of the piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and of the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday; nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to midnight, for him, every evening but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): A renaissance—dance tunes once again in a celebrated pleasure dome, and night after night. The course: seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Sundays and Mondays, eight-thirty until a late curfew Tuesdays through Saturdays. Further to brighten this corner: Tony Bujka, violinist, and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, pianist-accordionist, who deploy between five-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Lotus is not on the menu of this duplex chalet, but eaters of it will be at ease in this world unto itself. Perambulating song and guitar every night on the lower deck, and a menu full of other things. Piano on the deck above the cellar, every night but Sunday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—Paintings, mostly from the sixties, in this artist's celebrated "Homage to the Square" series; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings and drawings with Expressionist figurations; through Nov. 14. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

RUDOLF BAUER (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; starting Friday, Oct. 23. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

BESSIE BORIS—Figures in interiors, with surreal overtones; through Nov. 6. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BRUSCA—Paintings with a three-dimensional effect, some with the aid of a light machine; through Nov. 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BUSH—Color-field paintings by a Canadian; starting Saturday, Oct. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Nov. 28. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DON CELENDER AND JEFFREY LEW—Letters proposing cultural projects to institutions and businesses by the former, along with the replies, and large sculptures in steel, aluminum, and plastic by the latter; through Nov. 7. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM CONLON AND VINCENT LONGO—Very large Abstract paintings by the first and prints by the second; through Nov. 3. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

DON DAVID—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 7. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS GEORGE—Decorative Abstract paintings that refer to nature; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSÉ GUERRERO—Large paintings, plus gouaches, by this Abstractionist who works in strong colors; through Nov. 12. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.) . . . ¶ Smaller paintings; through Nov. 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Paintings with political subject matter, by a leading Abstract Expressionist; through Nov. 7. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DUAYNE HATCHETT—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Nov. 5. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

THEO HIOS—Oil paintings and prints emphasizing nature's violence; through Nov. 13. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GUÉN INOKUMA—Abstract paintings on the theme of the city; through Nov. 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

TIBBIE LEVY—Expressionist paintings of African subjects; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE (1885-1962)—Thirty-seven paintings from all phases of the career of this Parisian artist-teacher; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

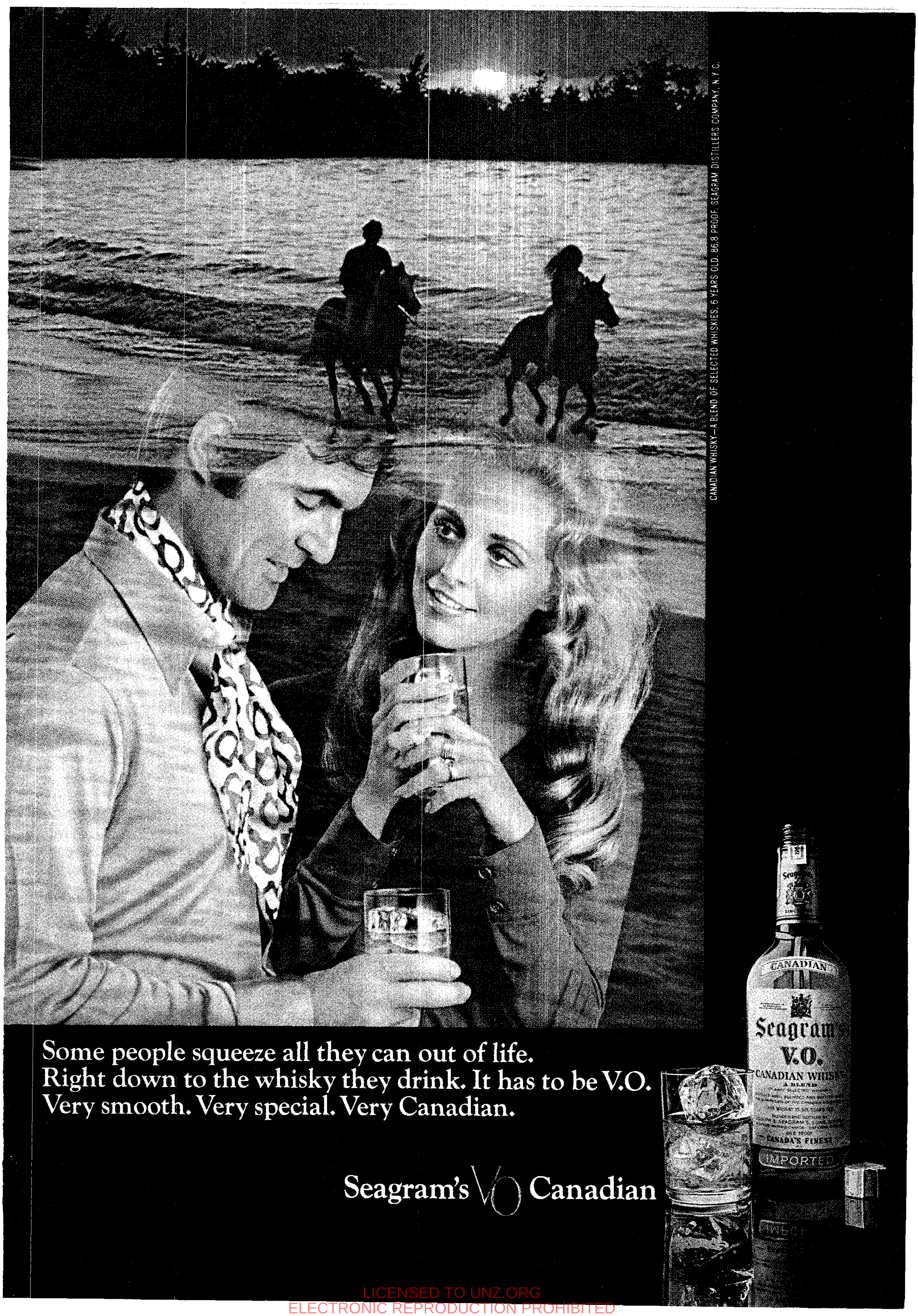
RICHARD LONG—Two pieces, one in clay and the other in small sticks; through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Two series of paintings, one of picture frames, the other of "X"s; starting Saturday, Oct. 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRI AND TOSHI MARUKI—Eight large panels depicting scenes in Hiroshima after the Bomb; through Dec. 15. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

JAN MATULKA—Still-lifes and landscapes by an artist who worked with Stuart Davis; starting Saturday, Oct. 24. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—Gouaches and watercolors by a leading American artist of the early twentieth century; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Eighteen gouaches from the twenties and thirties; through Saturday,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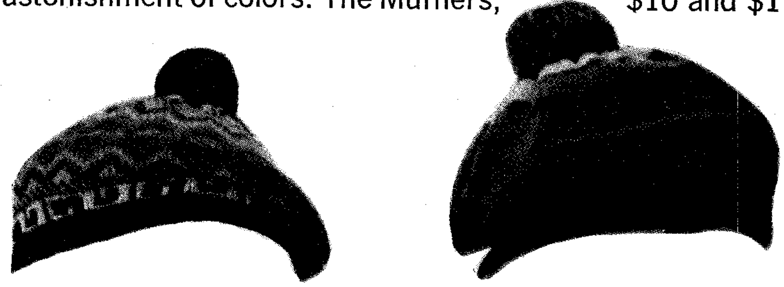

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Oct. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—Paintings of the twenties and thirties by a prominent American teacher known for his canvases of women shoppers and strollers on the streets of New York; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—A copy of his "light-space modulator" in working order, plus "photograms," collages, and paintings; starting Saturday, Oct. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Mueller—The first one-man show by this lyrical Abstractionist; through Nov. 11. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Alice Neel—Portraits, landscapes, and still-lifes by a veteran New York Expressionist; through Nov. 7. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Perr—His first one-man show of Abstract paintings built up of small canvases bolted together; through Thursday, Oct. 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jane Peterson (1876-1965)—Fifty oils, gouaches, and watercolors by an American Impressionist who worked abroad; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Picasso—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Nov. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings by a younger artist; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Omar Rayo—Paintings of ribbon-like forms, also embossed graphics; through Nov. 14. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—A benefit exhibition of fifty-seven paintings, mostly oils of flower subjects, from this master's late period; starting Thursday, Oct. 22. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

James Rosenquist—A room full of panels constituting a single painting; starting Saturday, Oct. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—Fantastic sculptures based on the use of chairs and incorporating mirrors, pins, yarn, wood, flowers, and steel, in original derivations from Surrealism; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—A comprehensive exhibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; through Nov. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Albert Stadler—Expanses of color; through Nov. 12. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Strater—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings by an American who worked in Europe in the early portion of this century; through Friday, Oct. 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Walter Stuempfig—Recent landscapes, seascapes, and still-lifes; through Nov. 7. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophie Taeuber-Arp—Oils, watercolors, sculptures, and textiles by an important avant-garde artist; through Nov. 7. (Loeb & Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Recent paintings and collages by an outstanding Spanish Abstractionist; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Thursday, Oct. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Van Buren—Multi-sectional wall pieces in poured colored fibre glass; through Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Vasarely—Reproductions and multiples of paintings, structures, and yarn wall hangings by this master of eye-tricking color nuances; through Saturday, Oct. 24. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jacques Villon (1875-1963)—More than a hundred graphics—scenes from Parisian life, café performers, portraits, landscapes, and so on; starting Thursday, Oct. 22. (Goldschmidt, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

Elbert Weinberg—Marble sculptures; through Thursday, Oct. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **america-israel culture house**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings, serigraphs, and gouaches by four Israeli artists indebted to Surrealism; through Nov. 15. (Open Sundays.) . . . **la boetie**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures on the theme of the moon by, for example, Avery, Chagall, Delvaux, Ernst, Klee, Magritte, Miró, and Rouault; through Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; starting Thursday, Oct. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by twentieth-century Europeans and Americans—Soutine, Matisse, Modigliani, Picabia, Pollock, Rothko, Kline, and Still (to mention several); through Nov. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **feigen**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Corot, Monet, Braque, and Dubuffet, along with a single sculpture by Picasso; through Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by exhibitors at the Armory Show in 1913, including Bellows, Davies, Glackens, Henri, Luks, and Walkowitz; through Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: More than a hundred Currier & Ives lithographs on such themes as winter, sports, railroads, horseracing, and marine, rural, and country life, together with paintings by C. & I. artists; through Nov. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; through Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **777 united nations plaza**, at 44th St.: Sixty-two canvases from Indonesia, covering a variety of styles; through Sunday, Oct. 25. (Closes Saturdays at 1; open Sundays, 10 to 3.) . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, including works by Afro, Glasco, Lanyon, and Mabe; through Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Sculptures and graphics by Arp, Picasso, Moore, Calder, Braque, Giacometti, and others; through Friday, Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a famous British collection of Italian master drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; through Nov. 28. . . . **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by artists from Arp and Avery to Trova and Wesselmann; through Saturday, Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968 (some visible on request only), plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this exhibit is the Picasso show at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.75 will be charged. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consist-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates, plus examples of his "concrete" poems; through Nov. 22. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 28-30, at 8:30—doors open at 8—the galleries will be filled with electronic music performed on the Moog synthesizer by Gino Piserchio and Bill Allen. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 22. A good complement to this show is the show of his photographs at the New York Cultural Center. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Eighty drawings presented by Jackson Pollock to his analyst in the course of treatment from 1939 to 1940; through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of Asian art representing a cross-section of the collection of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III—about one-third are metal and stone, another large group consists of porcelains, and there are some paintings; through Dec. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings, sculptures, house furnishings, and jewelry in the decorative style of between the wars known as "Art Deco;" through Nov. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; through Nov. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22-23.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker, plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium; through Nov. 8. . . . ¶ More than two hundred photographs by or about Thomas Eakins, whose paintings, sculptures, and drawings are currently at the Whitney; through Nov. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 21: "Madame Butterfly," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Reri Grist, Irene Dalis, Franco Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Joy Clements, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 26: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 27: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 28: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Renata Scotto, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "Andrea Chénier," with Renata Tebaldi, Lili Chookasian, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gabriella Tucci, Reri Grist, Lili Chookasian, Franco Tagliavini, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Luciano Pavarotti, Frank Guarrera, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "La Traviata" (a performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Robert Merrill's Metropolitan Opera début), with Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi, and Mr. Merrill. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

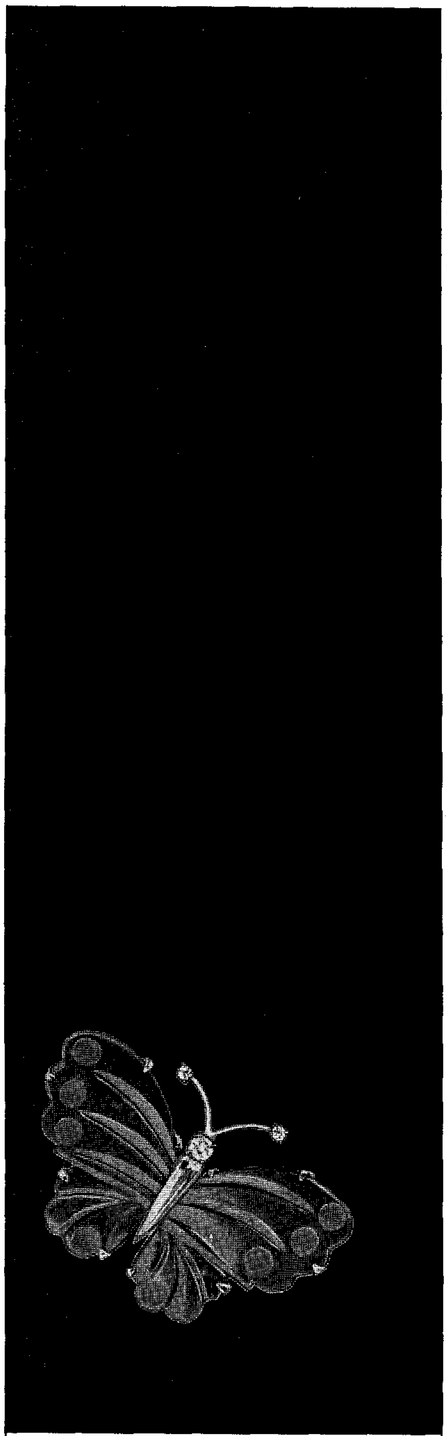
New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, Malcolm Smith, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Kenneth Riegel, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susan Marsee, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 1:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 7:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Kay Creed, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Marianna Ciraulo, Kay Creed, Salvador Novoa, and Edward Pierson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:15: "Faust," with Johanna Meier, Susan Marsee, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Kay Creed, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Judith Anthony, Spiro Malas, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Carlos Montane, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Lois Crane, Elaine Bonazzi, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30, and Monday, Oct. 26, at 7:30 (both with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, and William Lincer, viola). . . . ¶ Aaron Copland conducting a program of his own music on Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 30, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 2, at 7:30 (no soloists).

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with Vladimir Krainev, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:30: With Heather Harper and Joanna Neal, sopranos; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows and Robert Nagy, tenors; Paul Plishka and Bernard Ladysz, basses; and the Rutgers University Choir. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30: With Jacqueline du Pré, cello. . . . ¶ Satur-



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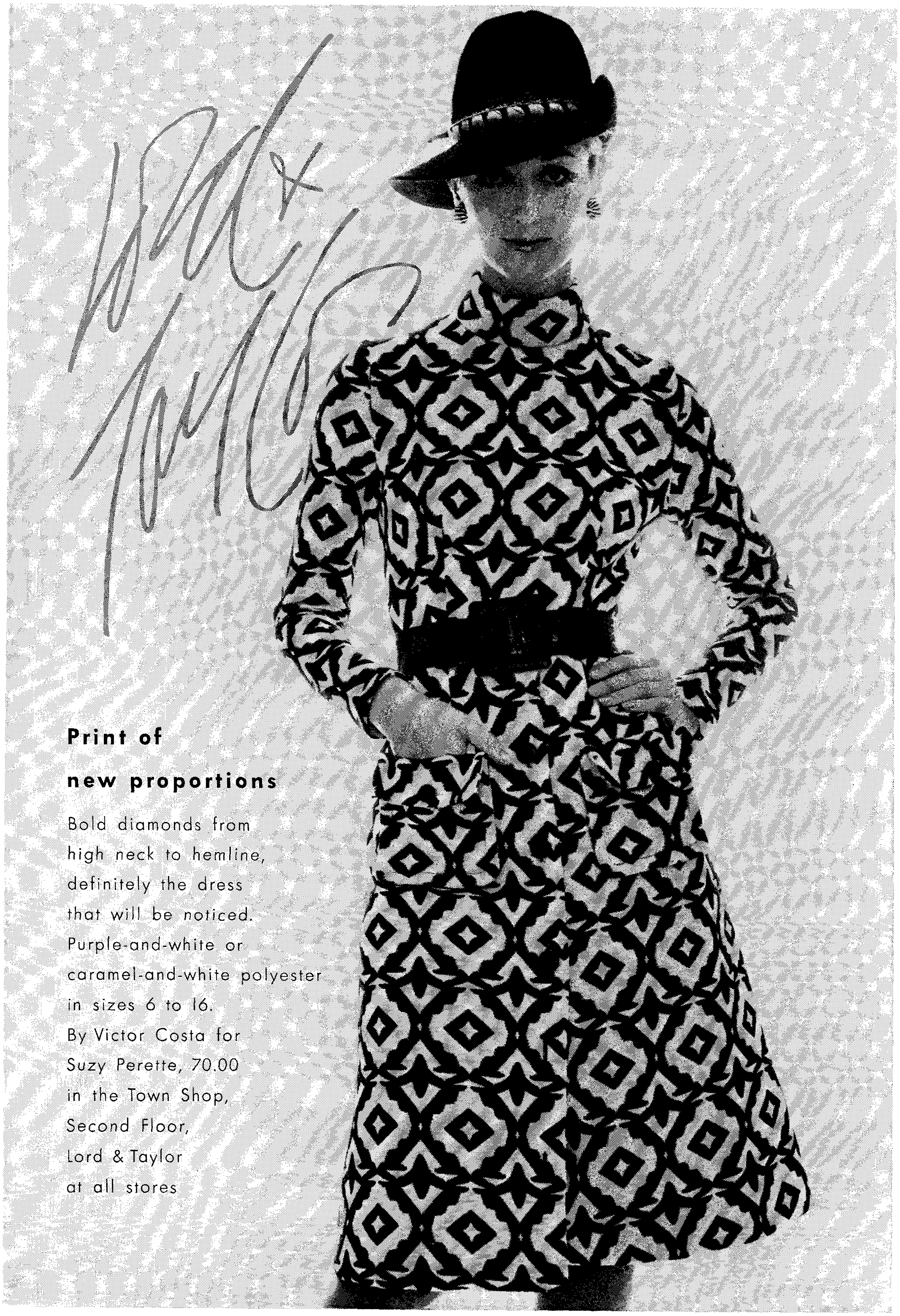

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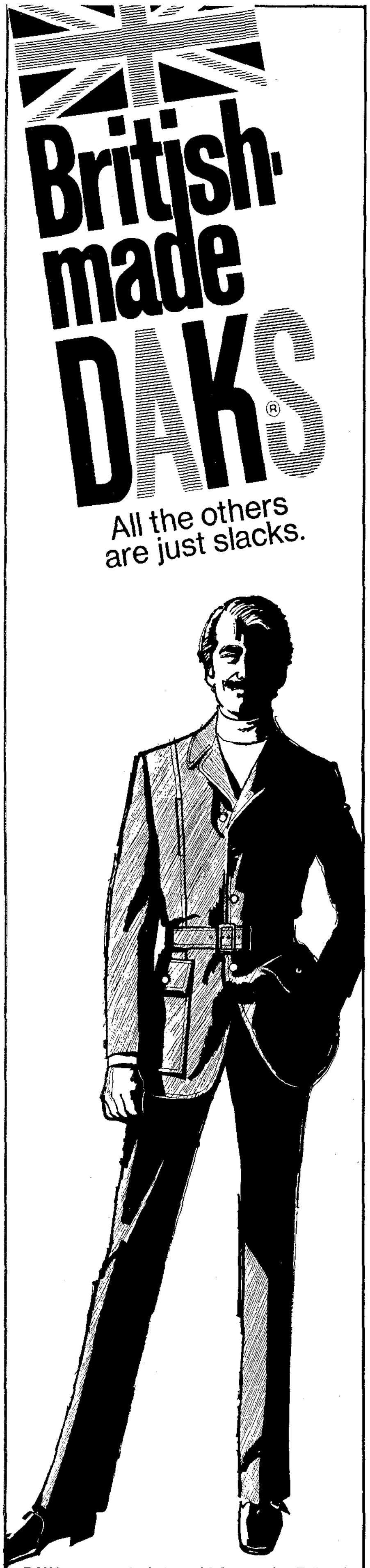
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Oct. 31, at 8:30: With Daniel Barenboim, piano; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; and Miss du Pré.

FRENCH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—Jean Martinon conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30, no soloists; and Sunday, Nov. 1, at 8:30, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30, with Yvonne Loriod, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8:30, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, and others. All seats have been sold for the Saturday concert, and only standing room is left.)

POMERIGGI MUSICALI DI MILANO—Agostino Orizio conducting, with Felicja Blumental, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Haydn program, with Benita Valente, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2 and 8.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of von Weber's "Euryanthe" in concert form, with Teresa Kubiak, soprano; Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano; William Lewis, tenor; and Mark Howard, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 7:30.)

WESTMINSTER CHOIR—Lukas Foss directing a benefit performance of Mendelssohn's oratorio "Elijah," in English, with members of the New York Philharmonic; Pauline Tinsley, soprano; Joy Davidson, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor; and Tom Krause, baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ROSALYN TURECK—The first of two keyboard lecture-concerts on "Counterpoint and the Fugue in the Work of Bach." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.). . . ¶ The first in a series of three all-Bach programs, this one played on the harpsichord and piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

FERNANDO VALENTI AND RAFAEL PUYANA—Harpsichords, with a chamber orchestra. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:40.)

DANIEL BARENBOIM—Three in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 22; Monday, Oct. 26; and Thursday, Oct. 29, all at 8:30.)

JULIAN BREAM—Guitarist and lutanist, in a repeat performance of a concert on Oct. 10. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

GÉRARD SOUZAY—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

EMIL GILELS—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30, a varied program.)

GUUS HOEKMAN—Bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

HENRYK SZERYNG—Conducting I Solisti di Zagreb and acting as violin soloist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

CLAUDE FRANK—The first in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:15.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Leo Goeke, tenor; John Williams, guitar; Charles Treger and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Richard Goode, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 5, and Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 7.)

TOKYO STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

BLANCA URIBE—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

FREDELL LACK—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

LILI KRAUS—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:40.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SOLOISTS—An all-Monteverdi program, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:30.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:40.)

DAVID BAR-ILLAN—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

FIFTH DIMENSION—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8 and 11.

DEREK AND THE DOMINOS, BALLIN' JACK, AND HUMBLE PIE—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, at 8 and 11:30.

DAVID AMRAM AND JOHN LEWIS—A benefit jazz concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 23, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 684-1807.)

NEIL DIAMOND AND HEDGE & DONNA—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:40, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8.

ARETHA FRANKLIN—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 7:30 and 10:30.

LEE MICHAELS, CACTUS, AND JUICY LUCY—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 30-31, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 22, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8: Knicks vs. Detroit.

BOXING: CLOSED CIRCUIT TV—Cassius Clay vs. Jerry Quarry, heavyweights, 15 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 26, at 10; films of the Clay-Folley fight and the Quarry-Mac Foster fight will be shown starting at 8:30.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 24: Army vs. Penn State, at West Point, at 1:50. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Navy, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 31: Amherst vs. Tufts, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Princeton, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Bucknell, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 1.). . . ¶ Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Oakland. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday,

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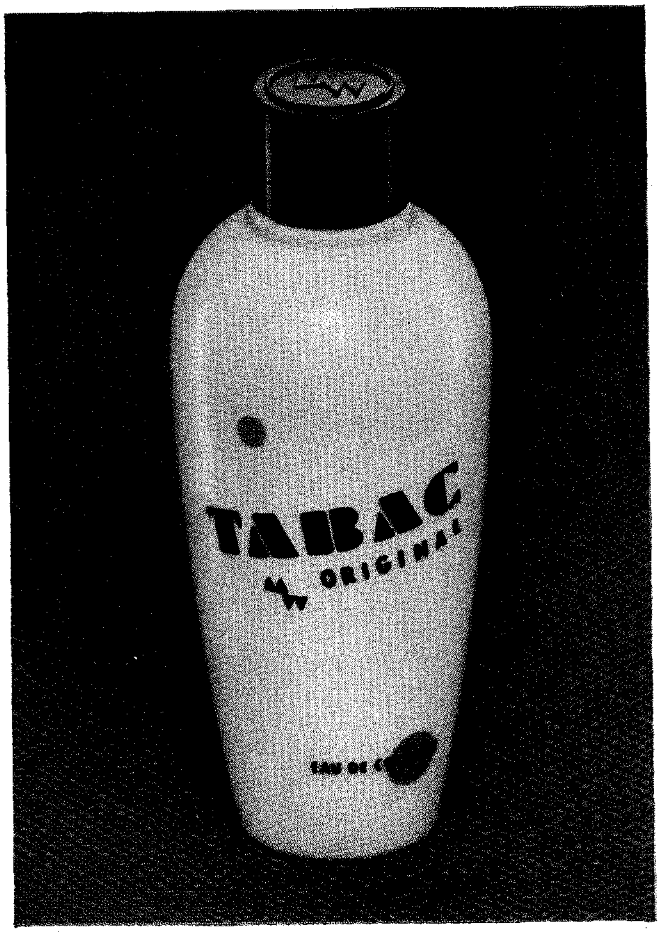

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Once the fragrance is gone, no matter how good it was, it's gone.

We thought very hard about this when we made Tabac Original.™ We made it to last.

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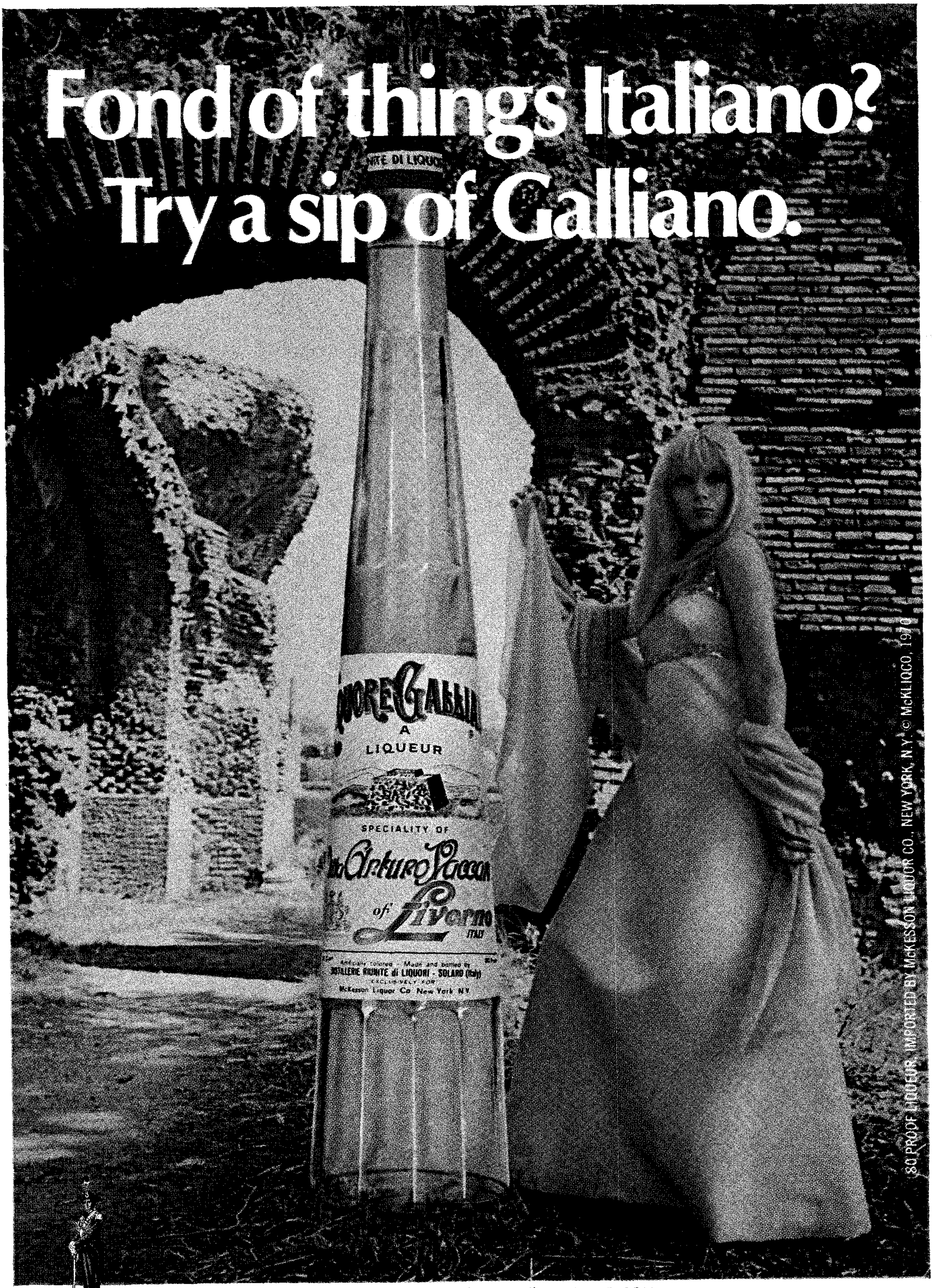
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MAYA MORIN, Italian film actress, appears in Federico Fellini's SATYRICON.
Her "Galliano Gold" gown is by famed Italian designer Biki of Milan. Photographed at "Palatine Hill," Rome.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 24.) . . . ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Monday through Sunday, Oct. 26-Nov. 1.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 24.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Oct. 31.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays; last day Monday, Dec. 7. Through Saturday, Oct. 24, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Vosburgh Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 24, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Nov. 14. Through Saturday, Oct. 24, post time will be 1:30; after that, it will be 12:30. The Trenton Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Oct. 26, through Thursday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Monday, Oct. 26, and the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in a performance of Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra." (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Shepherd and the Spider," "The Rabbit Who Wanted Wings," and "The Crowded House." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . DRAGON MARIONETTES: "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2.) . . . SALVATORE GUIDA: "The Magical Red Fan." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Pinocchio," Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Peter Pan," Saturday, Oct. 31, at 2:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE: "Martin Luther King, Jr.," Wednesday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Thursday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Friday, Oct. 30. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Through Saturday, Oct. 24, while the heads of government are attending the twenty-fifth anniversary commemorative session of the General Assembly, visitors will not be allowed in the United Nations Headquarters. Thereafter, visitors will be admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Starting Sunday, Oct. 25, hour-long tours will leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Richard Harris reading a per-

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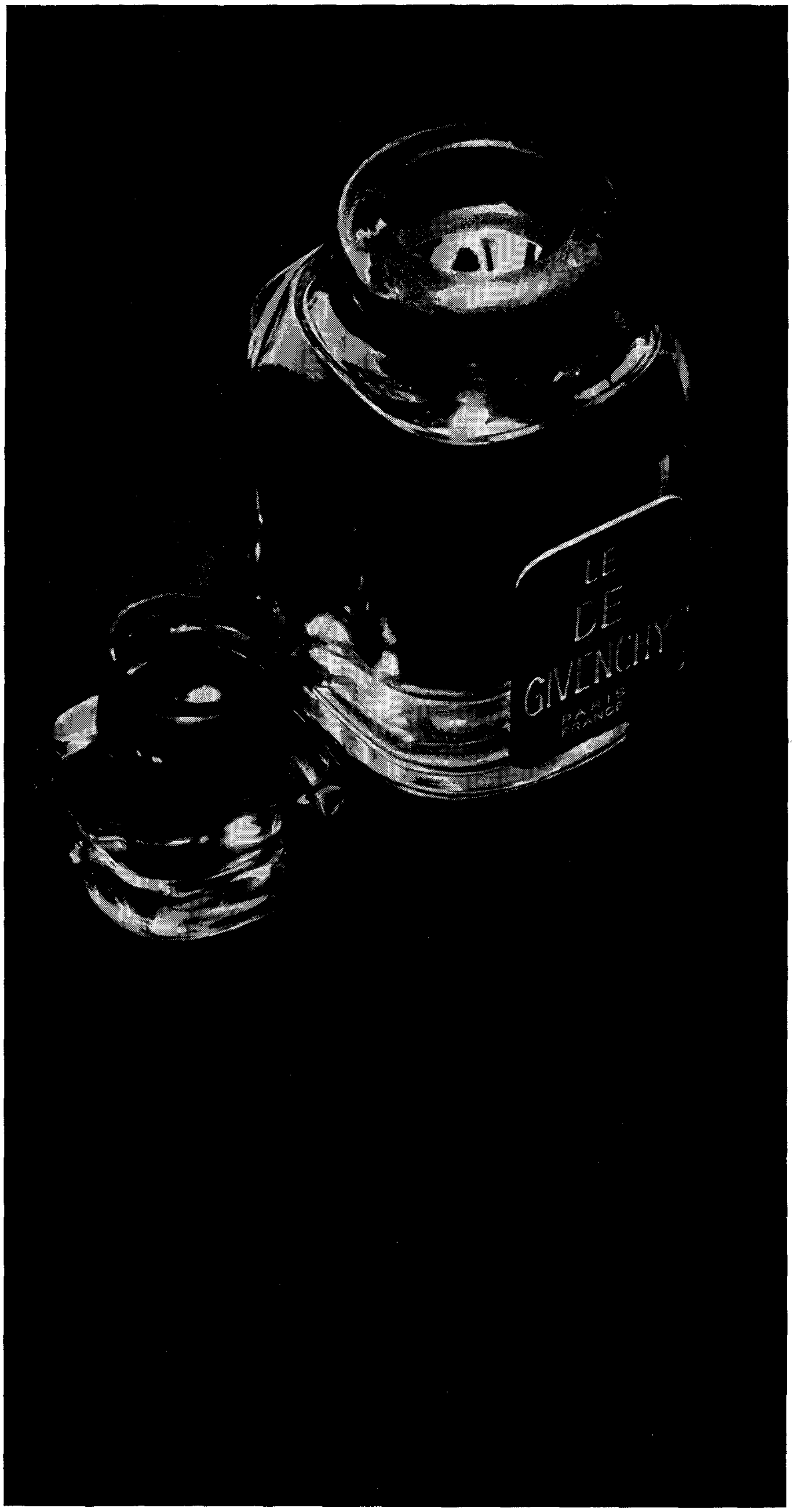


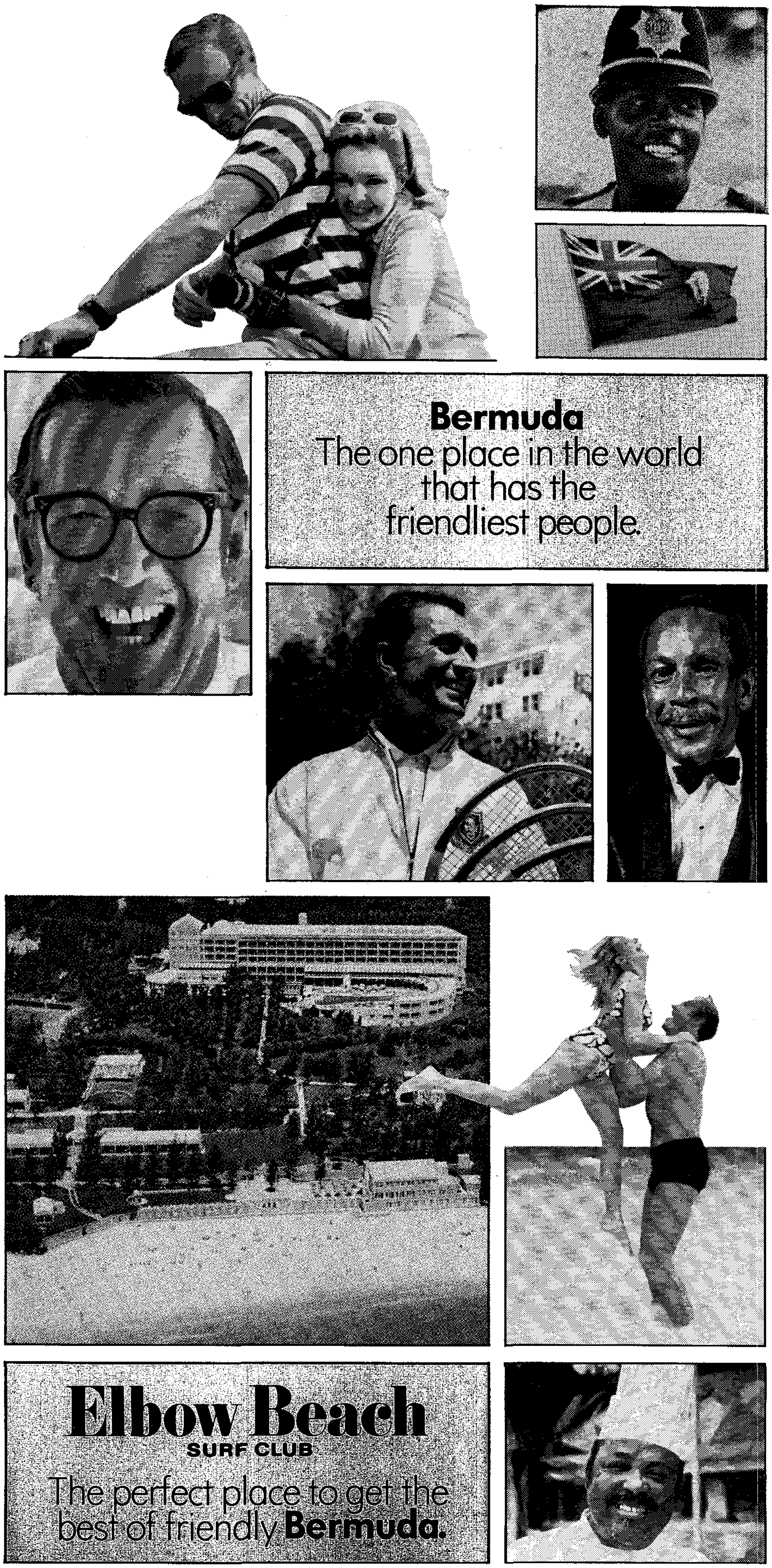
sonal selection of poetry. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

National Arts and Antiques Festival—A benefit exhibition, comprising displays by three hundred antique dealers. Among the rarities will be Russian, Greek, and Venetian icons; Spode china dishes, formerly owned by Charles Dickens; and political memorabilia. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, through Sunday, Nov. 1. Weekdays, 1 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8: The Irma N. Straus collection of old-master drawings. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 2: Old-master drawings, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8: Old-master paintings, from several collections. Admission to main sales room by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23, at 2: Chinese art, from the estate of Emmanuel Gran. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from the estate of Mrs. Irma N. Straus and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 27-28, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: Impressionist paintings and drawings, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Autographs and manuscripts, from the collection of the late Reverend Cornelius Greenway. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8: Modern sculptures, including works by Giacometti, Matisse, and Calder; from several sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 24.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "O, Sun!" (1970), in French, directed by Med Hondo; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at noon and 5:30: "Hour of the Blast Furnaces" (1966-68), in Spanish, directed by Fernando Ezequiel Solanas. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Les Voitures d'Eau" (1970), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Pierre Perrault. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 11:30: "Justice Is Done" (1950), in French, directed by André Cayette. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3 and 5:30: "The Hunters Are the Hunted" (1969), in German, directed by Peter Fleischmann. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Mistreatment" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Lasse Forsberg. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 1:30: "Warm in the Bud" (1970), directed by Rudolph Caringi. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 3:30: "Nanook of the North" (1922), a documentary by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6 and Oct. 27 at 2: "Brink of Life" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Ingrid Thulin. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 5:30: "Paris N'Existe Pas" (1969), in French, directed by Robert Benayoun; no English titles. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 2; "End of the Road" (1919), with Richard Bennett, and "If I Had a Million" (1932). . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 5:30: "Our Betters" (1933), with Constance Bennett. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2 and 5:30: "One Woman's Story" (1949), directed by David Lean, with Ann Todd and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 8: "Oliver Twist" (1948), directed by David Lean, with Robert Newton and Alec Guinness. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Oct. 21: "Love Me Tonight" (1932), with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald. . . . ¶ Oct. 22: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929). . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 23: To be announced. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.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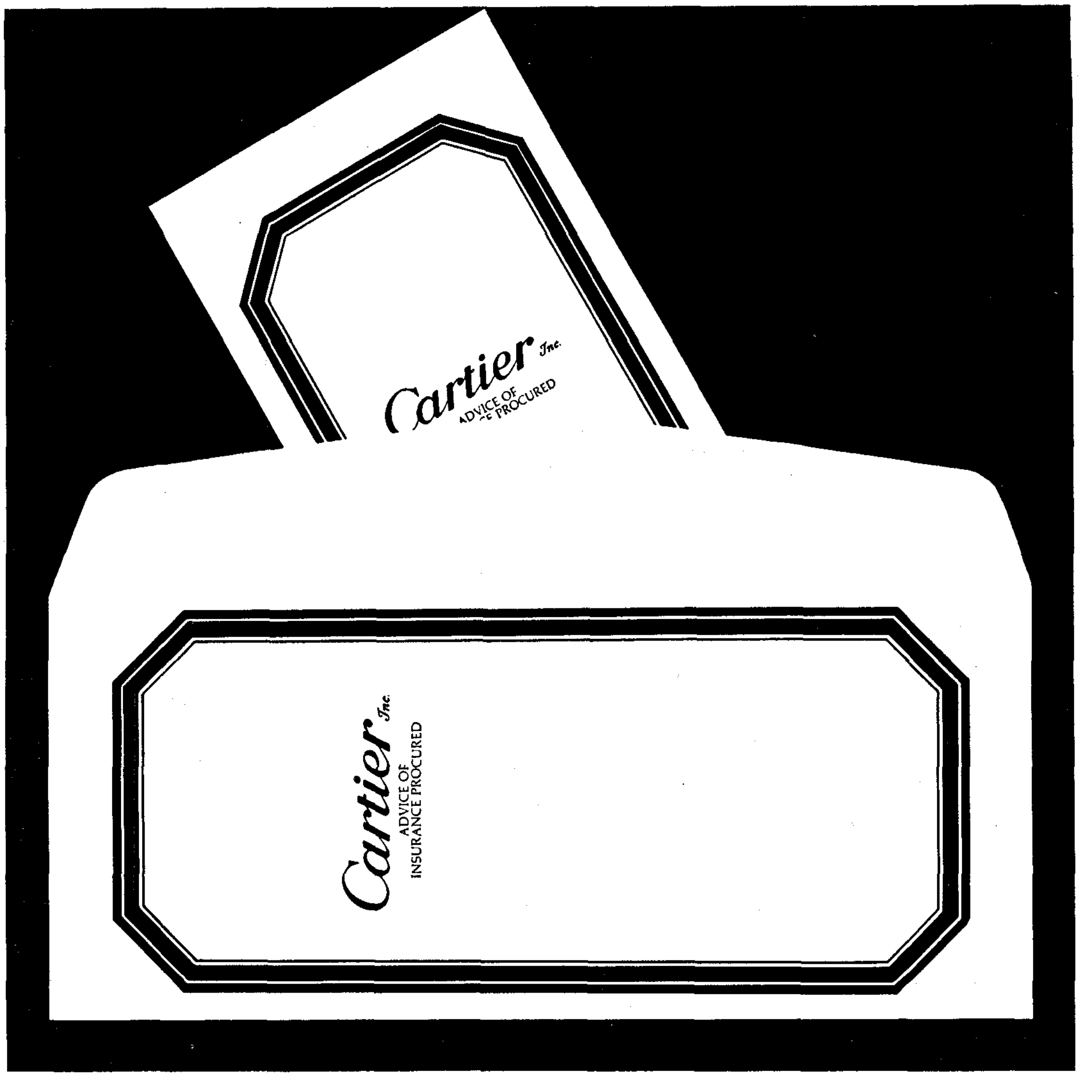
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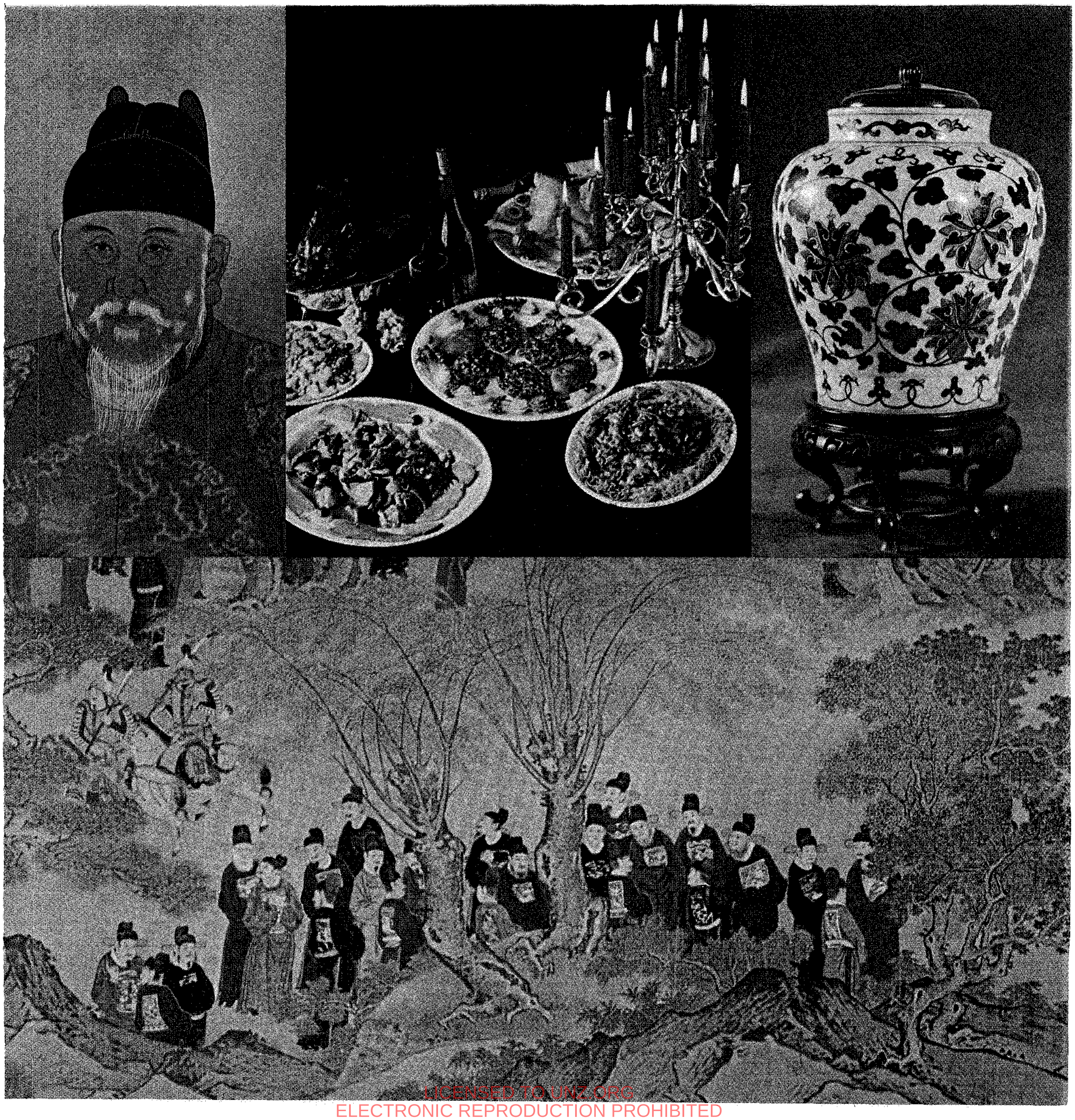

The Swiss Government Observatory Tests. If you pass, you're a chronometer. If you fail, you're a watch.

Most people think that a chronometer is some kind of watch.

A chronometer is not a watch.

A chronometer is a rating.

It is, in fact, the highest rating for watches in all Switzerland. (Switzerland is that sophisticated little country between France, Germany and Italy where almost half the population is engaged in making watches.)

To get to be a chronometer, a watch has to pass weeks of grueling government tests. (Since the Swiss know how to make them, you can be sure they know how to test them.)

The tests—which are used to determine a watch's accuracy—include exposure to extreme heat (the Mohave Desert kind) and extreme cold (the Antarctic kind) for 15 days and nights in 5 different self-winding wrist positions.

If a watch makes it, it is certified and accompanied by a diploma. It is also accompanied by a richly engraved Observatory Medallion on the back of the case of the watch.

The watch Omega thinks enough of to submit to these tests is called the Constellation. It has 174 parts—as opposed to 120 for the average watch. It is self-winding, has a sweep second hand, and an 18k gold case. (The men's version tells the day and date, the women's just the date.)

Every Constellation sold by Omega has personally been through the Government's final exams. And passed. It comes with the medallion and the diploma. Otherwise we don't sell it.

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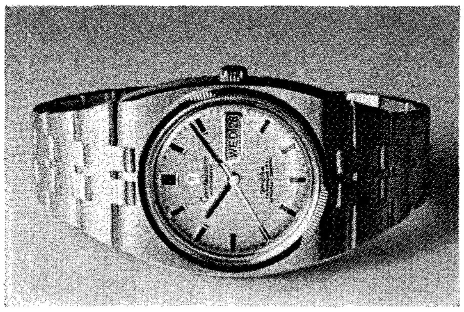

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 22: "Fellini Satyricon."
From Oct. 23: "Carry It On" and "Greetings."

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Quiet Days in Clichy."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Without a Stitch" and "Man and Wife."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 27: "Z" and "Poor Cow."
From Oct. 28: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 27: "Women in Love."
From Oct. 28: "Something for Everyone."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Pizza Triangle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Oct. 25: "The Things of Life."
From Oct. 26 at 8: "Cromwell." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 24: "The Baby Maker."
From Oct. 25: "WUSA."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Great White Hope."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Lickerish Quartet."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"C. C. and Company."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Oct. 27: "Lovers and Other Strangers."
From Oct. 28: "The Twelve Chairs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Time of Roses."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 22: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
From Oct. 23: "The Daughter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 27: "Myra Breckinridge."
From Oct. 28: "House of Dark Shadows."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 27: "The Professionals" and "In Cold Blood."
From Oct. 28: "Machine Gun McCain."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Monte Walsh."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 27: "Pieces of Dreams."
From Oct. 28: "The McKenzie Break."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Oct. 21: "Black Roots" and "Come Back, Africa."
Oct. 22-28: "A Man and a Woman" and "La Femme Infidèle."
From Oct. 29: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"L'Enfant Sauvage" and "Stolen Kisses."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 27: "Z."
From Oct. 28: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Red Desert."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pound."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 27: "Something for Everyone" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Oct. 28: "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Oct. 26: Buster Keaton festival.
From Oct. 27: "The 39 Steps" and "The Lady Vanishes."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 27: "C. C. and Company."
From Oct. 28: "Trog" and "Taste the Blood of Dracula."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hello, Dolly!"

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Oct. 28: "Sunflower."
From Oct. 29: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"A Night at the Opera," "At the Circus," "A Day at the Races," and "The Big Store."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Mind of Mr. Soames."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Burn!"

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Oct. 27: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."
From Oct. 28: "The Moonshine War" and "Kelly's Heroes."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 27: "Something for Everyone" and "A Man Called Horse."
From Oct. 28: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Oct. 27: "Getting Straight" and "The Comic."
From Oct. 28: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage" and "Viva Max!"

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 28 (tentative): "Ice."
From Oct. 29: "Adalen 31" and "Tropic of Cancer."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 27: "The Angel Levine" and "The Bed Sitting Room."
From Oct. 28: "The Damned" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Oct. 22: "L'Atalante" and "Zero for Conduct."
Oct. 23-26: "The Baker's Wife" and "The Well-Digger's Daughter."
Oct. 27-29: "Children of Paradise" and "A Day in the Country."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 27: "Whirlpool."
From Oct. 28: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adalen 31 (1969)—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," re-creates the events leading to the labor riots that established Sweden's Social Democratic Party in 1931. He is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, yet, for all its beauty, his film is not a full achievement. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 29.)

The Angel Levine—Well, go if you crave sweets. Harry Belafonte and Zero Mostel play a black Jew and a white Jew, and the black Jew is supposed to be an angel. Literally. (Symphony; through Oct. 27.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 22.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. (Ziegfeld.)

The Baby Maker—Pseudo-seriousness about a life-loving young hippie (Barbara Hershey) who agrees to make a baby for a childless couple. Cellophane-wrapped little insights into everybody's feelings and total evasion of the moral problems implicit in the gimmicky plot. Written and directed by James Bridges. (Plaza; through Oct. 24.)

The Baker's Wife (1938)—Orson Welles once cited this comedy as proof that a superb story and a superb actor could result in "a perfect movie" even if the direction and the editing were not "cinematic." Marcel Pagnol adapted Jean Giono's story about cuckoldry which provided the great Raimu with a classic role. The result is that rarity—a perfect movie. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 23-26.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy-Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mud hole and turns water merchant. Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Symphony; starting Oct. 28.)

The Bed Sitting Room (1969)—The ghastly kind of far-out humor that makes you feel as if you've got a pain in your side when you haven't even laughed. Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic after-the-bomb farce. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitting room. (Symphony; through Oct. 27.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is on the dismal side. (Ziegfeld.)

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage—Not to be caddish about giving away any surprising ending, the clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. Made in Italy, with Suzy Kendall and Tony Musante. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 28.)

Black Roots—Lionel Rogosin's rap documentary; the talk is about black culture in America. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 21.)

The Boys in the Band—The message appears to be that the spirit of M-G-M in the forties still lives in the hearts and jokes of homosexuals. (Greenwich; through Oct. 27.)

Burn!—Marlon Brando in a film by Gillo Pontecorvo, the director of "The Battle of Algiers." (Little Carnegie.)

Carry It On—A *cinéma-vérité* account of Joan Baez and her husband, David Harris, filmed around the time when he was arrested and sent to jail for resisting the draft. Joan Baez has an endearing streak of acerbity about the women fans who exclaim with horror about what she must be going through. (Art; starting Oct. 23.)

Catch-22—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Sutton and Paramount.)

C. C. and Company—Joe Namath as a motorcyclist, and Ann-Margret as a fashion writer. Directed by Seymour Robbie. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Oct. 27.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 27-29.)

Come Back, Africa (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers around a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 21.)

The Comic (1969)—Carl Reiner is prodigiously facile, and his inventive re-creations of silent-comedy routines help to compensate for his unimaginative treatment of the life of a silent-film comedian (well played by Dick Van Dyke). With Mickey Rooney, Michele Lee, and the late Pert Kelton. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 27.)

Cromwell—Richard Harris in the title role and Alec Guinness as King Charles I. Directed by Ken Hughes. (Fine Arts; starting Oct. 26 at 8.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Symphony; starting Oct. 28.)

The Daughter—Or "I, a Woman, Part 3." In Danish. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Oct. 23.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Ziegfeld.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 27-29.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Beekman.)

L'Enfant Sauvage—François Truffaut's new film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor, played by Truffaut himself, who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative; Truffaut is a lovable man. In French. (Waverly.)

Fellini Satyricon—Fellini, basking in sin, in the deMille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama, set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Art; through Oct. 22.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22-28.)

First Love—Nymphomania and moth-eaten passion and decadence poured on top of a fine Turgenev novella about an adolescent boy's growing up. Maximilian Schell directed this mélange, superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist but edited by a butcher's helper. With Dominique Sanda. (Paris.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. A marvellous picture, easy-natured, missing nothing. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (Coronet.)

Getting Straight—Elliott Gould and Candice Bergen in a campus picture. One of the varyingly cheap new tear-gas romances. The film's student riots seem to be happening so that Elliott and Candy can patch up a lovers' fight. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct. 27.)

Goin' Down the Road—A Canadian film, with Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley. Sensitively photographed, extraordinarily well acted, though the story is thin. Directed by the talented, young Donald Shebib. (34th St. East and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

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The Great White Hope—The movie, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play, and James Earl Jones is not able to hypnotize the audience into accepting Howard Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy. (Baronet.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Art; starting Oct. 23.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Guild.)

House of Dark Shadows—Based on the TV series, with Jonathan Frid. Directed by Dan Curtis. (U. A. East; starting Oct. 28.)

Ice—About guerrilla warfare in the United States in the near future. (New Yorker; through Oct. 28, tentative.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Orpheum; through Oct. 27.)

I Never Sang for My Father—The Robert Anderson play, brought to the screen by Gilbert Cates, with Melvyn Douglas and Gene Hackman. (Festival.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Cinema Studio; through Oct. 27.)

Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Murray Hill.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 28.)

Buster Keaton Festival—The final programs of a rare collection of ten silent features and twenty-one silent shorts. Oct. 21: "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and two shorts. Oct. 22: "Our Hospitality" and two shorts. Oct. 23: "Sherlock, Jr.," and three shorts. Oct. 24: "The Navigator" and two shorts. Oct. 25: "The General" and two shorts. Oct. 26: "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and two shorts. (Elgin.)

Kelly's Heroes—Comic adventure melodrama about a group of soldiers during the Second World War who steal gold bullion from the Germans. Crude. With Clint Eastwood, Telly Savalas, Don Rickles, and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Brian Hutton. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 28.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Elgin; starting Oct. 27.)

The Lickerish Quartet—*Luxe* porno. Directed by Radley Metzger. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—With Robert Redford and Michael J. Pollard. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Cinema I.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it were assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Tower East; through Oct. 27.)

Machine Gun McCain—An Italian-made film, with John Cassavetes and Britt Ekland. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Orpheum; starting Oct. 28.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's pretty-pretty movie about pretty-pretty people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in romantic blur and mist. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 22-28.)

Man and Wife (1969)—How to. (Cinema Village.)

A Man Called Horse—With Richard Harris and Judith Anderson. Directed by Elliott Silverstein. (Regency; through Oct. 27.)

The McKenzie Break—German POWs trying to break out of an Allied detention camp. With Brian Keith. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (86th St. East; starting Oct. 28.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Monterey Pop (1969)—Donn Pennebaker's *cinéma-vérité* record of the 1967 Pop festival, with Otis Redding, Simon & Garfunkel, the Who, and Ravi Shankar. (Kips Bay.)

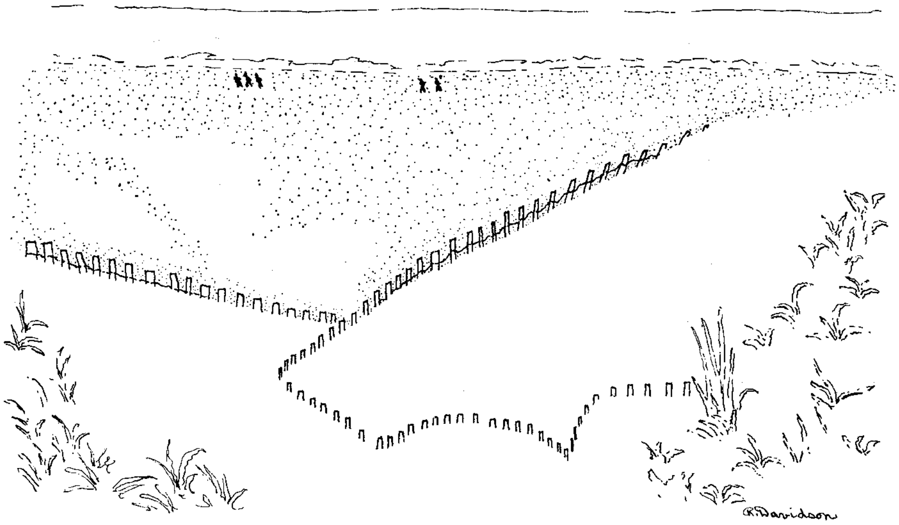
Monte Walsh—Taciturn, funereal Western, with Lee Marvin, Jeanne Moreau, Mitch Ryan, and Jack Palance starving and suffering. William A. Fraker directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

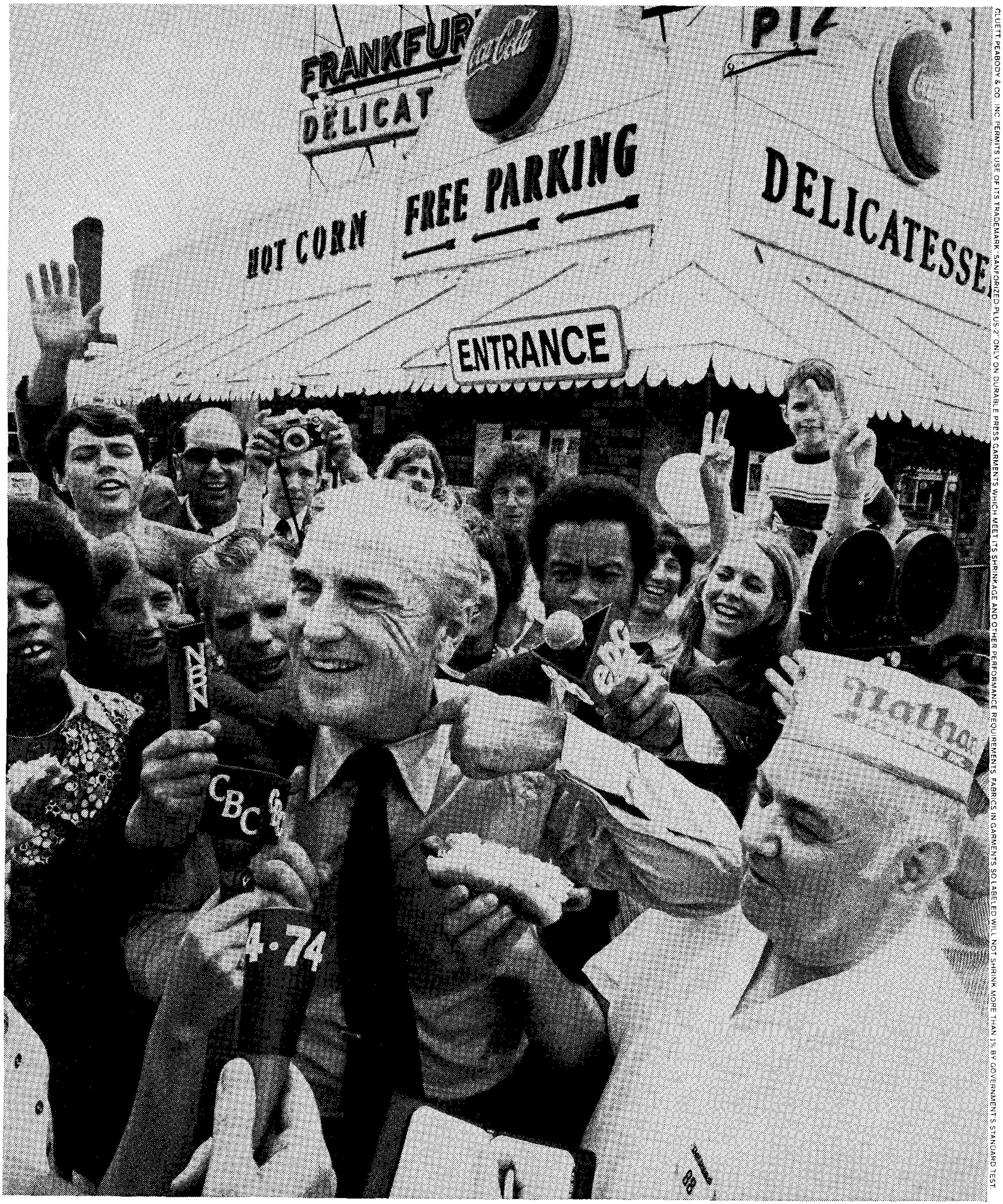
The Moonshine War—With Patrick McGoohan and Richard Widmark. Directed by Richard Quine. (Cinema Studio; starting Oct. 28.)

Myra Breckinridge—With Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch. Directed by Michael Sarne. (U. A. East; through Oct. 27.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." (Ziegfeld.)

Pieces of Dreams—Celibacy and pill problems, a welfare worker (Lauren Hutton) who lives in a glassy penthouse, and Peggy Lee singing





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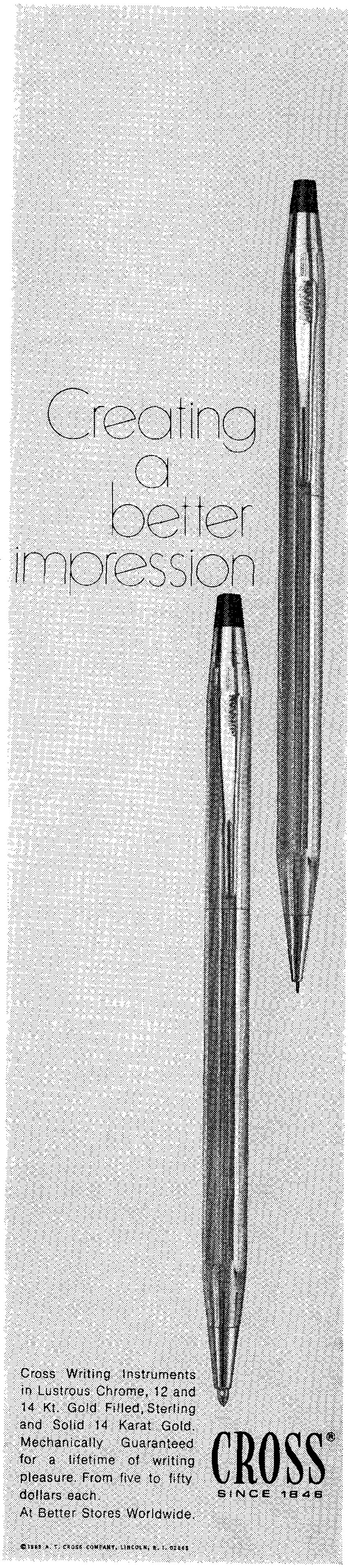

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the title song all prove too much for the parish priest, played by Robert Forster, and he drops out. Directed by Daniel Haller. (86th St. East; through Oct. 27.)

The Pizza Triangle—With Monica Vitti and Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Carlo di Palma. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Poor Cow (1968)—Carol White is a young barmaid who learns about life as she drifts from one thief to another. But she doesn't learn enough to keep one's attention from drifting in this ambitious but flat version of Nell Dunn's novel, directed by Kenneth Loach in a semi-documentary style. With Terence Stamp. (Charles; through Oct. 27.)

Pound—Robert Downey's satire (plotless, as this sort of satire now obligatorily is) about a lot of people represented as dogs, as if in a comedy of Jonsonian humors. There is a lot of stress on the characters' grotesqueries; the film's theme, it begins to seem, is not so much the moral hideousness of our species as the sorry lag of most of us behind the physical splendors of Miss Rheingold. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Robert Stephens as Holmes and Colin Blakely as Watson, directed by Billy Wilder, from a script he did in collaboration with I.A.L. Diamond. (Music Hall; starting Oct. 29.)

The Professionals (1966)—The title is accurate. This action-Western, directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, and Claudia Cardinale, is as modern a product as a new car. There's no love or beauty in this kind of moviemaking, but it does a very efficient job of providing synthetic excitement. (Orpheum; through Oct. 27.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Oct. 28.)

Quiet Days in Clichy—Based on the Henry Miller novel. A worthy try at reproducing Miller's tone, but bungled and technically gauche. Shot in Denmark, in English, with much post-synching. (Evergreen.)

Red Desert (1965)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 28.)

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury practices high-comedy techniques in a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*. Michael York plays a bisexual footman. (Greenwich and Regency; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Oct. 28.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Waverly.)

Sunflower—Sophia Loren, with infant son, searching in Russia for amnesiac Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall; through Oct. 28.)

Taste the Blood of Dracula—Christopher Lee in more Transylvanian horrors. Peter Sasdy directed. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 28.)

Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon—Liza Minnelli as the head girl of a jolly gang of the maimed. She has been disfigured by acid; her chums are an incurable neurological patient and a paralyzed homosexual. The maudlin quality of the original book is not aided by the note of Otto Preminger's film, which makes the bravado of characters in appalling circumstances seem sometimes to be more relished than respected. (Charles; starting Oct. 28.)

Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here (1969)—Abraham Polonsky's ideological Western sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Charles; starting Oct. 28.)

The Things of Life—Claude Sautet's film slithers from a study of a love affair into an oddly lyric reverie about a car crash. Not really up to "A Man and a Woman," as good French soup goes. With Romy Schneider, Michel Piccoli, and Lea Massari. In French. (Fine Arts; through Oct. 25.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love, Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Elgin; starting Oct. 27.)

This Man Must Die—A Nicholas Blake detective story, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Time of Roses—Political science fiction, set in the year 2012, and, more surprisingly, made by a Finn, Risto Jarva. In Finnish. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Pedantic, soporific. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Buñuel's most Spanish of films, made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. The story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

Trog—Joan Crawford is an anthropologist who discovers a troglodyte, in the Freddie Francis thriller. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Oct. 28.)

Tropic of Cancer (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (New Yorker; starting Oct. 29.)

The Twelve Chairs—A satirical adventure story with Ron Moody. Directed by Mel Brooks. (Tower East; starting Oct. 28.)

Viva Max! (1970)—Peter Ustinov as a Mexican general who leads a campaign to reoccupy the Alamo, and Jonathan Winters as a strategist. Broad and waggish, with some bright spots. Jerry Paris directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Oct. 28.)

The Well-Digger's Daughter (1940)—The most famous French comedy about illegitimacy and one of the most undeservedly popular of all French exports—the kind of picture that maddening people like to cite as proof of how wise the French are. With Raimu as the well-digger, Fernandel as his assistant, and Josette Day (of "Beauty and the Beast") as the erring daughter. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 23-26.)

Whirlpool—Sadistic sex film from Denmark, dubbed. (Midtown; through Oct. 27.)

Without a Stitch (1970)—A porno Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. Directed by Annelise Meineche. In Danish. (Cinema Village.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Gramercy; through Oct. 27.)

WUSA—With Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Plaza; starting Oct. 25.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Charles and 8th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 27.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Thalia; through Oct. 22.)

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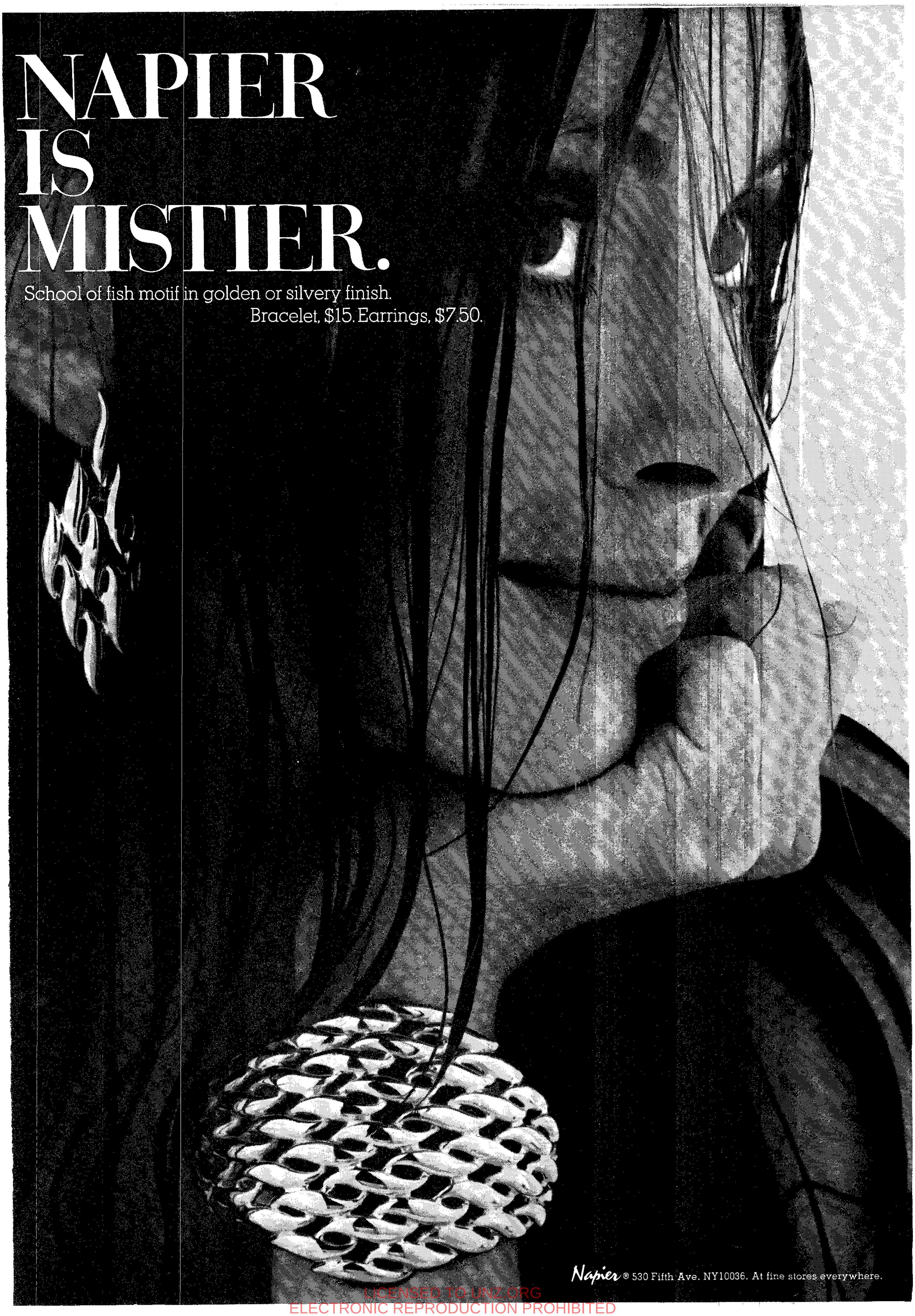
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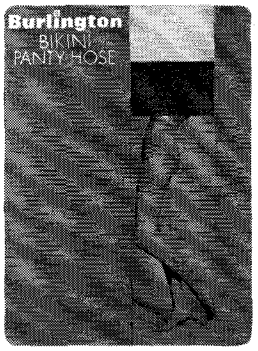

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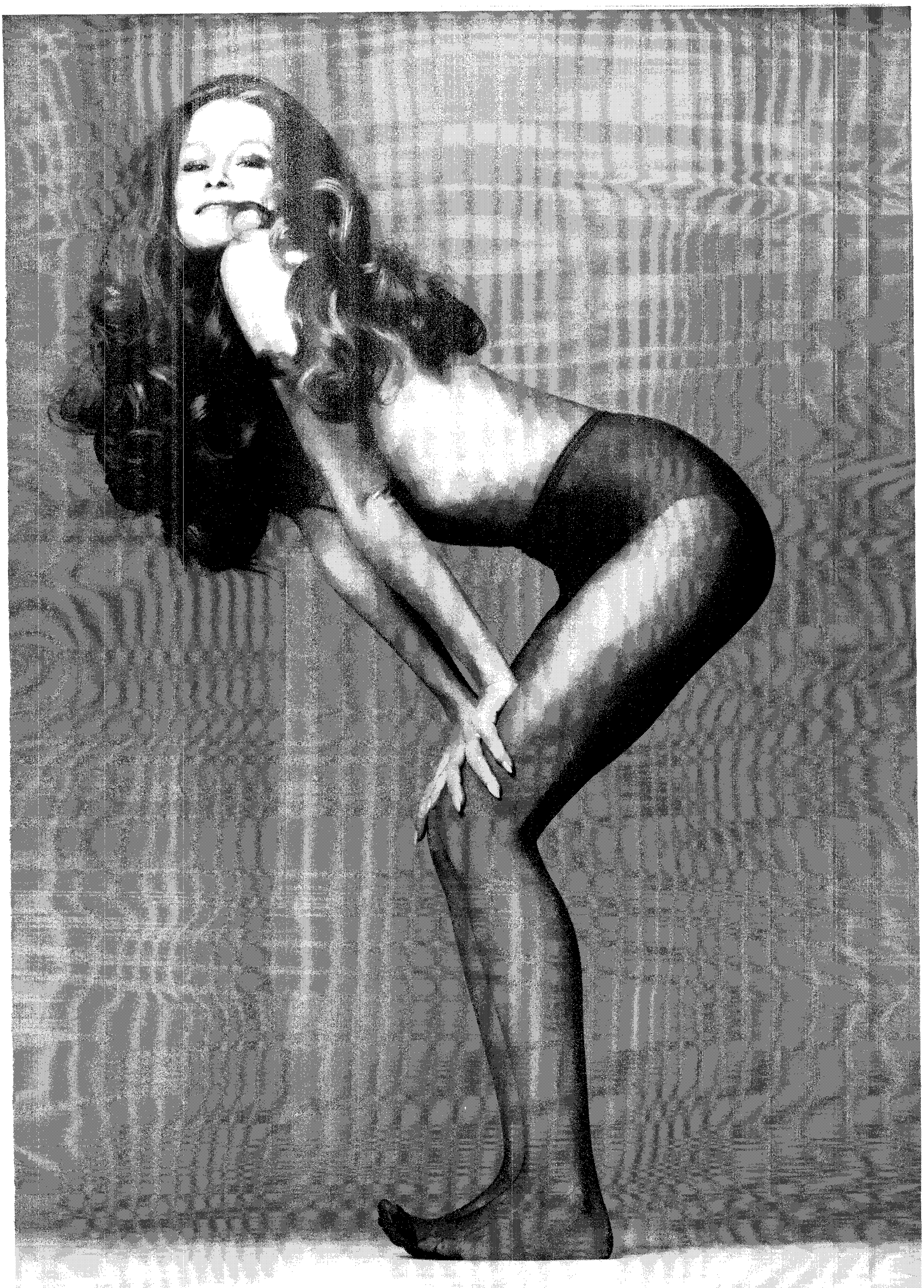

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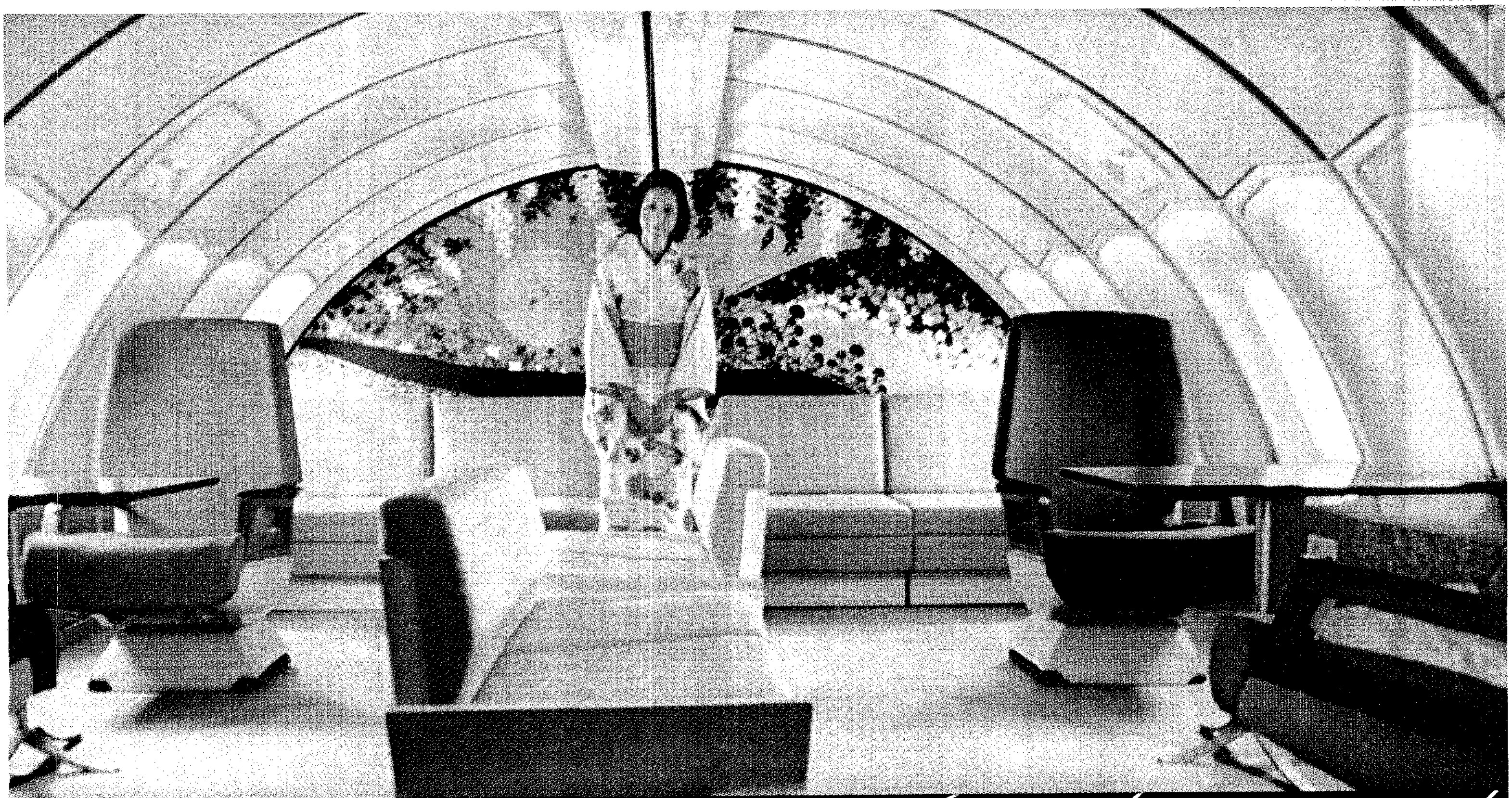

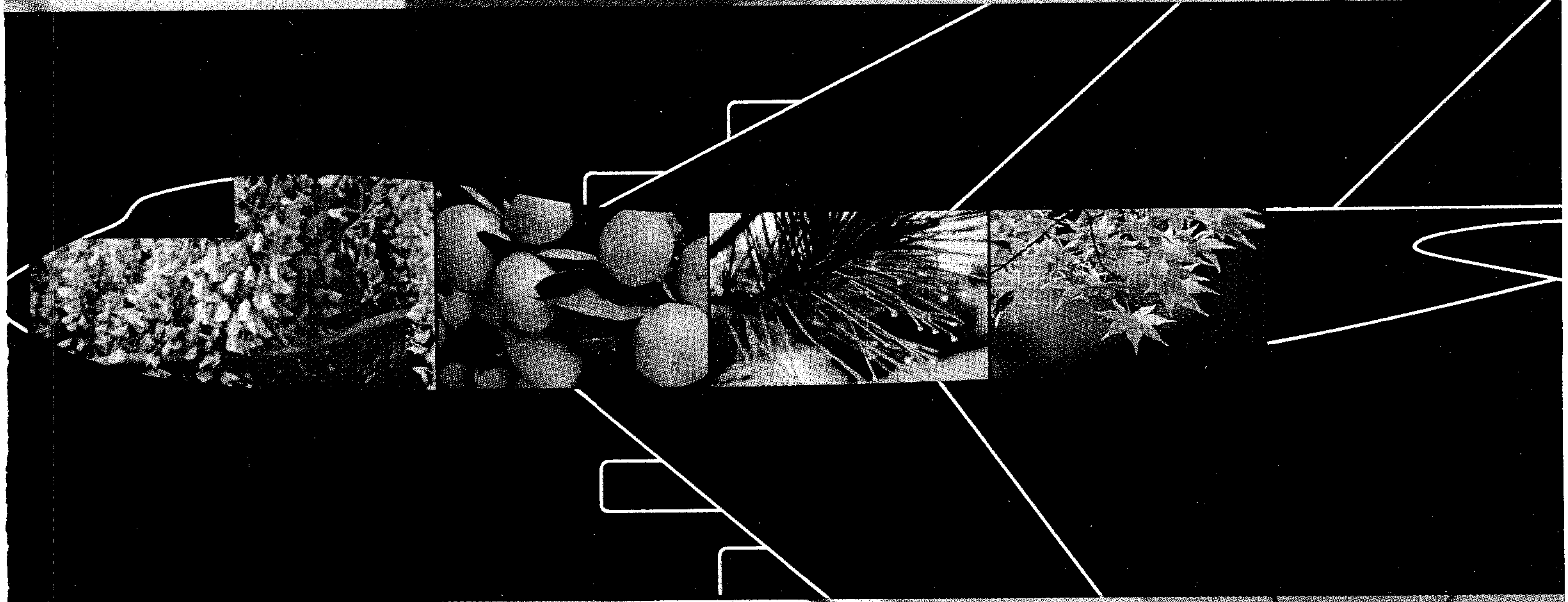

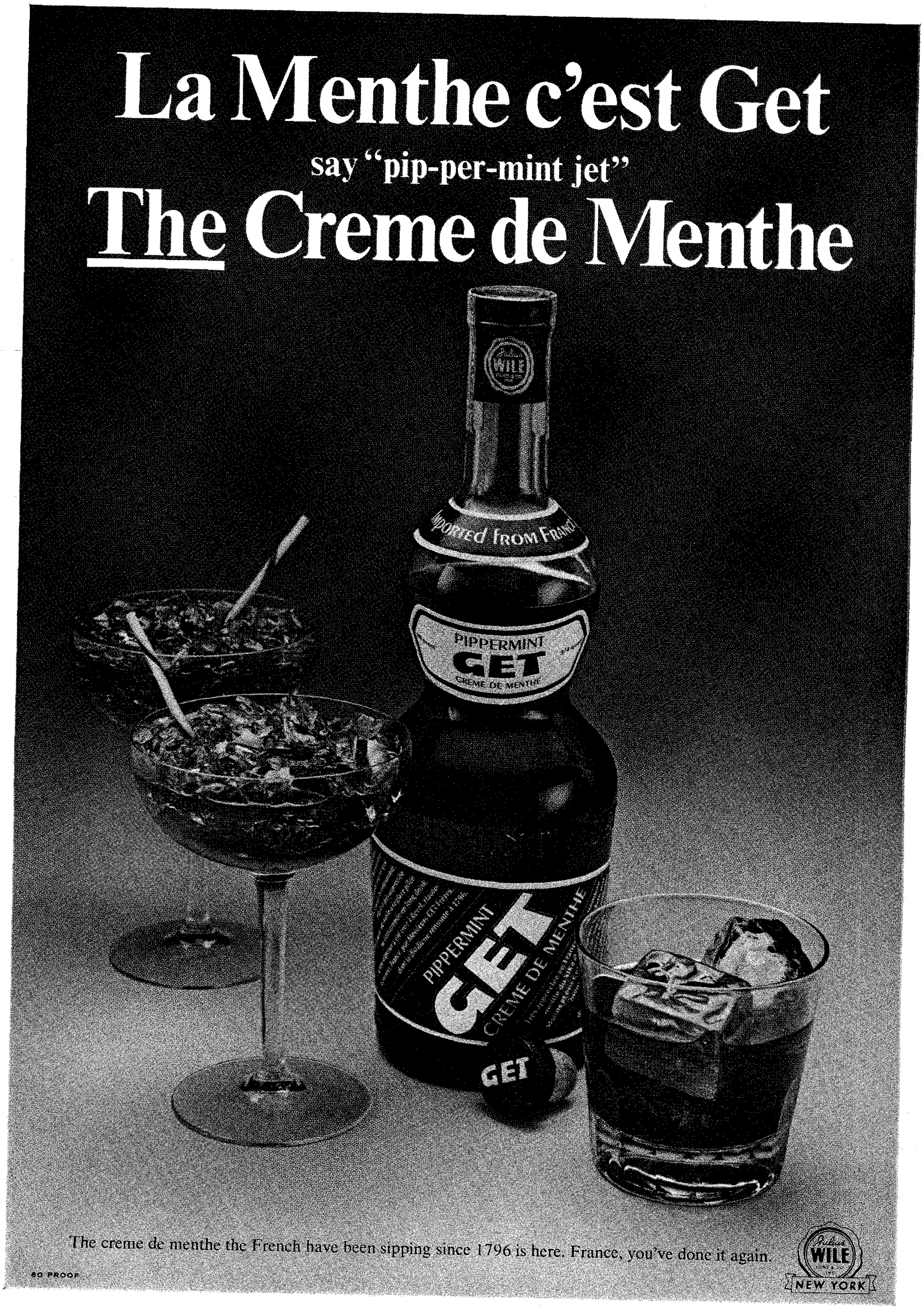

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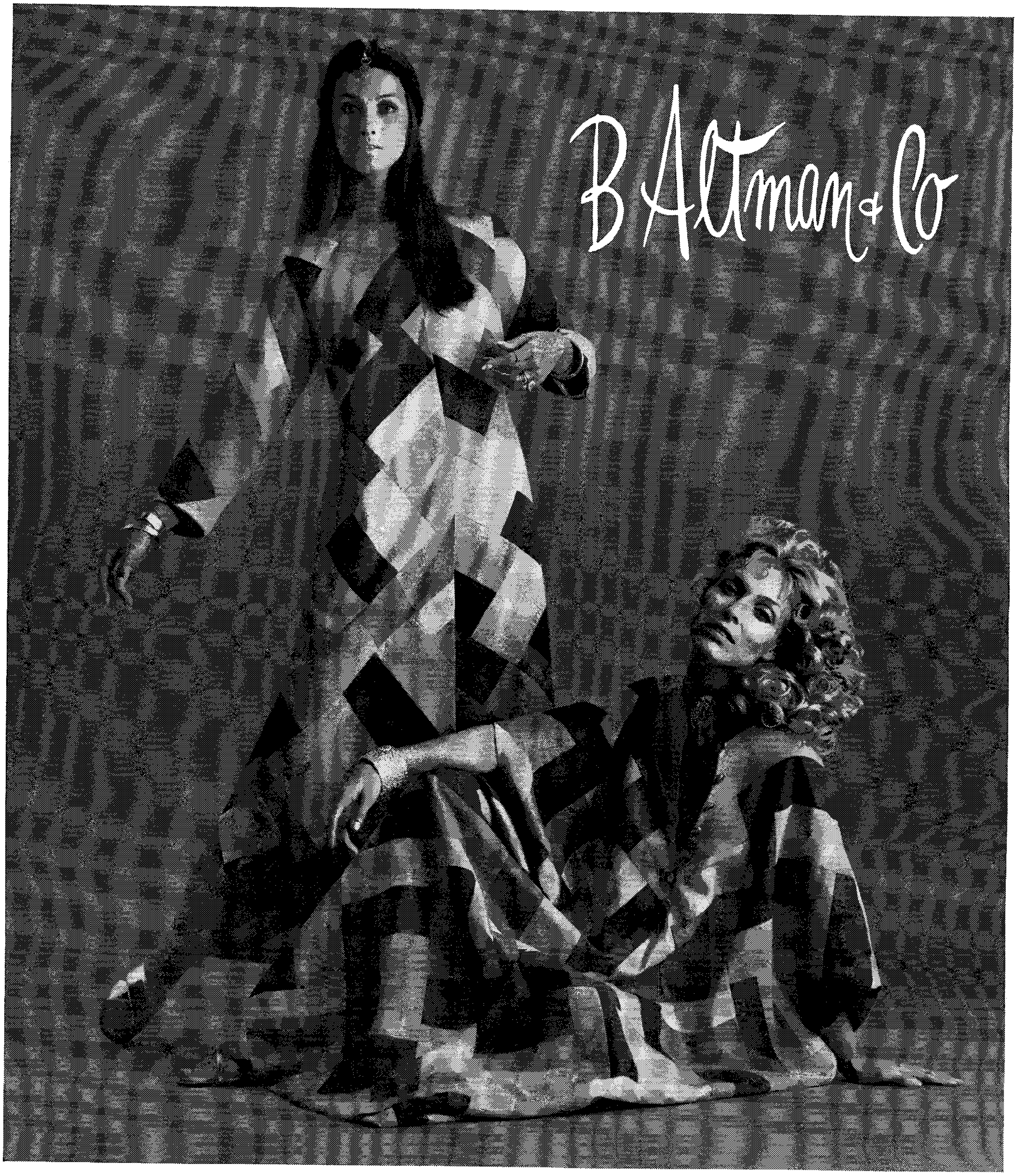

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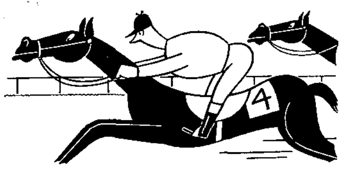
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR friend the hysterical lighthouse keeper writes, after a long silence: "Well? Of course I'm well. Why shouldn't I be? I take care of myself. How many sixty-eight-year-old men have you got down there in the city who can make fifty pushups first thing in the morning? I thought so. I don't advise exercise for you people, though. The more you exercise, the more you breathe, and the more you breathe, the more air passes through your system. The safest course on the mainland, with the kind of air you have, is to hold your breathing down to a minimum. Why do you think all those long shots have been coming in at Belmont this year? A race horse, after all, is a machine for burning oxygen, and the quality of the air it breathes is an enormously important variable among the many variables determining its biological efficiency. Some would say that bad air affects all the horses equally, but I think it favors the dogs myself. The first man to work out the figures thoroughly stands to make a million dollars. I won't bother with the idea. As you know, money means very little to me. I have everything I need. However, if you run across any high-quality raisins, which are no longer available by mail, I'd appreciate your sending them along."

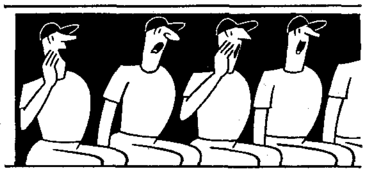


Knuckleballer

FOR eleven years, Jim Bouton made his living pitching—or, as he puts it in "Ball Four," the best-selling book he recently wrote with Leonard Shecter, "trying to throw a ball past other men who are trying to hit it with a stick." He spent most of his baseball career with the Yankees, throwing fast balls and big overhand curves, and won twenty-one games in 1963. After his arm gave way, two years later, he made a modest comeback throwing the knuckleball, a pitch that depends more on skill than on speed. The knuckleball is thrown not with the knuckles but with the fingertips; when it is done right, the subtleties of wind and air resistance cause the ball to take all sorts of unpredictable bloops and curves.

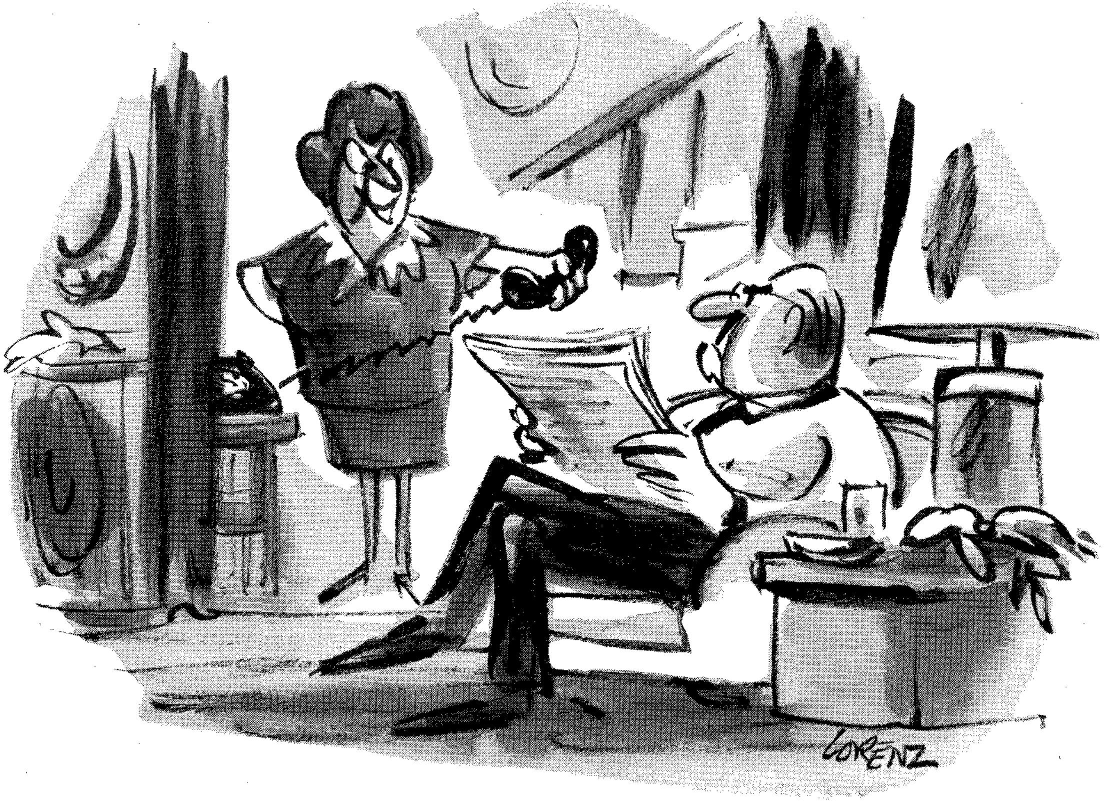
Bouton's book is a diary of the 1969 season, during which he pitched in seventy-three games for the Seattle Pilots, the Vancouver Mounties (a minor-league team), and the Houston Astros, and had a respectable earned-run average of 3.81. Many people, including Bowie Kuhn, the Commissioner of Baseball, do not like the book, because it suggests that baseball players do not always talk and live as clean as American athletes are supposed to. Many others like it for the same reason. The book's success did not prevent National League batsmen from hitting Bouton's still unperfected knuckleball more often than was healthy for his future in baseball, and in August, after the Astros sent him down to the minors again, he quit the game. Since September 14th, he has been working as a sportscaster for Channel 7, the New York affiliate of the A.B.C. television network. The other day, we visited him in his office at A.B.C., and we asked him how the publication of "Ball Four" had affected him.

"Well, excerpts from the book appeared in *Look* late in June, more than two months after the season began, and from that moment on there was a drastic change in my life style," said Bouton, who has thick blond hair and All-American good looks. "The Houston front office was very, very good about it. Maybe they would have *liked* to do something about me, but sending me to the minors right then wouldn't have looked too good even if I deserved it—and I did deserve it, by the way. On the field, some players yelled obscenities at me, or things like 'Go get 'em, Shakespeare!' or, if I had three-and-two on a hitter, 'Hey, Bouton, what's the title of your book?' I was summoned to see the Commissioner, and the day before I went in to see him one of the guys in the back of the bus, Jim Beauchamp, said to me, 'When you go in there, don't forget—we're behind you, seven per cent.' If he was really angry, could he have said something like that? Actually, that day was the lowest for me. I got booed at Shea Stadium, I was pitching lousy, and Dick Young had written his third column in the *News* attacking me as a total rat. I really felt bad. Then, that night, I picked up the first edition of the next day's *Times*, and there was this beautiful column by Bob Lipsyte. I took that column and ran down to the Lion's Head bar, in the Village, where Shecter hangs out. It cancelled Dick Young out of my mind. So when I went in to see the Commissioner the next afternoon, instead of going in there as a whipped dog I went in kind of cocky."



We said it had seemed to us that "Ball Four" was rather good publicity for baseball, and we had been surprised that the Commissioner disagreed.

Bouton nodded. "At first, it never occurred to me that a book could be good or bad for the game," he said. "The more I thought about it, though, the more I was inclined to believe that a lot of fans really were interested in this behind-the-scenes stuff, and that a lot of non-fans might get interested in baseball as a result. I told the Com-



"I hope you're satisfied, Mr. Big Mouth. Martha Mitchell would like a few words with you."

missioner that while it certainly wasn't my intention, I thought the book would be good for baseball."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'No, no, very bad.' He thought I'd made a lot of it up. He has kind of a fan's view of the game. I didn't feel too bad about it, though. The last thing a writer wants is for the subject of his book to pat him on the head and say 'Very nice,' especially when the subject is a big industry."

Bouton was an active participant in the Moratorium demonstrations in the fall of 1969, and we asked how the other ballplayers had reacted to that.

"Most of them don't even know what a moratorium is," he said. "I drew up the mildest statement you can imagine—'We support peace, but if you want to, go ahead and bomb Hanoi,' or words to that effect—and tried to get some of the other players to sign it with me. I just wanted to get the names of some athletes on the same page as the word 'peace,' because the Administration is always trying to adopt athletes into the silent majority. No takers."

Bouton paused for a moment, and then said, "No, that's an unfair judgment. There I go again, saying 'Hurray for me and everyone else is a clod.' Everyone has his own quiet way of making a statement, and maybe they just didn't want to have anything to do with me. That'd be reason enough right there." He paused again. "You know, a lot of ballplayers who would look pretty conservative in a New York context go back to their home towns and don't fit in, quite. It might be the travel, or just playing on the same team with black players, if a guy is white. Take somebody like Steve Hamilton, who got involved in the union thing as a player representative. Here's a guy who was probably bounced on his grandfather's knee in Columbia, Kentucky, learning about how terrible unions are, and now finds out from personal experience that big business isn't a whole group of wonderful people trying to do the right thing."

A telephone rang in the next office, and Bouton grinned. "Phones!" he said gleefully. "*I* have a phone extension. I have memos. There are vice-presidents walking around." He added, in a mock-serious tone, "It kind of makes you feel important."

"How do you rate yourself as a broadcaster?" we asked.

"Technically, I'm not able to handle it yet," said Bouton. "I still can't coordinate enough relaxation with my voice and the camera. But I'm reasonably satisfied with my material. I write it out in longhand. It's important for me to write my own stuff, especially since Shecter edited the book and I'm going through an identity crisis. I'm trying a new approach to sports—more humor, more irreverence, a little more critical attitude, and, at the same time, not always looking at the stars. For the average fan, life is not going down to work and knocking off fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year. Life is not all two-hitters and touchdowns. A fan might relate more to an offbeat story—a guy coming off the bench after an injury, or a marginal player with a more human story to tell. It's not the three-hour job I thought it would be. Besides the eleven-o'clock news five days a week, I do the six-o'clock news on Mondays and on days when Howard Cosell can't make it, and I do two or three film pieces a week. I can still go out to the ballpark, even though I'm not there as a fellow-friend but as a snoopy representative of the press."

"Are you still going to do a little pitching on the side?"

"Yes, next year I'll be pitching for a semi-pro team in New Jersey called the Ridgewood-Paramus Barons, in the Metropolitan League," Bouton said. "I like baseball. I think it's more fun than tennis or anything else, so I'll keep playing baseball to stay in shape. I've already pitched in one semi-pro game."

"How did it go?"

"One of my greatest thrills," Bouton said. "I spun a neat thirteen-hitter, and we took it, seven to five."

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SIGN observed in the window of a Washington liquor store, surrounded by gin bottles:

BACK TO SCHOOL SALE

Relics

WITH a nice combination of nostalgia and attention to civic duty, the rock-and-roll community of this city assembled at the Fillmore East last Monday evening for a Rock Relics Auction, the proceeds of which—some eleven thousand dollars—would be distributed to peace candidates around the country. Rock and roll is a field in which last month's No. 1 hit is today's Golden Oldie, and by this standard many of the items auctioned off were downright pre-Columbian. They included Carlos Santana's nonfunctional switchblade knife, Jerry Garcia's black T-shirt, Johnny Winter's white guitar, Leon Russell's snakeskin boots, a vial containing rose petals thrown from the stage of Madison Square Garden by Mick Jagger, and an embarrassment of drumsticks, harmonicas, posters, and autographs. As we arrived, the crowd was directing its attention to a shimmering ascot once owned by Fats Domino. After spirited bidding, it was sold for nineteen dollars. In his excitement, the young man who bought it bid against himself repeatedly.

During an intermission, we had a word with the auctioneer, a stolid-looking man of twenty-eight named John B. Thomas. "I'm vice-president of an executive-search firm," he said, by way of explaining his haircut—a short one. "Auctioneering has been an interest of mine for five years. I did an auction for the Environmental Action Coalition at the Directoire Restaurant in June, and I think that's why I was picked for this one. This is a very sophisticated crowd. They know what they're buying. It's the first auction of our generation's future memorabilia. Why, buying a Fillmore poster today is like buying a Currier & Ives print a hundred years ago."

Mr. Thomas went back to the stage, and we went back to our seat to listen to more auctioneering. For the benefit of future social historians, we note that in October of 1970, according to a very sophisticated crowd, the following items had the following values:

A dress owned by Melanie, fifty dollars.

A Bob Dylan autograph, eighty dollars.

A fringed, tie-dyed suède jacket worn by Roger Daltrey, of the Who, at the Isle of Wight Pop Festival, three hundred and thirty dollars.

A dark-green sports jacket worn by Frank Zappa while he was in high school, fifty dollars.

A poster of a concert at Fillmore East given by the late Jimi Hendrix, seventy-two dollars and fifty cents.

A well-worn tan wool sweater belonging to Paul McCartney, ninety-five dollars. (This last figure, it was generally agreed, was astonishingly low. There was a time when motel owners grew rich selling tiny squares of bed linen reputed to have been slept on by the Beatles for a single night.)

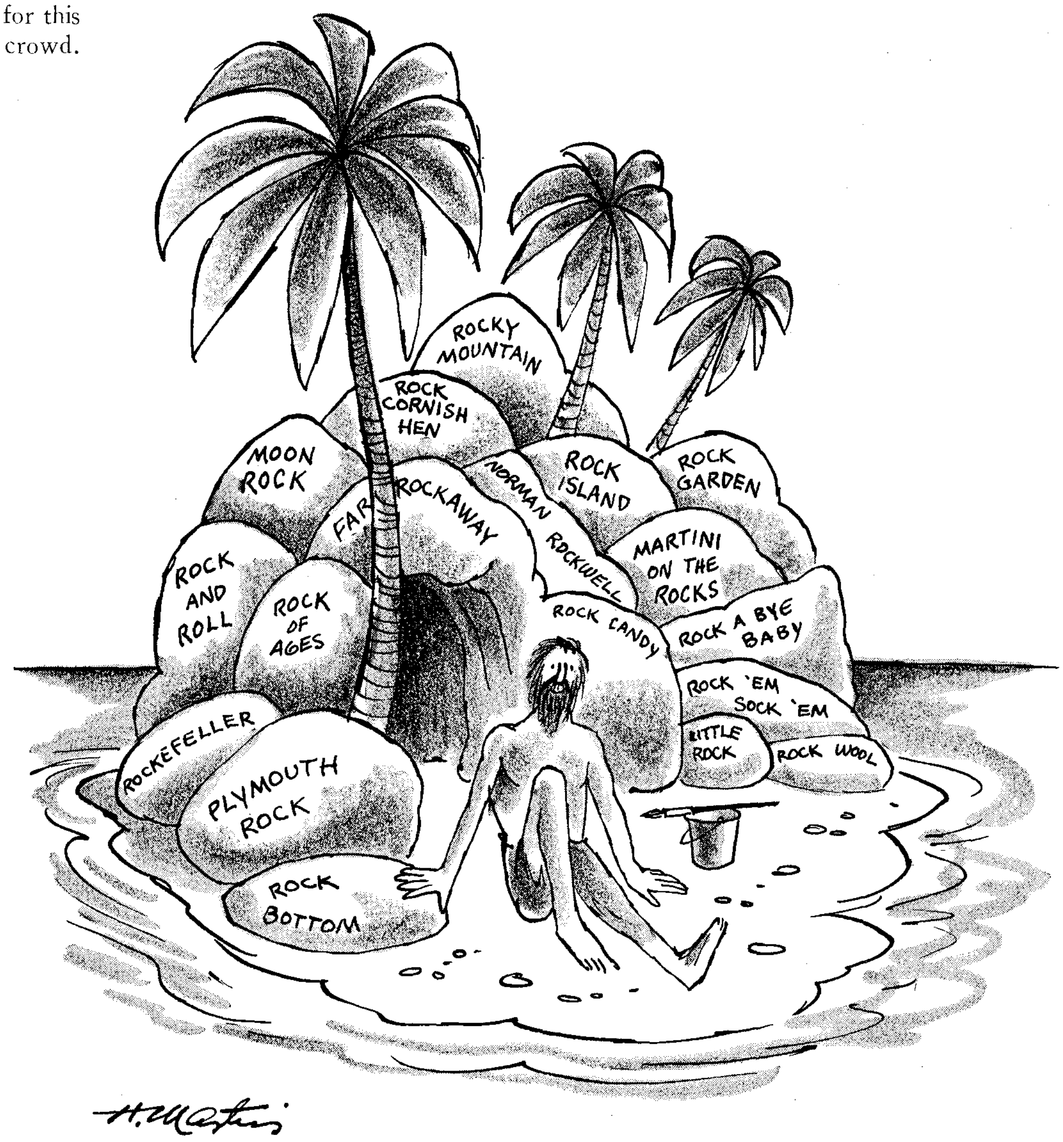
* * *

OVERHEARD in a Madison Avenue elevator, one dispatch case to another: "In this instance, I am totally committed on a tentative basis."

Bob Rafelson

WE first met Bob Rafelson, the director of "Five Easy Pieces," immediately after a press conference when his film was showing at the New York Film Festival. He had just answered, with masterly aplomb, a lot of strange questions, like "Are you enthusiastic enough about 'Five Easy Pieces' to think that it will win an Academy Award?" We next saw Bob Rafelson in his fancy suite at the Hotel Plaza. He was on the telephone. "Someone has raped and killed all three operators at Columbia Pictures," he said to us. "No one answers. Maybe I'll call myself up. Sometimes I call myself up to prove that I still exist. I can go into 1015 and call 1017. It's nice."

Mr. Rafelson is tall and energetic, and he is thirty-five. He is a raconteur. He and his partner, Bert Schneider, put together the Monkees and their television program. "It was a shuck, but beautiful at its own level," he said. "I mean, I picked the four Monkees from four hundred and thirty-seven guys, because I grooved on those four in very special ways while thinking that they had absolutely no talent." Later, he co-wrote, with Jack Nicholson—the star, as Bobby, of "Five Easy Pieces"—and co-produced, with Schneider, a movie about the Monkees called "Head." This is a film he really likes and other people are only beginning to like: "People said the film was a shuck, but actually it was about the previous shuck. I put it out as straight as I could, and nobody picked up on it. When it opened in London, I was in-



terviewed a number of times on TV. The interview always began, 'Do you think your film in any way imitates the style and content of the Beatles' films?' 'In every way,' I would answer, thus destroying the guy's next twenty questions. Then, when the silence had gone on just long enough for the audience to start to feel sympathetic, I would say, 'Of course, I regard that question as the greatest tribute that could ever be paid to my work.' "

We asked him to go on talking.

"It's a strange situation when you bring your flick to town," he said. "I think Columbia will spend more money at the Hotel Plaza than we did making the film. And the Film Festival—it's an ace festival, but it's a highly ritualized affair. Like, they wanted me to go up on the stage before the film—they said everybody does that. I wouldn't do it. I mean, the audience would say, 'Who is this big guy with those strange glasses?' Eleven hundred people would really dig those glasses and fourteen hundred people would know for sure it's an affectation, and that would influence the way they looked at the film, which I didn't want. I wanted to make a movie where I liked everyone in the movie. That was my privately stated task. Bobby, the hero? I love him. I couldn't have made the movie if I hadn't loved him. I never understand people. I don't try to give you an understanding of the people in the flick—just a description. Some flicks give you the essence. I want to give you the contradictions to the essence. I wasn't interested in doing a movie about a guy who has no feelings. This is a guy who is out of touch with his feelings. I wanted to make a simple picture."

We asked Rafelson if he had anything more to say.

He grinned, and replied, "I have talked a great deal this week about myself, and all I can say is that I've done my best not to tell the truth."

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RADIO STATION KID, of Idaho Falls, advertises "pre-occupied mobile homes."

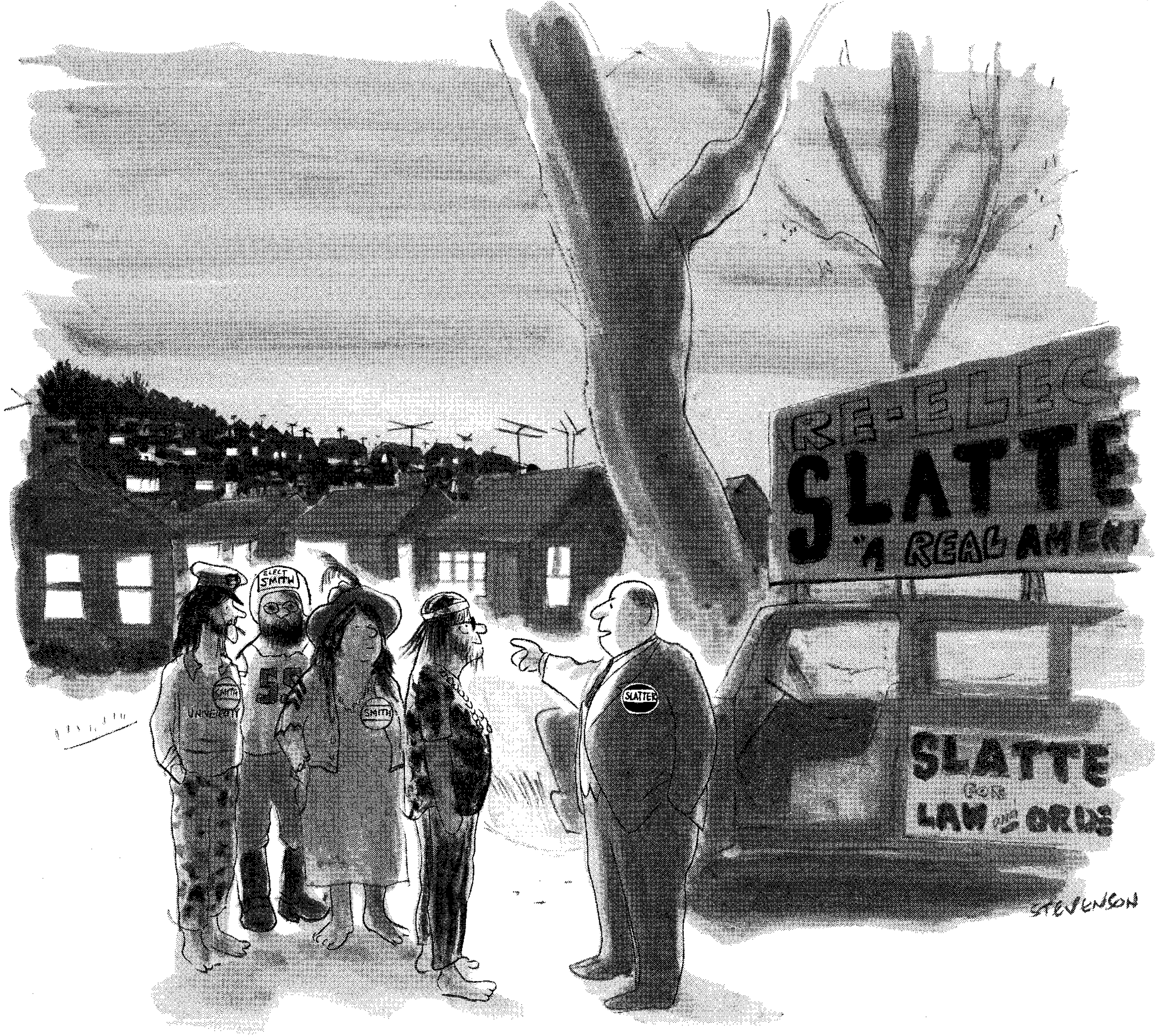
Yes

THE Melting Pot, in all its old-fashioned, traditional *Gemütlichkeit*, came back to the city last week and was set down on the Central Park Mall in a Dore Schary-produced festival called "The People, Yes!" Dore Schary was in charge of making movies for M-G-M about twenty years ago and is now our city's Commissioner of Cultural Affairs, whatever they are, and if it turns out that they are "The People, Yes!" it's O.K. with us. Officially, the festival was produced by the Department of Cultural Affairs in coöperation with the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Administration and the City of New York, but there it was, a real M-G-M movie of the nineteen-fifties—a cast of thousands of New York prototypes, all colors, all races, all ages, all religions, all shapes, all political beliefs, all tastes in food, and everybody having a high old schmalzy time with everybody else. Arts, crafts, balloons, your-photo-taken-and-put-on-a-button, and ethnic food were sold. Everything else was free. Halfway through the festival, which lasted seven afternoons and seven evenings, the Police Department estimated that three hundred thousand people had come to eat, to watch the free entertainment on three stages—called the Festival Stage, the Main Stage, and the Octagonal Stage—and to mosey around. They watched—for starters—Herman Deussing and His Alpine Bells, Chinese Scarf Dancing, Finnish Accordionists and Dancers, Japanese Tea Ceremonies, Yiddish Folk Singing, Japanese Aikido Demonstrations of the Art of Self-Defense, Joseph Erdelyi Playing the Tarogato (a Hungarian oboe), Turkish-Arabic Belly Dancing by Miss Serena, Miriam Colón Reading Puerto Rican Poetry, Dances of India by Vija Vetra, Ukrainian Dancers of Astoria, Tzigane Balalaikas, the Bruce McNichols Dixieland Band, the Swedish Children's Folk Dance Group, and the Whistling Wizzards Doing Basketball High Jinks. They ate Japanese teriyaki, Nicholas Smedira's cotton candy, Puerto Rican *pastelillos*, Italian *zeppole*, soul food, and Nathan's hot dogs with sauerkraut.

We got there in time to see some nice, homey-type tableaux, or Dore Schary movie shots: A black photographer was creeping up on a band of children playing on a high rock behind Literary Walk and focussing on a little black boy in a dashiki who was being hugged from both sides by white boys. An old man was sitting on a bench on Literary Walk eating a Belgian waffle with "whipcream and fresh strawberries" (according to a sign on the Belgian-waffle stall) and staring placidly at a gymnastic demonstration put on by the Slovak Sokol of Astoria. A beautiful black-haired girl was running from a Greek-specialties stall, operated by Alex Alexiadis & Co., to the program-office trailer of "The People, Yes!" Inside the trailer were three telephones and several harassed-looking young "The People, Yes!" programmers. The beautiful black-haired girl was soon speaking into one of the telephones with terrible passion: "Yiannis Kalitsaros says he didn't get the *pita* and *souvlaki!* And the spinach pie! You haven't delivered the spinach pie and the meat pie!" A police captain was speaking calmly and casually into one of the other telephones: "Hi. Everything here is good. . . . Yeah, really terrific. So what's new?" A worried-looking "The People, Yes!" programmer, an attractive, sleek woman wearing a floppy broad-brimmed black hat, was saying to another programmer, a young man with a downy black Abe Lincoln-type beard, "I'm having such trouble with some of the American Indians! They suddenly refused to go on with their dance unless we'd agree to give them some land. How can *I* promise to give them land?"

On the Main Stage, decorated with a modest-sized sign reading "Miller High Life Beer"—the major financial sponsor of the festival (contribution: $15,000)—along with several Earth flags, American flags, and New York City flags, and an immodest-sized sign, in red with white letters, reading "SOUND BY WEISBERG," an interpretive ballet by Alice Lexa, formerly prima ballerina with the Opera at Kladno, Czechoslovakia, was being danced to a recording of Smetana's "The Moldau."

There was a lot of other stuff going on, too. We bought a helium-filled balloon, for fifty cents, decorated with a floral design and the word "Love." The string holding the balloon was tied to our wrist by the balloon seller, a young man named Kenny Frank, with the help of his wife, Sheila, and her mother and her father. Kenny Frank said that he was working his way through medical school at N.Y.U. by selling balloons, that he had gone through four helium tanks in two hours, and that he needed his wife and mother-in-law and father-in-law to help with the strings and to make change, because of the crush of people wanting balloons. Balloons stamped



"Spread out, pound on every door, yell 'Smith for Congress! Power to the people!' Then barge in, tell 'em Smith is groovy, ask for a handout, and leave."

• •

with the words "The People, Yes!" sold for thirty-five cents. We took a look at a your-photo-taken-and-put-on-a-button, diameter three inches, held by both a blond woman and her ten-year-old blond daughter, who was also carrying a skateboard. "It *works!*" the woman told us, sounding surprised, while her daughter put on the button.

We bought some popcorn and then picked up a paper platter of cheese, apple, and crackers from a stall called Walk 'n' Eat, and found a place to sit down in a shelter. On the walls and from the roof of the shelter hung dry cornstalks, ears of corn, and other things that looked like worn-out vegetables.

"What are we sitting in?" we asked a conservatively dressed lady next to us who looked like Eleanor Roosevelt. She was eating, too—something that looked like a pancake, held in a paper napkin. It smelled oniony and delicious.

"We're in a *sukkah*," she told us, speaking in hoarse, aristocratic Old New York tones. "I believe the American Jewish Museum sponsored it."

"What are *you* eating?" we asked.

"A hush puppy," she said, nodding at a stall not far away. It had a sign saying "Soul Stop." "It's cornmeal and onions, deep fried. I've never had one before. I *do* recommend it."

We went over to Soul Stop and bought a hush puppy and came back to our friend in the *sukkah*.

"Great," we told her.

"Isn't this whole fiesta exciting?" she said. "I've gone to a lot of fiestas in Spain, and this one reminds me of Spain. Everybody is so friendly and just having a good time, and nobody is rude or cross. I haven't run into a single person who was rude."

"Same here," we said.

We bought some of Nicholas Smedira's cotton candy. Then we went over to the Festival Stage and watched a flower-arranging demonstration. A pretty girl wearing a pink kimono was explaining that this is autumn, so red leaves are used. A handsome man in a white kimono was standing behind her and arranging the red leaves in a vase. We stopped at a table and signed a save-our-environment petition. At the American Indian Crafts stall, we blew seventy-five cents on a small birchbark canoe. The lady programmer in the floppy black hat was hanging around nearby. She told us that an appointment had been made for a conference on giving the Indians land, and that the Indians had agreed to do their dance.

TWO DREAMS

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN LIVING COLOR

I DREAM of a red-letter edition of "Crime and Punishment," a children's edition, lavishly illustrated in full color. One word in red stands out on the page: "Yes!" The next morning I see the word "Yes," in red, floating about in the pale-blue mountain spring water of the water cooler, and that evening I see the word again in the sky, in rose. Last month my fiancée said yes when I asked her a certain question, but my landlord said no when I applied for certain alterations and repairs. I explained to him that "rose" was an anagram for "eros," whereupon he waxed his mustache greedily and stamped his foot in such a way that a dark bird sprang out of the ground and walked indignantly down the street, the word "Yes" appearing in a balloon above its head, this time in blue.

"WHISKEY and bitters," I said to the waiter.

"The same," said the black bird.

"All landlords are apes," said the black bird. "I was quietly sleeping when all that stamping noise came down. He has very large feet, you know, and a huge supply of mustache wax, which he keeps in the tenants' lockers. He is planning on blowing up the building. I thought you ought to know this."

"Not really."

"Really. He has a morbid fear of Communists."

"But there are no Communists on Ninth Street!" I cried.

The bird smiled. The word "Yes" appeared above his head in a balloon. In red.

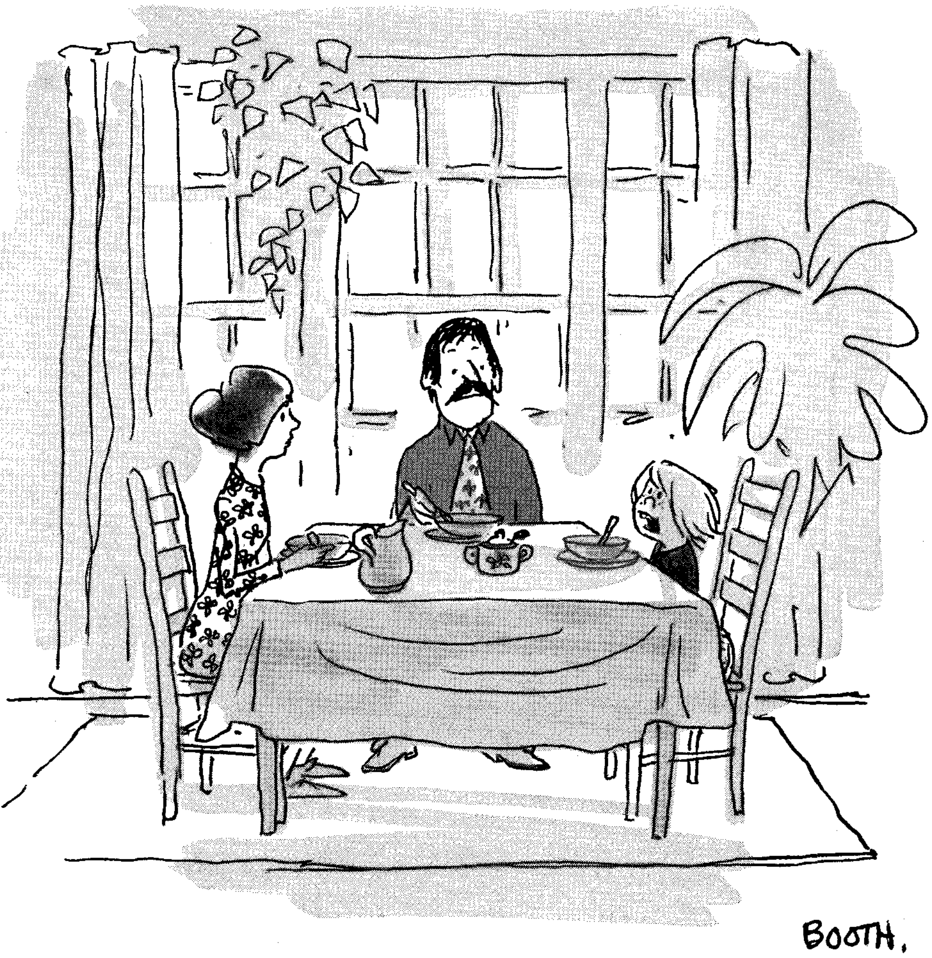
He held up a feather and cawed, "Two more."

Instantly the waiter produced a lavishly chased revolver and shot himself in the head. The bullet seemed to have no effect, however, except to leave a round hole, through which we peered at the sky—pale blue, with orange clouds.

"Good enough," said the bird. He produced an address book and thumbed through it rapidly. "Now, here is what I want you to do," he said. "I want you to call this number and ask for 'Frank' or 'Fred.' Tell them what your problem is, the number of pages in the book you dreamed about, the condition of the binding and the dust cover—this last is very important—the price (if price was indicated), the general appearance of the bookseller, and the name of the establishment."

"The bookseller was an old woman."

"Just so," said the bird. "Now let's take another look through that waiter's head. Those orange clouds fascinate me."



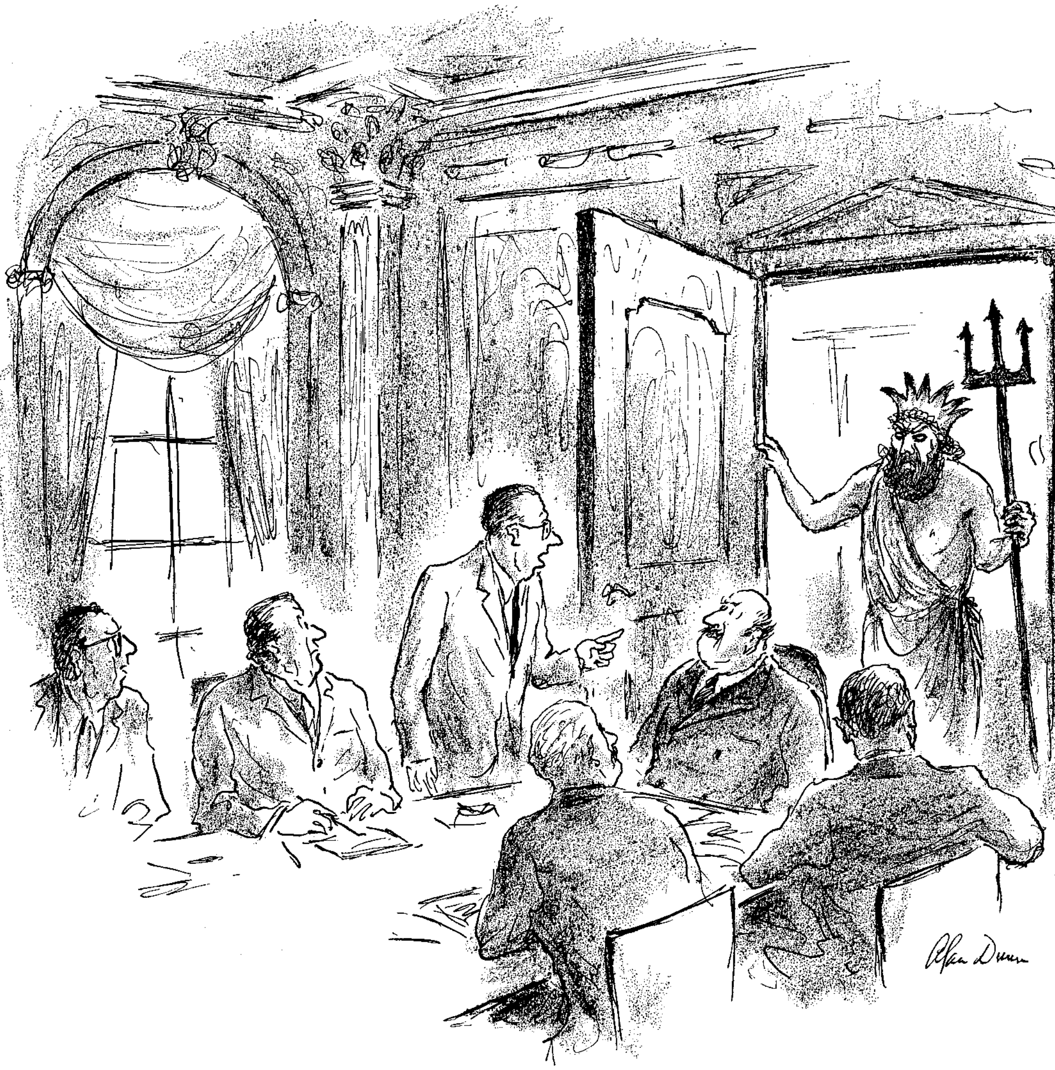
"May I please have another bowl of that non-nutritive crude fibre?"

THE LLAMA MOMENT

QUIET, rubber-wheeled llamas roll through the streets, each llama with a window in its side through which peeps a smiling whore. The Citizens' Council ordered large numbers of these contrivances in response to a direct order from above, and so far they seem to have worked very well. The crime rate is said to have fallen, there are fewer riots, and the streets seem to be cleaner than before, though this may indeed be an illusion. Stupefaction on the part of the populace, that is to say, may have momentarily shifted attention from the street surface to other surfaces more entertaining—at least for the moment. As for the whores, all of whom are imported from the offshore islands, they are not for sale, although it is rumored that they are at the disposal of the politicians and the hired killers. A hired killer rides unseen inside each llama, for security purposes. The llamas number in the thousands, patrolling the streets night and day.

When I went to call my friend Franz, I found that the basement telephone had melted in the last fire; it was hanging there, a black blob. Beside it the fire extinguisher still stood in its bracket, fire-blackened; perhaps no one had been able to get to it. Three rats sat on a shelf, staring at me insolently, it seemed. The stench was terrific. I made my way through the tunnel beneath the factory, through the alleyway, and was on the point of crossing the street when a llama rolled silently by. The sudden manifestation of the beast, looking so much alive and at the same time so very dead, made my skin crawl in a particularly gruesome way. The whore at the window grinned at me. One of her front teeth was capped with gold.

I found Franz huddled over his candle with a thin blanket on his shoulders. In the yellow-blue candlelight, his eyes looked enormous—llama's eyes. He essayed a greeting, but it



"Before this Conference on the Rights to the Untapped Wealth of the Seabed goes any further, there's a gentleman here who demands a voice in our deliberations."

• •

emerged more or less as a cough, very weak, and a pink froth appeared at the corner of his mouth; he wiped it away with the edge of his blanket.

"You've been eating too much *kabbala*," I said.

He smiled. It was a long-standing joke going back to our university days.

Finally he said, "They say it's a brilliant idea—the best yet."

"I find it frightening," I said. I described the incident on the street.

"A gold tooth! They think of everything!" He seemed amused, but the amusement, this small excitement, brought on a fit of coughing. I reached out to touch him but he pushed my hand away. The candle sputtered and a rat shrieked behind the wall.

To leave him alone—so that he could be alone for a moment in his misery—I went to the alcove and boiled some water on the paraffin burner. I fished a bouillon cube from my overcoat pocket, peeled off the foil, dropped the cube in a dirty cup, and poured the boiling water over it, poking at the cube with a rusty fork until it had dissolved. When I took the cup to him, his eyes were smiling, his eyes only.

WHEN I first met Franz, I was stricken by his eyes—dark, luminous, swimming with depths of intelligence and sensitivity seldom seen in this dim world. (The eyes of the llamas are made of cheap glass.) He was a poet then. Then he became a painter. Then he gave it all up and became one of the famous "silent" ones, much derided in the earlier days, but later enjoying a certain immunity, or at least privacy, as long as he kept to himself. Which he did, of course, devoting himself to that active *inward-looking* which had come to replace the drugged state of affairs before the big takeover.

I stayed at the factory lathe—compromised in a way, to be sure, but able to move about freely and to be of some small service here and there with food and medicine when available. Meeting with Franz, I would review the big "psychological" events of the time—the kangaroos, the Chihuahuas, the jackals, the whole drift of dogs from the time of the stewardship of Big Tom down to the present moment, the llama moment.

Now Franz lifted the cup to his lips and blew a riffle across the surface. "All things are messengers of God."

"So they say."

"They say all the artists have left the city and are working in the barracks—good pay, lots of food."

"They are human."

He looked at me carefully through the smoky flame and shook his head. "No. They are not." Incredible the quick explosion of fire in his round eyes. "Stuffed-animal artists." Contemptuously.

"But, Franz, they have children."

"*They* are animals."

"You are cruel."

"*Cruel the truth, quicker than lightning.*"

He drank the broth slowly—it seemed an hour. At last he said, "I am going to die tonight."

I was not surprised to hear him say it. I offered to stay with him but he refused the offer, as I knew he would.

I prepared to leave, saying, "Too much *kabbala*, old friend."

He smiled—a real smile—and said, "No, old friend. Not enough imagination."

Outside, on the darkening avenue, the llama windows were lighting up and the whores smiling fiercely for the night ride.

—ELI WALDRON

•

In additional to football, Neville is on the track team and this spring set a Yale record in the discuss.—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

It was a great spring for the discuss, and for the shout-put.

COLLECT CALLS

EIGHT

RODDY BARTER was allergic to cow's milk, on account, he said, of his asthma. For Roddy's sake, the Barters kept three goats in the barn, and when, on rare occasions, a kid was born to one of them the neighborhood children were allowed to watch. The goats gave birth with disappointing calm, chewing their cuds and staring at the wall. After the first few times, the matter lost its fascination even for the children.

"Ma," Roddy used to bray in the summer (perhaps because of the goats or his asthma, he always brayed a little), "what can we do?"

His mother would lay aside her iron, turn her eyes from the "Breakfast Club" or the soap opera and look at the five or six idle eight-year-olds who slouched against the walls of her kitchen. "Weed," she would say. "Take your bicycles out. Get some jars and kill beetles. I don't know. Why don't you go on over to the country club and caddy?"

"Aw, Ma," Roddy would bray, reddening and looking out from under his near-albino lashes at Alix Coleman, who adored Mrs. Barter and still hoped for orders.

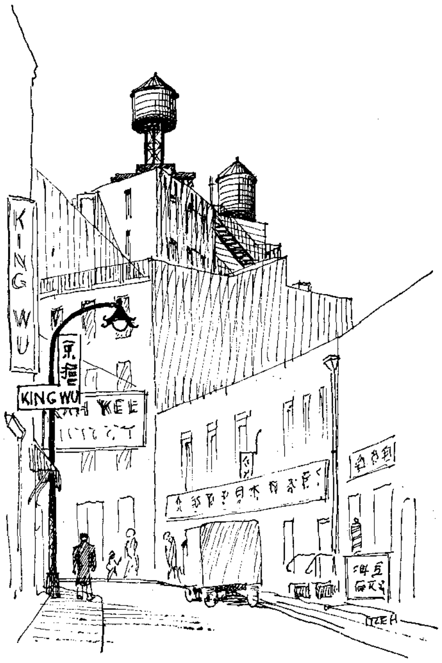
"Well, go on down and talk to the old folks then, and don't bother me if you're never going to listen."

"Aw, Ma."

The old folks lived in what had been, at various stages of Drayton's history, a stable, an ice mill, a still, a little warehouse, and a cider mill. Now, covered with ugly green asbestos shingles, it incorporated a church and an old-age home: the Faith Tabernacle and Haven of Repose. The Tabernacle belonged to a small Armenian Christian sect, and its preacher was supported by the income from the Haven, where nine or ten indigent old men and women, wards of the state, were rather miserably housed. The whole establishment bordered on the Coleman property, and earlier in the summer the children had often taken books from the travelling branch of the public library and gone down—after Alix's mother had laid the books in the sun for two days, to purify them of germs acquired from previous readers (she did the same with all objects she considered suspect, like gifts of chewing gum from Bessie Lukes, the Colemans' colored maid, who used to raise the windows and spit out her tobacco chew through the window screens)—to read to the old folks, most of whom were too senile even to be bored by the rather eclectic fare that the children selected for them. Of late, however, tensions had developed between the old folks and the children. For one thing, there had been several recent deaths in the Haven, and although the arrival of sirenless ambulances in the night had become an occasion as lustreless as the birth of placid goats in the barn, the idea of mortality was taking hold, and the children had begun to regard both sleep and their aging parents with anxiety.

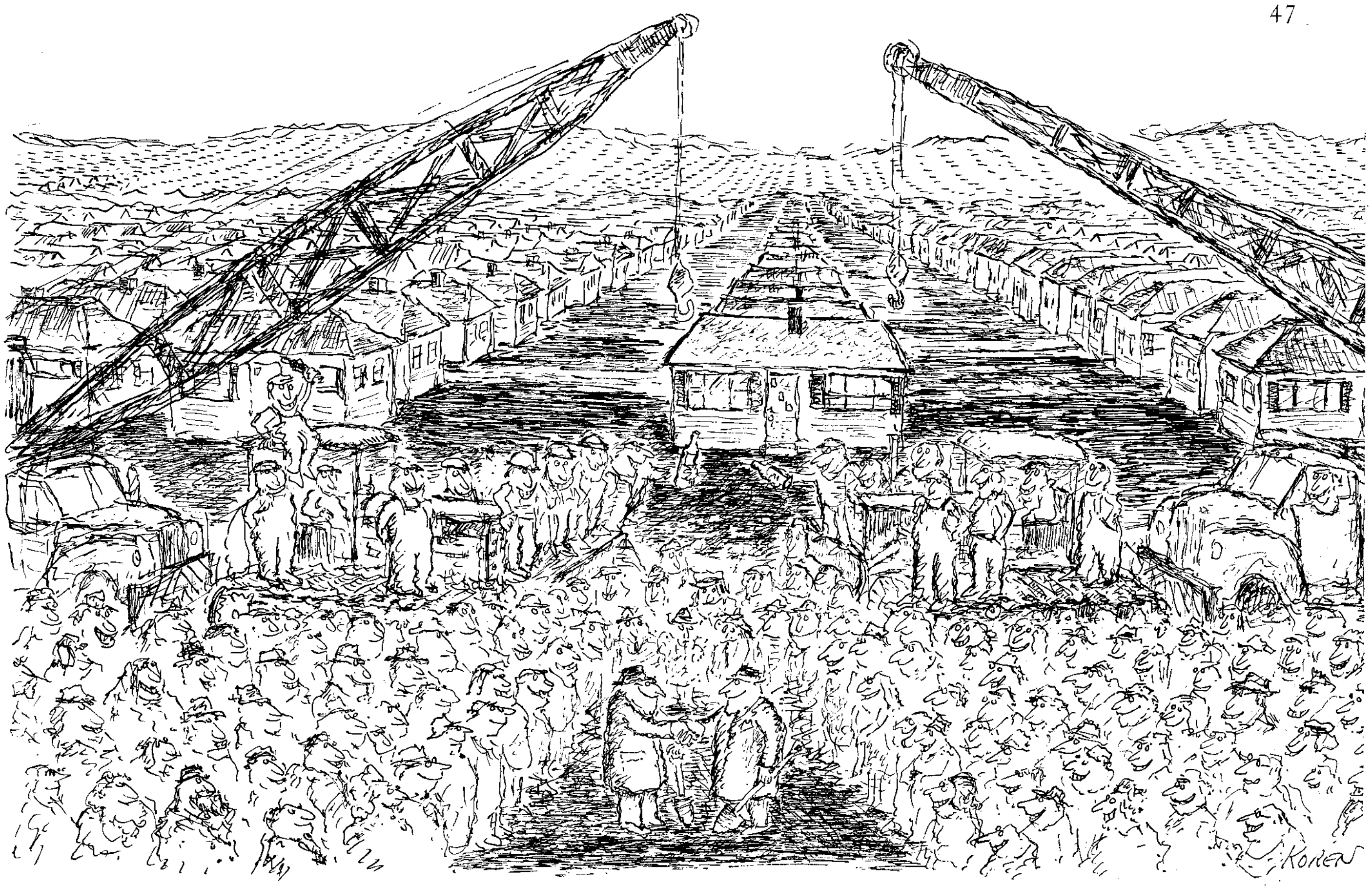
Then Arvid Russo had fallen out of a tree one moonlit night and broken his wrist. It was late, and the children had escaped from their houses by crawling, at a soft whistled signal from Arvid, out of their bedroom windows. The neighborhood was dark, except for some lights in the Haven. Thinking vaguely of ambulances, the group had gone, of one accord, to the preacher. They found him lying naked in the sanctuary. He drew himself up with dignity. Then, fancying himself a healer, he had insisted on straightening out the broken bones himself. Arvid had vomited his supper from the pain. The experience had unnerved them all, and their distrust of the Haven increased.

Now that the summer was drawing to a close, the suspicion wound tighter. The shadows had lengthened, and the old folks, no longer content to sit all day under the pines that formed the natural border between the Haven and the Colemans' property, were advancing gradually, in one broken line of rickety chairs, up the Colemans' lawn in search of the sunlight. They were still more than two hundred yards from the house, but there was something ominous in their advance. The gardener cursed them under his breath, and Mr. Coleman spoke of constructing an eight-foot fence, well on his own side of the pines, to ward them off. For the moment, however, the senile advance toward the ebbing sunlight continued, and the Haven seemed as menacing in broad daylight as it did in the dark.



In the end, it was always Alix Coleman who decided how the neighborhood children would occupy their time. Authority had descended to her from her oldest brother, Matt (who was now sixteen and working on the railroad in Alaska), by way of her brother Will (who was now fourteen and spending his days at the gym and the football field in town). Roddy Barter, wheezing slightly, was always the first to follow Alix's lead. They had a bond. They both still wet their beds at night. (Roddy's younger brother, Skip, had also tried it once, just to please them, but his father had got out the strap and told him to stop his nonsense.) The Colemans' solution for Alix was to send her off that fall to a boarding school, where, according to the prospectus, she would receive much individual attention. Roddy's parents, on the other hand, associated the problem with his asthma, and only teased him occasionally about it. Skip Barter had a stammer all his own. Arvid Russo was extremely nearsighted. The two Woodin boys were desperately poor and the sons of different fathers. Reg Corson was a certified juvenile delinquent who lived with his foster parents up the road. These things would straighten themselves out in time.

Often they did spend the morning flicking beetles from vines into jars of kerosene, or spying on Bessie Lukes and the garbage collector, Mr. Sly. Mr. Sly would arrive on his slatted, horse-drawn garbage wagon and wait for Bessie behind the Coleman barn, where the pails were kept. From a window of the hayloft, secret repository of old wasp's nests and fragments of stone that resembled arrowheads, the children would watch the couple drinking beer—she laughing very high, he very low—and talking incomprehensibly, among the garbage pails, of Birmingham. Or the crowd would take a deck of cards to the loft and smoke, and play Red Knuckles, a game in which each player struck the loser's knuckles sharply—ten times for every card he was stuck with at the end. A chop, with the edge of the whole



"At last! One nation, indivisible."

• •

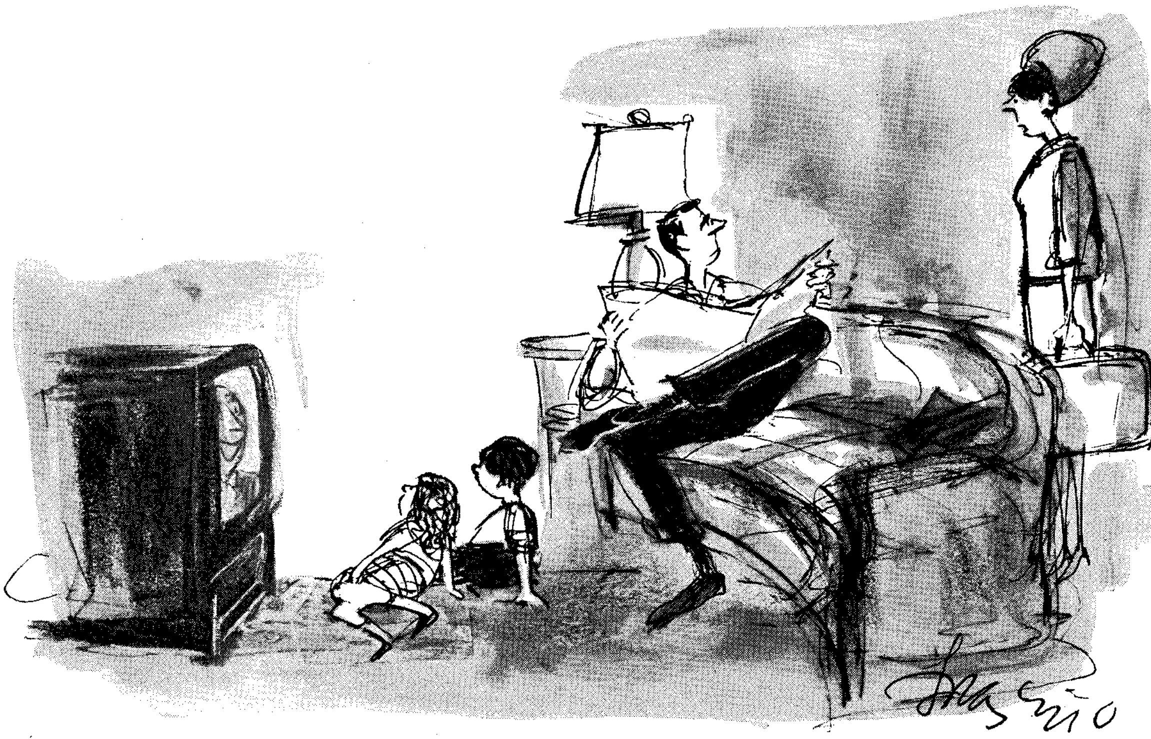
deck held in the chopper's fist, was the equal of ten blows with the deck held flat. The loser could choose striking, which bruised, or chopping, which cut. Flinching redoubled the penalty. When their knuckles were blue and etched to a certain point (Alix's parents often wondered what she had done to her hands; they hoped she would not bear the scars for life), the group went off to the Colemans' lake to build a raft, to float away to another world. It always sank.

Fourteen

Sharon Duras lost Donald Kroll the night she knocked out his tooth. She was certainly a lovely girl, and he was the finest hockey skater in the history of Harry Thayer Technical School. By rights, they should have fallen in love and married after graduation. Donald's front tooth, however, was false. One moonlit night in December, when the boys were skating on the Colemans' pond, Sharon stole the hockey puck and ran, laughing wildly, down the country road. The boys followed in full cry, not pausing to remove their hockey skates. Donald caught up with her first. She stopped. He tripped on the tar. They collided. Donald's false tooth fell out. It was a great humiliation to him, and the possibility for romance between them expired.

So the couples that year were assorted along different lines from what they might have been. Sharon vanished from the group altogether and began to spend all her time with her half brother, Vern, who was much older, collected unemployment, and played the electric guitar. Azby Shouteaux, handsome, slouching, a Band-Aid always stuck rakishly somewhere across his chin, paired off with Lucille Dent, a blue-eyed, lively near-midget who had once been Vern's girl, and whom the whole crowd thought quite glamorous at the time. Lark Melvin, sixteen years old and in the seventh grade, gave his ring to Sandra MacIntyre, eighteen, a girl of such clear and forthright sexuality that although the boys had always commented on her from a distance, admiringly, none before Lark had actually dared to approach her. The younger crowd simply hung about, in galoshes, wet ski pants, and mittens, and watched or now and then, out of bitterness over being little still, threw snowballs with stones in them, narrowly missing the skaters. Duke Czerbin, a dropout who swore so foully that even the older boys did not always understand him, brought along any girl he could pick up at the drugstore on Main Street in town. And Donald Kroll, hero of the *News-Times* sports pages and loser, on a moonlit night, of one false tooth, wound up with a girl with thin blond hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, whom he might never otherwise have known.

Alix Coleman, by the standards of the town, was foreign and rich. She owned the pond (at least, her family did), and by this time that ownership, added to her own stammer, her wanness, and an unpoised quality of motion in everything she did, gave her a sense of being utterly impaired. She had by now a sense of the gradations of impairment, of people out of kilter, as old as memory. Not just the maimed and obvious forms—old Leland, cross-eyed, deaf, nearly dumb, making inarticulate sounds in his throat as he went out each winter night with his gun and his mongrel dog to shoot coon. (In the end, with his faltering eyes, he usually mistook any rustle of bushes for coon and shot his own dog, so that he and his mute, deformed wife often sadly ate one of Leland's succession of mongrels at Christmas.) Alix's instinct for the off was close and earlier. The wet palms of the governess, Fräulein Trude, who stroked red polish on Alix's toes when she was two; the bawling spells of Maddy Lane, the maid and a Jeho-



"Henry, I've gone as far as I can in this field. I'm leaving you."

• •

vah's Witness, who bathed the children in their undershorts on Fräulein Trude's day off; the uncontrolled force with which her father's partner, Mr. Feld, had lifted her and kissed her on the neck on Sunday afternoons; even Duke's flush and agitation when he swore; the flatted laugh; the out of tune—Alix's sense of the impaired was as inevitable and old as her perception of the grades and possibilities of loss. Everyone always left. Things were by this time abruptly, inevitably, and forever gone. She was aware, too, of staggering reversals of fortune of another sort—the total ricochet by which the lonely, the freakish, the bereft were suddenly for a time included, improbably borne upward, loved. Such a cataclysm had been brought on by Donald's tooth. From one night to the next, in a single stroke, Sharon the beautiful and, by some earlier fluke of luck, Alix's own best friend, the singer on talent nights of "Danny Boy" and alleged candidate, when she was teasing boys, for convent after graduation (she actually became a hairdresser), had fallen utterly from grace. Lucille, the near-midget, was the social center of the crowd. And Donald and Alix, far from the other couples on the dark, pure ice, skated hand in hand each night, until Duke, with his girl, some cheap wine, and the cartons of pizza, arrived, and the crowd gathered by the fire in the woods on the shore of the pond—where Lark and Sandra were already in each other's arms.

The sexual habits of any of the skating couples on those winter nights were unknown to any of the rest. But the younger crowd (in packs, behind rocks, in the trees, simply quiet in the dark) knew everything. Duke and his girls skated badly and little, and lay behind bushes a lot. Sandra and Lark, by the fire, embraced and half slept. Lucille and Azby returned at pizza time with their clothes in disarray. To Alix, at fourteen, holding hands was new, and Donald, who at nineteen had made love in cars with his quota of cheerleaders, and who believed quite strongly that some girls were "nice" and that those cheerleaders were not, loved her the more for it. His mother, devout, and ill from rearing seven sons, had died the year before. (Each of the older sons, in turn, had fallen unhappily in love and joined the paratroopers or Marines.) Donald was sure his mother would have approved of this new girl. One night, having skated in the cold to sit for a moment on the dock, he gave her his identification bracelet, from which he had had eight links removed. It fit. She cried. It was a document.

Alix had been preoccupied for months with tangible evidences of luck. The bracelet was one. Another was the dock. There had been a near-disaster here. Alix's grandmother, who Donald said reminded him of his own dead Ma, had suggested that the lake required a dock from which to test the safety of the ice. Donald had built one the next day, after school. Alix's grandmother had scarcely been restrained from offering to pay for it. Another evidence of those nights—that people had actually passed through—was a footprint on the ceiling of the basement bar. It had happened the first night the crowd, in a blizzard that closed off the skating, had actually come to the house. It was long after dark. Mr. Coleman had opened the door for them. He was appalled. There were Azby with the Band-Aid, Lucille the near-midget, and the rest, including his half-frozen daughter and a broad, nearly expressionless young man. Mr. Coleman had appraised the group for a moment, shaken hands with each one, and suggested that Alix entertain in the basement. Arvid Russo had swung from the pipes in the knotty-pine bar there, and left his footprint on the white plaster ceiling. It would stay there. The last evidence was pictures. Alix had taken them fanatically all winter long—of the crowd in every possible combination, to prove, to have later.

SIXTEEN

MR. AND MRS. LEVINE's dancing classes were held each Wednesday night on the second floor of the Masonic Temple, across the street from the Elks, at the center of town. The children were between twelve and eighteen years old, and admission, paid on a weekly basis to an old maid in front of the Coke machine at the top of the stairs, was a dollar and fifty cents. The LeVines ran their classes firmly, idiosyncratically, and without any evident pleasure. As the first few bars of a waltz came from the upright piano in the corner, Mr. LeVine would clack his castanets and bark, "Scholars! Scholars! We are waltzing." Then he would grasp Mrs. LeVine firmly about the waist and, singing "Three one two. Three *one* two. Three-ee *one* two, three one two," he would push her with his stomach and guide her with his arm across the rosined floor. They were dancing.

The girls, in their overbright lipstick and crinolines, stood in two separate clusters, the chic and the ugly, on one side of the room. The boys, with greased hair—well dressed but for their unshined shoes—stood in a jagged line against the opposite wall. As Mr. LeVine's singing count subsided, as he shut his eyes and began to glide with more or less musical snores of concentration across the floor, the line of boys would suddenly advance upon the pretty cluster of girls. The awkward cluster drew more tightly together and gave signs of utterly spurious animation. A few boys remained slouched against their wall with signs of equally spurious boredom. Couples formed and danced. The awkward girls tried to avoid the eyes of the girls who were dancing. Then, in twos and threes, they gave it up and filed in despair toward the ladies' room as though that was what they had had in mind all the time.

Alix Coleman, her cheek pressed rather painfully against the C.Y.O. pin of her dancing partner, tried to adjust her steps to his and considered her luck. Most of the boys were shorter than the girls by some inches, and the taller ones were in great demand. The most popular boys of all, of course, were the small, treble, utterly beardless ones, but they never danced, only clowned and became class officers—much as the tallest, most intimidating girls inevitably became president of the student council at the isolated girls' junior colleges they would subsequently attend. Alix was finding it difficult to breathe. She leaned her head a short way from her partner and asked him his name.

"Monk," he said, struggling to reëstablish his grip.

"Monk what?" she asked, struggling slightly back.

"Zcskowski," he said shortly. She realized that conversation was throwing him off count and stride, fell silent, and permitted herself to be gathered in again. She missed Donald. She would not see him for hours.

They danced earnestly and in silence through a foxtrot, two waltzes, and a polka. (Most of the LeVines' pupils even then found this last truly mortifying. But the largely textile and blue-collar town was more than half Polish, and there seemed to be no help for learning it.) Then, as Mr. LeVine's gaze swept the room in search of couples dancing too close or too often and locked in on Miss Coleman and Mr. Zcskowski, as another foxtrot began and the dancing master advanced upon them, Monk Zcskowski grunted courteously at Alix, blushed, and took his leave. She watched him return to the masculine wall. Mr. LeVine, who now stood beside her, looked after him with what appeared to be both excitement and distaste.

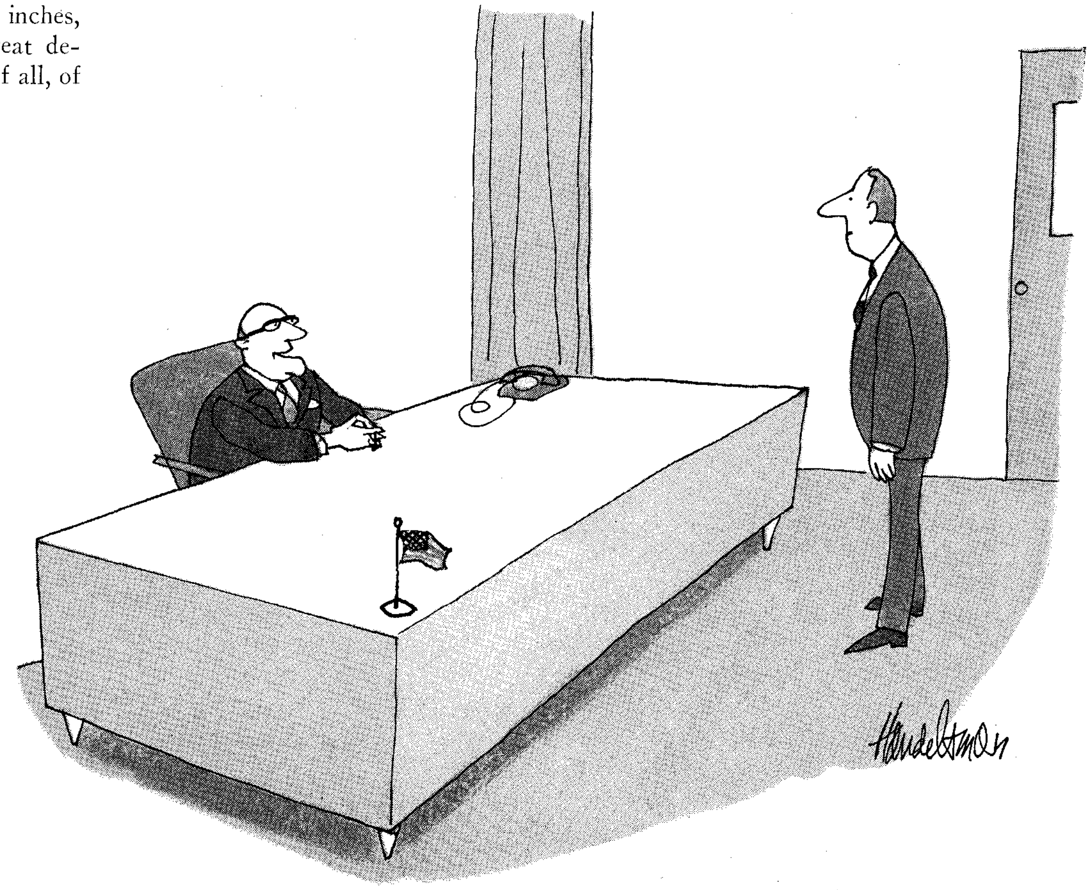
"Hah. Miss Coleman," he said.

Donald picked her up after midnight in his car. For two years, they had cut school together, gone fishing and shooting and driving on back country roads. He had taught her to drive and to shoot. She could not shoot ducks, but she practiced on apples in the water and coins embedded for her in the bark of trees. (Once, she dented a dime, and she kept it, with the lead stuck in it slightly off center, for years.) He trapped muskrat in brooks, although the way he had to kill the injured, still struggling, fiercely biting ones (with his hand, against the side of the canoe) appalled her. He caught the largest fish ever remembered in the lake, and her mother, who adored fishing at the lakeside, accepted it gratefully. A pheasant was not a success. Her parents, speaking of *haut goût*, let the bird hang too long. It reeked, but they ate it.

In his car after midnight, after LeVines', which he had never attended, he gave her a present—an identification bracelet in silver, with two hearts in small diamonds, and A.C. and D.K. engraved on it. She was embarrassed. She put the old, the authentic, one beside the dime in her jewel box, and wore the new one from then on, inside out. In later years, at college, when she was paying taxi-drivers to remove their caps and walk her to the door as though they were dating, she found that the bracelet was lost. Later still, when she returned to the lake and suddenly wished to shout for Arvid Russo, she found she could no longer produce a country shout.

Over Thirty and Twelve

In Paris, when she was nineteen, she noticed that clams moved, rather hunched on their half shell, when lemon was squeezed on



"*Naturally, Lyman, the company doesn't care whether its employees have little flags on their desks or not. It's purely a voluntary thing. We just wondered why* you *happen to be the only person here who hasn't got one.*"

them. "It is essential," Guy had said to her. "It shows they are alive." She had been off clams for about a month after that.

"You are ridiculous," Guy had said. "They are meant to be eaten. They are going to die anyway. Perhaps they move out of pleasure." She had returned to clams with only a slight sense of shame, watching them carefully under the lemon, eating only the live ones, rather fearful for her health of the ones that were dead.

"In twenty years, we shall all be vegetarians," someone said now quite loudly at the dinner table. She was thirty-three. She had lived several years in New York.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "It doesn't do to think too closely about what you eat. Lettuce seems to scream, or at least squeak, when you chew it. You can't consider the feelings of everything. Maybe streets mind being walked on. Maybe everything minds what is done to it."

The prophet of vegetarianism began to detest her. He deliberately left some, though not much, of the veal on his plate.

Now I've hurt his feelings, she thought. "I see what you mean, though," she said for amends. "I suppose one has to draw the line somewhere."

"When we have done away with capital punishment," the prophet, a small West Indian writer with reddish hair and blue eyes, was now saying to the lady on his left, "when we have done away with all the Western forms of cannibalism, there will be no more racism, no more Vietnams."

And gossip, she thought. And fake vehemence. And private lives that leave nothing but a string of casualties. And playing thoughtfully with your matches when the lady on your left needs a light.

The ladies at the table were in a kind of sweetness derby—paying the most riveted, sympathetic attention to what was said, laughing at jokes, maintaining a perilous balance between listening and generating a conversational energy of their own. Even the West Indian was winding down. Jon, who was always the first to be bored, had already moved from the table and was riffling through record albums for the phonograph. Carol, his wife, the lady on the prophet's left, was waiting quietly for a moment to light her cigarette from the candle not quite an arm's length away.

Luis, who had been charming for two hours, was nerving himself for an argument. He was in mid-divorce and beginning to feel entitled to things. Margot, the hostess, was on the verge of tears from the lack of love in the air, from the lack of love that seemed always to attend her efforts to bring friends together with near-strangers in whom she had begun too soon to trust.

CROSBY POND

Broken fire, corrupted air,
Earth crazy and the water dying,
Yet small dark birds still fly to this pond
And seem to build nests around the edges
Somewhere high in the gash-marked trees;
I hear them singing as I walk
And count all the half-submerged tires,
Mud-heavy, coated with fall algae;
Somebody flung them in the muck,
Perhaps boys at night, I can picture them.

How long does the water take,
I wonder, to reclaim these enemies?
Or maybe a spring is not strong enough
To devour metal, rubber, glass,
The machines that men pick up and throw
In full absurdity into a pond.
Nevertheless this fall continues
Aging the leaves, bringing red to them,
And time, for a moment, comforts me,
Being guiltless and unalterable,

Taking everything in its turn
But itself not changing to another thing.
Fernando is running in the woods
Scouting for the camp of a friend
Who said he was settling in here,
And I walk slowly looking for signs
Of all that is not easy to kill:
Could it go on then, under the water,
Some sort of fish find its life
In the round silent mirror of the pond?

—Nina Alonso

• •

"What you say to people is essentially what you want them to believe," the West Indian was saying now. "We learn so many idioms along the way. You play them—for example, your personality is in G major, or in F. We are all learning in the end to manage our own news."

"We are all making it now," Jon said, with a laugh, from the corner. "We could all already manage a little notice in the obituary columns of the *Times.*"

"That's heartening," Margot said, with a quick glance at Alix, who spoke of death a lot. "Success. Drive. Silver-lining appearance." The West Indian, who felt he was losing attention, fought for Margot's eyes. Luis settled for Alix's.

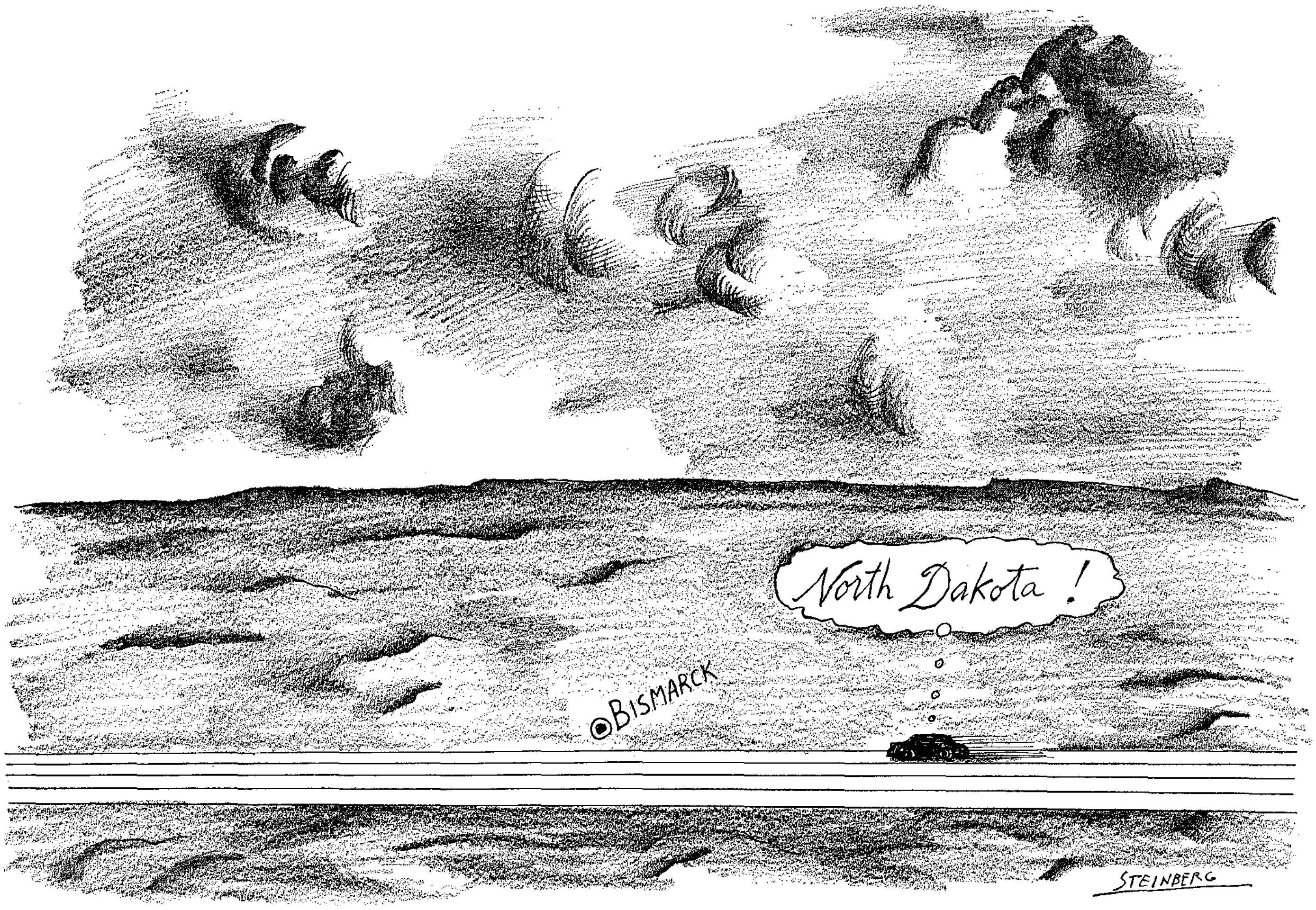
"When people tell you too often that they're not competitive," Luis said, "run for your life."

Jon's wife passed round the cheese.

"No thanks," the West Indian said. "Everything that struck my fancy has already passed my way."

"I wonder how you like New York," Luis said, with utter lack of interest.

"I find it stimulating," the West Indian said, quite mollified. "I find everyone you meet calls your whole life into question. Personally, I think it's no good being poor after thirty. The charm of student life wears off. I went to a meeting of some radical groups and found a depth of feeling there, a kind of violence that was almost . . . pastoral. Of course, we can't deal with



the problems that only wealth can solve by cutting down on the sources of the production of wealth."

IF I don't like it here, I can always leave, Alix thought—meaning not the dinner table but everything. The sentence summed up the terms she was on with life. It occurred to her so frequently and from so long ago that it had become a kind of reflex in her mind. Leaving had never, even in childhood, had for her any other sense. She had not, in the end, been the sort of girl to run away. She had never, as far as she knew, actually willingly left any place. For years, all real departures, all withdrawals of mood, had left her feeling totally bereft. She would have liked to think of her life as a continual standing by—standing by friends when she had them, by lovers, by strangers throwing up in railroad washrooms, by talkers at cocktail parties—beyond some outer limit of time. Except for this constant awareness of the option of dying, she would have thought of herself as always the last to leave.

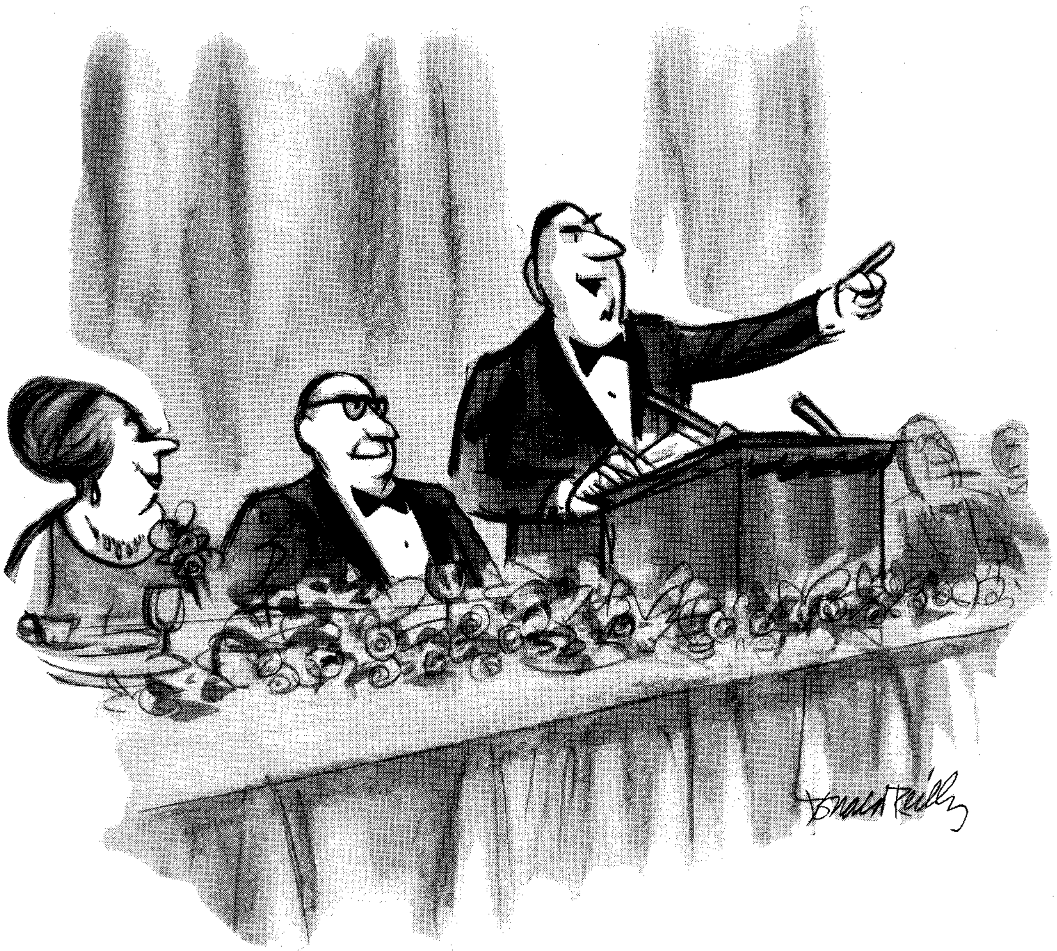
"Now, I don't say I condone it," the West Indian was saying. "I only try to understand. Destruction. Youth. Despair. Violence . . ."

"Have you any thoughts on hostages?" Luis inquired.

IT is none of it working, Alix thought, knowing she would wake up at five in the morning from the brandy, missed cues, bungles, betrayals, errors of tone. The only restoring thing is sleep. One cannot be always agreeing with everybody. It makes them suspicious or bored. And if you disagree they flinch. There is no such thing as always standing by. It becomes a rivalry to be more loving and yet stay alive. It is like speaking of oneself as sensitive. Or as not competitive. Margot is going to cry in a minute. Jon and Carol will go home very soon. Luis is going to start a quarrel. I'm not doing anybody any good. All these evenings teeter along on hesitation and end, at five in the morning, with regrets. It's no good going backward all the time, trying to erase. All my energy goes into it. If only there were a way to explain really leaving, to put it right. The West Indian is as insistent on being right about everything as a taxi-driver. Margot only needs to feel right (that is, *kind*) in her own head. I'd like to leave. People seem to take minor partings in their stride—trains, ebbing attention, absences. The other absence is not so much more serious. I am quite old. There have been nice times. If I could make it seem all right to the people I love, I might really leave.

"It is an act of hatred," Guy had said. "It is like trying to murder the whole world. If there has been anything good in the world at all, one has not the right." It is because he is a Roman Catholic, she had thought. And unoriginal. She had said, "I think there are as many ways and reasons for ending your life as for living it." But the subject distressed him. He said people who spoke much of dying usually did it quite soon. There was always a time lag to his angers, though, because of his suspicion of the obvious. "You have the stupid faculty," he said, "of treading water and mistaking sharks for rescuers and rescuers for sharks." He had returned to his oysters and she to her clams.

THE girl was twelve and she had been crying for three solid weeks. Consciously sometimes, forcing it a little (she was normally an aware and guarded child), but these were real tears. The grandmother, a beautiful woman noted for the infinite variety of her tactlessness, had been instructed



"And so, as a Pisces, our candidate has that dedication of the true visionary, a characteristic infinitely preferable in these tempestuous times to the mercurial temperament of his Scorpio opponent."

• •

to keep silent. For the first time in her seventy-odd years (she could never keep maids and even her husband, who loved her, had lived in a separate apartment), she added nothing to the strain. The mother was distraught but controlled. A gentle person of strong convictions, she had brought up her children with a discipline verging on the mad. Now she tried scolding from time to time, but her heart was not in it. The words "nervous breakdown" flashed constantly in her mind. She telephoned a child psychiatrist in New York and learned nothing. Remembering a few phrases from her school days, she silently prayed.

The father paced in his room and searched for a fault in himself. The world of scenes and emotions was familiar to him mainly in terms of rage, but the sobbing of his daughter in the next room reproached him. She was not an attractive child, but surely she was too young to know it. He disapproved of the phenobarbital that was given the child every four hours, but he was grateful that it seemed to mute the sounds a little. People in the adjoining suites occasionally knocked at the door to ask what was wrong. One had even called the hotel detective, convinced that the girl was being beaten or hurt. In the lobby, and in the dining room, people stared as grandmother, parents, and pale, dark-eyed child walked by. They shook their heads and whispered. The father suspected at times that his daughter was trying to humiliate him. Then, guiltily, he would thrust the thought from his mind.

The mother resolved for a change to trust in her instincts. Her instincts were to let the child run free. It was not easy. In the evenings, the girl would go to a neighboring bar and play the pinball machine for hours. The mother gave her the change and said nothing. All day, the girl took swimming lessons, fanatically, in the hotel pool and at sea. The young, stocky swimming instructor, who detested teaching the flutter kick to water-shy winter Jewish children in Palm Beach (he much preferred his summer job exercising weight-conscious clubmen in New York), seemed to understand that the point was to exhaust the girl, making her dive time after time from the high board at the pool, taking her far out into the ocean, making her practice the chin carry, the hair carry, for laps and miles, struggling as a drowning man might do, letting her subdue and save him, until she was blue and washed out and shivering. "She sure is streamlined," he would say, with something of a leer, as the other hotel guests shook their heads and disapproved. Such a nervous, troubled child. And thin.

You could win at the pinball machine. With judicious leaning and jarring, you could win three free games, five, twelve. Sometimes the machine would tilt and go black. But at other times, miraculously, lights, ringings, flashing domes, guns, scores in the thousands. (Never in later life, in Rome, Paris, American arcades, anywhere, would she win at a pinball machine. But by then the idea of free games and miracles had taken hold.) When the dimes ran out, after midnight usually, she would return to the hotel, to her bed, and cry a little, but weakly, before falling asleep. The dreams were all memories—triggered, rebounding, illuminated. The tears were for now and the future, based on a mistake, a crack in memory, just after the adult phrasing of life had changed from "Well, we'll see" to "It's your own decision." The first phrase meant no, invariably. The second—too soon, too heavy with choice, departure, absences—splintered even that certainty. Mistakes, hesitation, regrets. A kind of floorlessness, sheer wardings off. Not concentration camps. Pure doubt, a radar out of whack. And almost with relief, the old landing, the solid floor. If I don't like it here, I can always leave.

The memories were like this—swinging on the garden gate at three, waiting for the postman; the years of Fräulein Trude, who combed out the child's twelve mouse-colored curls each morning, who read aloud a great deal from "Max und Moritz" and "Struwelpeter," and who administered large doses of cod-liver oil to the girl and her two older brothers when the boys came home from school. There had also been the fine play of stomping the white berries that audibly popped in a neighboring garden in springtime and, beyond anything, something that took place in the house. A run from the top of the carpeted stairs to the bottom and a quick touch of the light switch at the base would produce a shock. Inevitable. Infinitely repeatable—as long as Fräulein Trude's patience and indifference would allow. Not very long, of course. "Overheated," "overtired," and "tears before nightfall" abruptly terminated the enthusiasms of children. But often enough. A scuffing of brown-and-white oxfords or patent leathers at the top, a sliding run. Sparks.

Once, an abrupt, profound change, a birthday. The mother was waiting at the end of the shock run, in the downstairs hall. The older, the birthday, boy was eleven that morning, and his mother held his hand. (The younger boy, the middle child, was still brushing his teeth upstairs.) The mother asked the children by her side what they would like to have for breakfast. "We always have oatmeal," the boy said. Their mother reminded him of his birthday, and asked again what they would like to have. "We *have* to have oatmeal," the girl said. But the boy asked softly for bacon, eggs, coffee, toast, and chocolate cake. "Alix, go and tell Fräulein Trude that the children will have breakfast with me today," the mother said to her three-year-old, "with chocolate cake." The girl did not move. The boy, however, looked at his sister and his mother. Then he set out, resolute, to speak with Fräulein Trude. It was his first act of heroism in his sister's eyes.

An unsuspected hierarchy became clear in the house. Fräulein Trude stayed on another six months. Then two years of mother began. It was a gentle reign. There was still Maddy Lane, of baths in undershorts, and *Watchtower*, and bawling spells, but on the whole there was the rule of law. The law was firm. For every word of English spoken at the dinner table, the offender had to put a penny in the cigar-box centerpiece. The parents, unlike other German refugees, thought it wasteful to lose a language, even an unloved one, so easily acquired in childhood. French and Italian, since neither was the family's native tongue, were allowed, for the boys' sake, to lapse. But no unkindness, little oatmeal or cod-liver oil. There was a law of quiet self-control. The children endured the bruises, earaches, fractures, stitches, and assorted pains of childhood bravely, with pallor and quaking lips but with the same pride of silence with which they concealed from other children the information that the Colemans at home spoke German, that babies were not brought by the stork, and that there might be, for all we know, no God. The mother exercised her own ideas of discipline and pedagogy. To prevent a fear of thunderstorms, she took the children out into a hurricane and pointed out the beauty of the sound and flashing light and wind and falling trees. To instill a fear of matches, on the other hand, she invited her children, by turns on different days, to light her cigarette. Then she slightly burned the fingers of each one, as though by accident. (The lesson did not work. They played with matches anyway, although the younger boy's burn, by accident, was quite severe. He, too, became a hero in his sister's eyes.)

Then, with an abruptness, a departure, the machine went black. It was not a death or maiming. It was only summer camp. In June, when she was five, her father put her on the train. She looked out the filthy window and saw that her mother, on the platform, was in tears. Her father had gone out and returned with a penny as a gift, and explained that the tears were the happy tears that grownups often had. She let it pass. At the terminal, a sign reading "Blue Bird's Nest" was hung around her neck. She arrived at camp. She cried a lot. That sense of homesickness was the touchstone for the purest grief, the acutest pitch of loss and despair she would ever know. After some weeks, her father came and took her for a walk, and gave her fifty cents, and said that in a short time it would all be over. By then she knew of adult promises what many children know—that they are seldom kept, and when they are it is like those fairy stories in which one of three granted wishes, on some technicality, brings on catastrophe. (In another week, her parents sent a home-town poor boy, whom it happened that she loathed and feared, to camp to keep her company.) A councillor must have taken pity. Before the summer was over, a premonitory miracle. Her mother came and took her home.

In a sense, the crying weeks at Palm Beach were free games and, at the same time, tilt. She had returned from four years at the progressive boarding school where she was sent when she was eight. Each year, she had wept and asked to come home and been promised "Soon," or "Well, we'll see." It was the most chronic case of homesickness the school had ever seen. The psychologist's diagnosis was a case of apron strings, to be cured by more years of boarding school. By the last year, she had really formed attachments—to a horse, to other boarders (inconvenient children of divorce or

parents in the arts). The children had formed a family of their own, complete with elected parents, code words, horses, pseudonyms. They plotted endlessly to run away, concealing the certainty that the search for them would be cursory at best, that once off the school grounds they would be forgotten and would die. But the children's family was close. And when, one day in midterm, her parents had swept down from the sky, pronounced her old enough to make her own decision, and asked whether she had decided truly, on the spot, to come home and to public school, it was another departure—this one by choice, from the boarding orphans left behind. Her mind broke. It mended. Through free games (and, later, Donald and the crowd) it mended, but there were some circuits broken, and it never ran on all its engines after that.

“IT is a question, at what age one begins to consider one's own company a privilege,” Guy had said. “That is charm, not to consider one's own company a blight. One outgrows the waif one was. By my age, you learn that it is the warped, the freakish, the outcast in childhood who have inherited the earth. They understand. The others, the loved and golden children, blow away with the first storm. Adults are always to be remembered and exonerated. It has all made me, I should say, strong.”

“Yes, but one leans on people. One has debts,” she said. “It is like long-distance collect calls, with one's credit always running out.”

Guy had said, “Americans are always thinking about telephones.”

On another New York evening, deciding, idly, really, whether to stay alive or not, Alix Coleman made a list of all the people she had ever loved enough so that seeing them had entirely changed the quality of her attention or the character of her day. The list was surprisingly long. It did not include Guy—although when she had returned to America she had kept her watch set, for several months, on Paris time for him, and although the changing of watch time had seemed to her, on trips ever after, a frightening and violent thing. The list began with a maid and a postman and ended with Carol and Margot and Jon. It included Donald midway.

Fifty-three names—a love and a half, after all, for every one of her years. The people on the list, each one of whom had produced in her an incandescence, a pitch of anticipation or an acuteness of missing (she would willingly have revised her life, her voice, her accent, her whole presence for any of them), seemed to her too many and improbable. It included the swimming instructor. She began to modify, putting an asterisk after each doubtful name. She had the habit of mental inventories. (She would review in some silent form the sum of her life every night, like a prayer.) But this typed list of names in the afternoon was new. It did not match the 5 A.M. thoughts. Perhaps life had been, after all, remarkably rich. Or people lived too long in the interstices. Thoughts of leaving were a mental hypochondria. It must have been, after all, all right. She was not tragic or alone. Through time, she had loved these people and almost created herself for them. She began to resent them for having kept her alive.

“WELL, hostages,” the West Indian was saying now. “I believe we shall soon have to leave them entirely to their fate. One cannot hold an entire civilization for ransom because it values a single human life. All of our values would be ransomed to any man who cared to kill politically.”

Luis had been reduced by this time to a kind of grumble. Jon had not spoken in an hour. Margot had nearly exhausted her instinct for feeding people the kind of praise they can live on, and was drinking silently.

“I guess the point is every one of us must be prepared to be a hostage now,” Carol said. “No special pleading if it happens. Awful for the relatives. But it may be the new moral obligation. To be on your own, a hostage to the times.”

The West Indian preferred to talk of vegetables, then seemed to ebb. “It's all tumult and hypocrisy,” he said.

“So is talking of youth and rice and peace on earth,” Luis said, revving himself up slightly. “And nobody uses words like ‘tumult’ except in prose.”

There was a long, long silence. Margot is going to cry when this is over, Alix thought. It's no good, a constant vigil over other people's feelings. It becomes too diffuse. Everybody has his own life to think about. There are people who register more than they need or can use—more than is true, even. Like an instrument not geared for any particular gauge or tremor, not even, perhaps least of all, for survival.

“I think if the world seemed so bad that I'd want to undream the whole thing,” she said, “I might try medicine. Or go out and be as nice to as many people in the rush hour as I could. That seems to me as radical as personal action ever gets. It isn't a matter of what you burn or ransom or don't eat. I believe there are people who are never lucky. I don't mean people whose lives are ridden with catastrophe. I mean the totally ungolden ones, who look as though they're on a train to Lourdes.”

Margot began to look nearly faint with glumness. “They're lonely,” she said. “No one is ever nice to them. What is it all for anyway but a few jokes and rows and quite short shrift?”

“I believe that's neurotic,” the West Indian said cheerfully.

“Don't be an ass,” Margot said.

“My dear, why are you crying?” he said, having noticed.

“I guess I'm just tired,” she said.

“She imagines she cares,” Luis said bitterly, straight out of thoughts of his marriage. “But she lands on her feet. She survives. That loving attention is a searchlight. It blinds you when it hits, and leaves you stunned and blinking when it passes on. Working women always promise a kind of love they can't deliver. They haven't the time.”

“I just don't want anybody to leave,” Margot said.

The West Indian, cheerful now, began another speech.

I really don't think I like it here, Alix thought. At all.

—RENATA ADLER

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Mr. Nixon sought no public exposure. He traveled by helicopter from London airport to Chequers and back again for the flight to Shannon airport in Ireland. There he rode in a motorcycle through Limerick, Tipperary and Hospital, to the home of John Mulcahey.—*The Times.*

There was an old Prexy named Nixon,
Whose public exposure took fixin'.
He mounted his Honda,
To everyone's wonda,
And tore through the streets like a vixen.

REFLECTIONS

THE MEGAMACHINE—III

COMPULSIONS

THE invention of the clock was the decisive move toward automation, for it provided the master model for many other automatic machines, and it reached a degree of perfection in the eighteenth-century chronometer which set a standard for other technological refinements. The one element lacking in the clock until the electric prototype was invented—an automatic source of power—was provided at an early stage for coarser uses by the water mill; the automatic mine-pumping apparatus shown by Agricola in "De Re Metallica" was but one later instance of a series of automatic machines that needed only cybernetic regulation of the process and the output to become completely automated. Purely as a machine, the clock remained—until the computer—a model for all other automatic machines in refinement of construction and accuracy of operation, and the reduction of the fifteenth-century clock, with its clumsy, clanking works, to the small, portable watch set a goal for later forms of miniaturization. What was absent was not automatons but a fully developed *system* of automation, and this awaited two developments in the seventeenth century: the construction of the new mechanical world picture and an increase of demand sufficient to justify the installation of expensive prime movers and batteries of elaborate machines to be kept in constant use. The sporadic need, the fitful demand, the special adaptation to regional resources or personal desires—all characteristic of small communities and handicraft operations—offered no incentive to complete automation. Rather, they remained obstacles to its achievement.

Here we come to the great paradox of both early mechanization and its ultimate expression in automation. Automation did not come into existence in response to mass demand; the enterpriser had to create mass demand, and in order to justify the heavy capital investment required to devise automatic machines and automatic factories that assembled these machines in larger working units it was necessary to invade distant markets, to standardize tastes and buying habits, to destroy alternative choices, and to wipe out competition from smaller industrial competitors, which were more dependent upon intimate, face-to-face relations and more flexible in meeting consumer demands. Sigfried Giedion's classic analysis of the processes of rationalization and automation, in "Mechanization Takes Command," demonstrates that the result of automation is not necessarily a better product; it merely enables the product to be sold at a larger profit in a mass market. The growth of automated breadmaking has driven thousands of local bakers out of existence, but the result is neither a cheaper nor a superior loaf. What automation has done is to funnel its local energy-economies into long-distance transportation, advertising, higher salaries and profits, and further investments in plant expansion to the same ends. The desired reward of this magic is not just abundance but absolute control. If the industry involved is sufficiently well unionized, this system of mass control is extended to include the union itself under pseudodemocratic self-government.

The process of automation has gone on steadily during the last century and a half. In the first stages of mechanization, the number of workers needed to produce the final product was reduced, and the number of operations performed by any one laborer was likewise lessened, with a consequent loss of intelligent participation, as well as initiative, in the process as a whole. The success of mechanization was gauged in terms of lessening the ratio of man-hours to the units of production, until, with complete automation and cybernetic control, only a minimum supervision of the whole plant was required, while the "work" left to human beings was little more than inspection and repair. Computers and cybernetic controls are necessary when the over-all unit is a complex assembly, but a computer requires a human being to design, to program, and to monitor it. When human monitors are lacking, serious breakdowns may occur, as more than one comic incident testifies. Wit-

"This woman here claims she's Dame Fashion, and you'd better lower your hemline right now or else!"

ness the case of a defective machine in a fully automated English nuclear plant which was programmed to call automatically for help to a London station. Unfortunately, the taped voice that said, "Send an engineer at once," was answered by an automated telephone, which replied, "The number you are calling has been changed to . . . ," then gave the new number. But the calling system had not been programmed to deal with this problem, so, getting no proper answer, it kept on dialling until the prolonged breakdown tardily awakened a human mind capable of summoning help.

But it is not to point out their frailties in operation that I have traced the tendency of mechanization and automation to form a self-enclosed system. One must expect residual errors or malfunctions in any product that comes from the hand of man, and the gains from automation could far outweigh the occasional disabilities one encounters. The point is that the greatest defects of automation arise not from its failures but from its indisputable triumphs—above all, in those departments in which the most optimistic hopes and boasts have been completely justified.

Let me emphasize: Work in all its aspects has played a decisive, formative part in the enlargement of man's mind and the enrichment of his culture, not because man is identifiable solely as a tool-using animal but because work is one of the many activities that have stimulated his intelligence and enlarged his bodily capacities. But if, for argument's sake, one accepts the lingering anthropological interpretation of man's basic nature, along with the current overvaluation of tool-using and toolmaking, what then should one say about the cumulative results of mechanization and automation as they affect the presumed core of man's humanity? What biological merit is there in an overdeveloped technology that isolates the whole man from the work process—reducing him to a cunning hand, a load-bearing back, or a magnifying eye, and finally excluding him altogether from the process—unless he is one of the experts who design and assemble or program the automatic machine? What meaning has the life of a man as a worker if he ends up as a cheap servo-mechanism, trained solely to report defects or correct failures in a mechanism otherwise superior to him? If the first stage in mechanization five thousand years ago, in the Pyramid Age of Egypt and Mesopotamia, was to reduce the worker to a docile and obedient drudge, the final stage that automation promises today is a self-sufficient mechanical electronic complex that has no need even for human nonentities.

Paradoxically, all the while automation processes were being perfected in industry, the leaders of nineteenth-century thought stressed, as had never been done before, the human value of work as a way of easing anxiety and increasing the sum total of human happiness. Such a recognition of the dignity and value of work had been going on, sporadically, for a long time. While the pride of craft was an old one, it had been reinforced by the creed of the Benedictine order, which held that "to labor is to pray," and it had gained institutional support in the medieval guild, which made a whole network of social relationships center on the workshop and its fellowship. Thus work in all its forms came to be regarded as the central activity of life. Was it not, indeed, on these grounds that both manufacturers and workers despised the idle, playful landed aristocracy, who for lack of serious work turned foxhunting and grouse shooting, polo and war and amatory adventure into substitute forms of work just as active, just as demanding?

Surely the time has come to reconsider the abolition of work. If work has been an integral part of human culture, and thus one of the active determinants of man's own nature for at least half a million years—and if tools had, perhaps, their dim beginnings a million and a half years earlier, with the little hominoid ape that many anthropologists have too hastily identified as "man"—what will remain of man's life if his formative activities are wiped out by universal cybernetics and automation? Strangely, it is but recently that the full implication of such a blanking out of the largest portion of man's working life has presented itself as a problem, though automation has been gaining ground for a long time. Even now, only a few realize that this problem, once honestly stated, seriously calls into ques-

ADAM YANKEV

I

Memory rising in the steppes
flows down. On the banks are trees
and towns with golden cupolas.

I can see my mother's family
sitting around the kitchen stove
arguing—the famous Russian theatre.

The sisters return—they're breathless,
they've been down to the river—
their arms filled with wild flowers.

II

Every Friday I used to go to Brooklyn.
Behold the children of Israel
at the end of the Diaspora!

Old men with beards and yarmulkes,
old women sitting on the benches . . .
Israel, is it you?

Talking about their lives in the Old Country . . .
The passing headlights hurl
their shadows against the wall.

III

Though I walk with a head full of ancient life,
it's not that life I see but houses,
streets, bridges, traffic, crowds, a continual

outpouring of phenomena—
the traffic moving along Broadway,
red glow of the theatre district.

I feel I am part of a race
that has not yet arrived in America.
Yet, these people—their faces are strangely familiar.

IV

The first clear star comes gliding
over the trees and dark rooftops,
the same world passing here—

voices and shadows of desire,
and the tears of things . . . Around us
things want to be understood.

And the moon, so softly gleaming
in furs,
that put a hole through Pushkin.

—Louis Simpson

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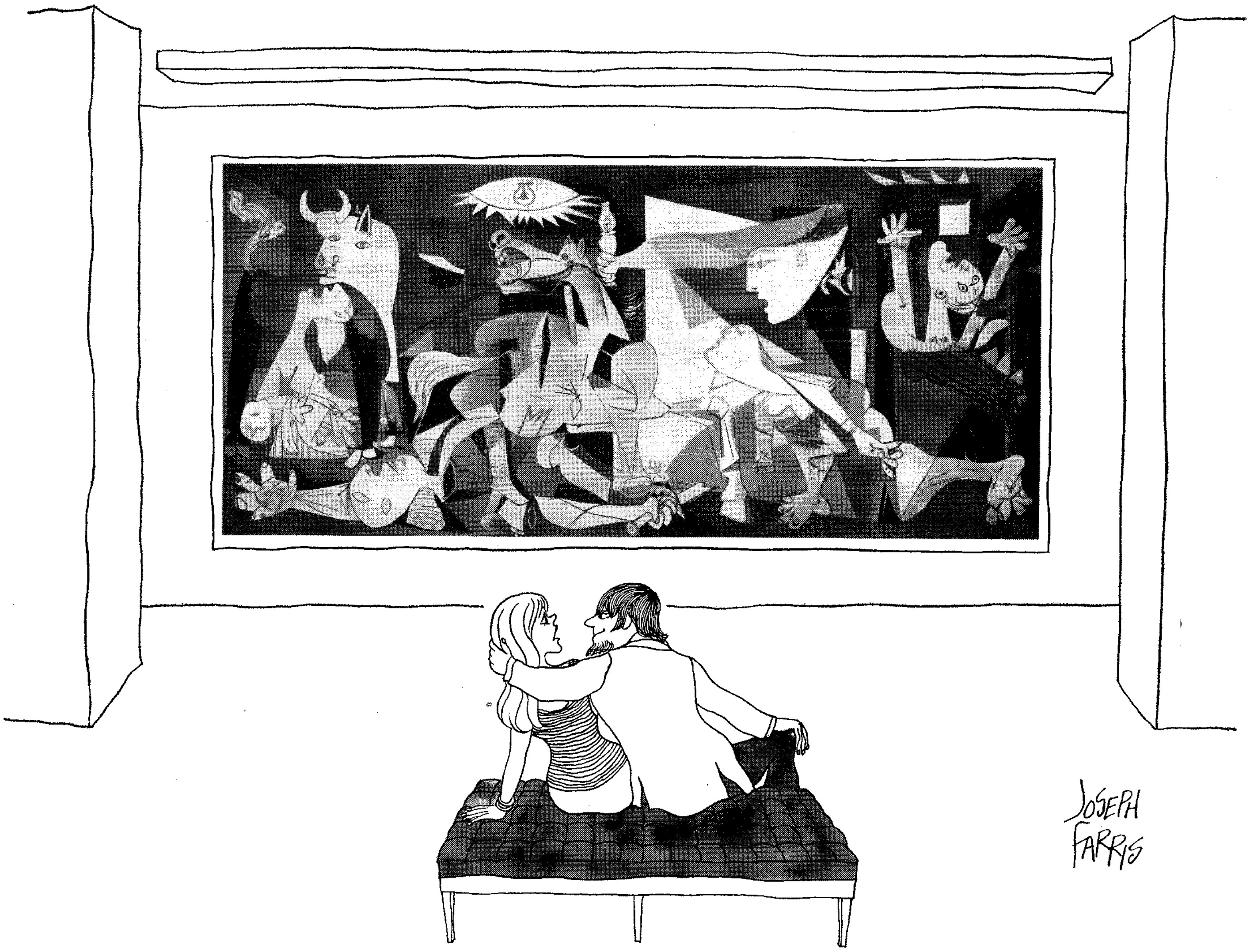


"Michael! Not in front of 'Guernica'!"

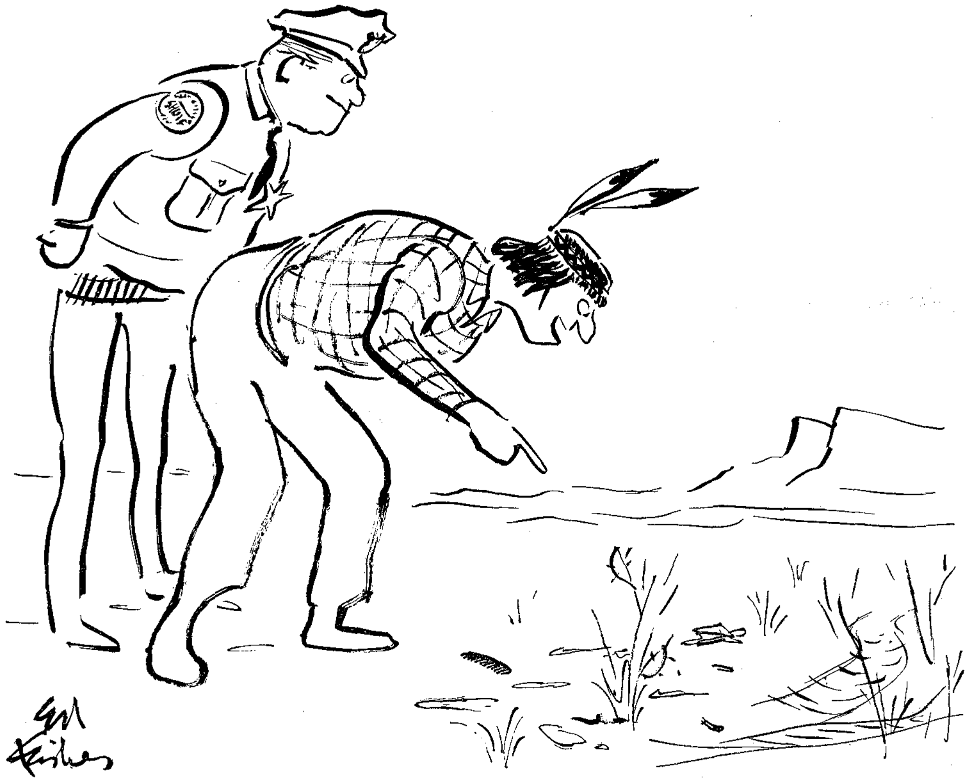
• •

tion the ultimate goals of automation. As for the eventual assemblage of a completely automated world society, only innocents could contemplate such a goal as the highest possible culmination of human evolution. It would be a final solution of the problems of mankind only in the sense that Hitler's extermination program was a final solution of the "Jewish problem."

The supreme paradox of automation is that we have found ways to set our machines to work by themselves, so that they produce more and more at greater and greater speeds, but we have lost the power to stop or even slow down the process when it no longer serves our needs—indeed, when it appears to be destroying us. Obviously, one should not start an automatic process that one cannot stop, but we have yet to learn this lesson. Today, the increasing number of mass protests, sit-downs, and riots—physical acts rather than words—may be interpreted as an attempt to break through the automatic insulation of the modern megamachine, with its tendency to cover up its errors by falsification, to refuse unwelcome messages or to transmit information damaging to the system. Smashed windows, burning buildings, broken heads are means of making humanly important messages take possession of this medium of exchange and so resume, though in the crudest form possible, two-way communication and reciprocal intercourse.

Once automatic control is installed, one cannot refuse to accept its instructions or insert new ones, for in theory the machine cannot allow anyone to deviate from its perfect standards. And this brings us to the most radical defect in every automated system: for its smooth operation, this underdimensioned machinery requires equally underdimensioned men, whose values are only those needed for the operation and the continued expansion of the system. The minds that are so conditioned are incapable of imagining any alternatives. Having opted for automation, they are committed to flouting any subjective reaction and to wiping out human autonomy—or, indeed, any organic process that does not accept the system's peculiar limitations. Here, at the core of automation, lies its principal weakness once the system becomes universal. Its exponents, even if they are able to recognize its deficiencies, see no way of overcoming them except by a further extension of automation and cybernation. Thus a large-scale processing of compulsory leisure is now in order, to find profit-making substitutes for the vanished pleasures of work, which once brought an immediate human reward within the workshop, the marketplace, and the farm, through both the job itself and the many occasions for human association it opened up. The fact is that an automatic system, once fully established, can accept no human feedback that calls for a cutback; therefore it accepts no evaluation of its deleterious results, and still less is it ready to admit the need for correcting its postulates. Quantity is all. To question the value of mere quantitative increase in terms of its contribution to human well-being is to commit heresy.

What automation has done wherever



"Man come in Cadillac. Meet other man on Yamaha 80 motorcycle. They open flip-top can Diet Pepsi. Man from car wear size-9 Florsheims, use Matchabelli cologne, smoke Bering panatellas. Man from motorcycle wear Keds, comb hair with Brylcreem, smoke Kent 100's."

• •

it has taken full command is to make difficult—or impossible—the give-and-take that had existed between human beings and their environment, inasmuch as the constant dialogue that is so necessary for self-knowledge, for social coöperation, and for moral evaluation and rectification has no place in an automated regimen. When Job's life miscarried, he was able, at least in imagination, to confront God and criticize His ways. But the suppression of personality is already so nearly complete in the automated economy that the reputed heads of our great organizations are as incapable of changing its goals as is the lowliest filing clerk. It is the system that gives orders. As for confronting the principals in person, our automatic agencies are as obscure and as bafflingly inaccessible as the authorities Kafka pictured in his accurate and prophetic nightmare "The Trial." Humanly speaking, the proper name for automation is self-inflicted impotence. That is the other side of "total control." While our technicians have been designing machines and automated systems that will take on more of the attributes of living organisms, modern man finds that, to fit into this scheme, he must accept the limitations of the machine and not ask for those qualitative and subjective attributes that the mechanical world has failed to acknowledge and that the machine, inevitably, does not possess.

As the system of automation becomes more highly articulated, and thereby more self-sufficient and self-enclosed, it is less possible to intervene in the process—to alter its pace, to change its direction, to limit its extension, or to reorient its goal. The parts may be flexible and responsive, as computers that play chess have demonstrated, but the larger automated system becomes increasingly rigid. Automation thus has a qualitative defect that springs directly from its quantitative accomplishments: it increases probability and decreases possibility. Though the individual component of an automatic system may be programmed like a punch card on a motorcar assembly line to deal with variety, the system itself is so fixed and inflexible that it is little more than a neat mechanical model of a compulsion neurosis, and perhaps even derives from the same basic source: anxiety and insecurity.

While any new technical device may increase the range of human freedom, it does so only if the human beneficiaries are at liberty to accept it, to modify it, or to reject it—to use it where and when and how it suits their purposes, in quantities that conform to those purposes. Admittedly, the problem of preserving human freedom in the face of environmental, institutional, or technological pressures did not begin with the automatic machine. Custom, law, taboo, religious dogma, military coercion all imposed repetitive behavior and rigid conditions of performance upon earlier human communities. Some of this formalization was needful to insure an underlying unanimity and coherence, serving as a safeguard against perverse random impulses and destructive acts. Such uniformity, certainly in tribal societies, and to a large degree even in more open ones, often retarded human development. In almost every age, wise minds have sought to apply selective rational criteria to fixed customs and encrusted institutions, so as to modify, if not eliminate, constraints that have outlived their time. No such inhibitions, no such wariness, no such discriminations have yet been applied to the stream of inventions and discoveries that have now come forward in every department. Western society has accepted as unquestionable a technological imperative that is quite as arbitrary as the most primitive taboo—not merely the duty to foster invention and constantly to create novelties but the duty to surrender to these novelties unconditionally just because they are offered, without considering their human consequences. One may without exaggeration now speak of technological compulsiveness—a condition under which society submits meekly to every new technological demand and utilizes without question every new product whether it is an improvement or not, since under the present dispensation the fact that the proffered product is the result of a new scientific discovery or a new technological process is the sole proof required of its value.

This situation was well characterized by the mathematician John von Neumann: "Technological possibilities are irresistible to man. If man *can* go to the moon, he *will*. If he can control the climate, he will." Though von Neumann was properly alarmed by this situation, he attributed too glibly to "man" characteristics that belong only to this particular moment of Western culture, which has so concentrated its energies and its hopes for salvation on the machine that it has stripped itself of all the ideas, institutions, and habits that enabled earlier civilizations to overcome such obsessions and compulsions. Earlier communities, in fact, strenuously resisted technological innova-

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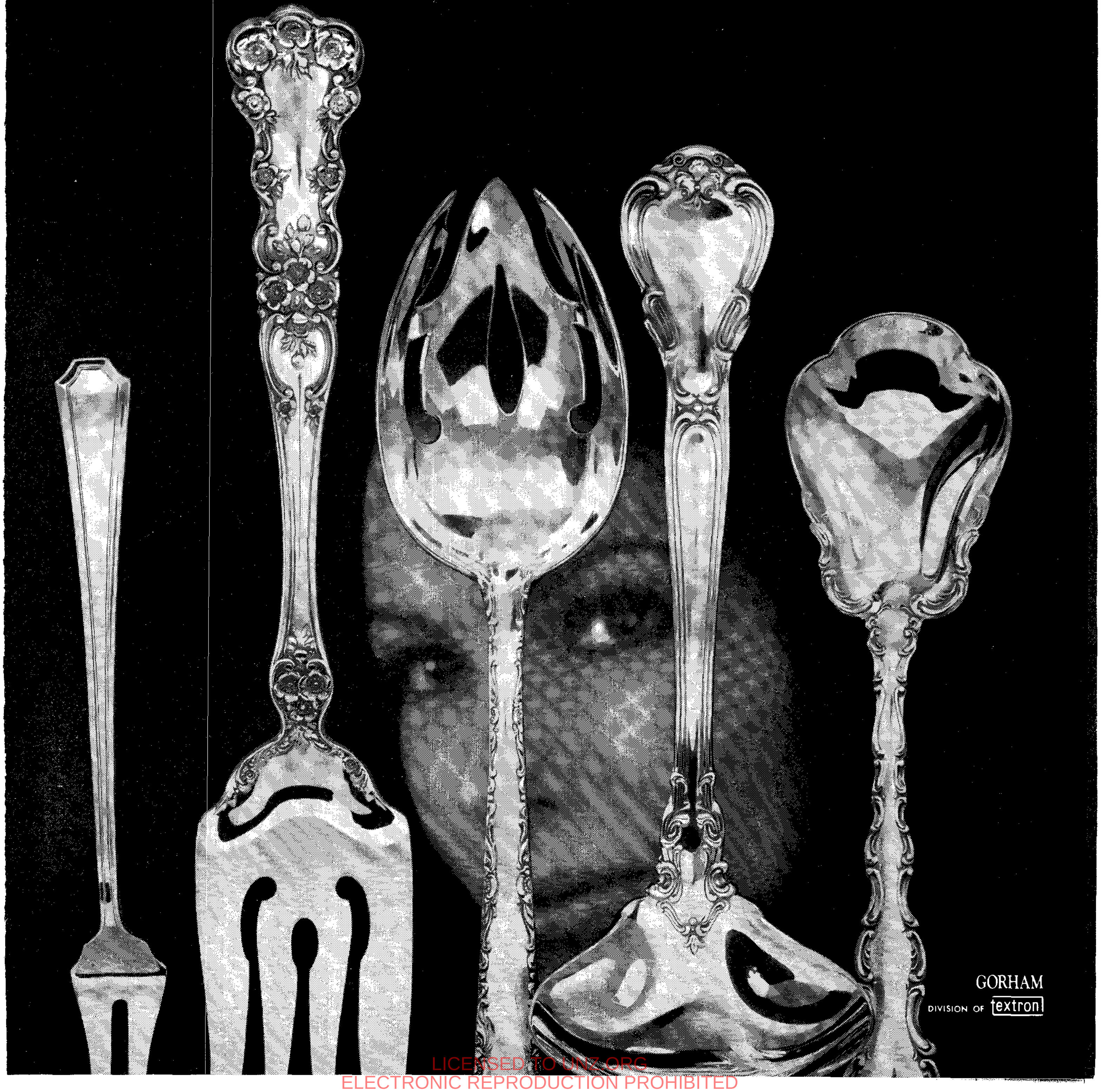

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tions—sometimes quite unreasonably—and either delayed them until they conformed to other human requirements and proved their worth or rejected them. There is no doubt that the "irresistible" impulse that von Neumann has described pervades the present-day scientific and technological world. Hermann Muller, the American geneticist, used von Neumann's dictum as a clincher in his argument for establishing genetic controls by scientists over the breeding of human populations. Speaking of the possibility of using banks of frozen human sperm cells taken from "geniuses," as one now employs similar cells from prize bulls, Muller said, with alarming naïveté, "Their mere existence will finally result in an irresistible incentive to use them." Psychologists know this "irresistible incentive" in many forms, for the moment any impulse, however normal, becomes irresistible in its own right, and for no other reason than that it exists, it becomes pathological, and the unawareness of this pathology among scientists, whose discipline supposedly serves as a safeguard against irrational conclusions or actions, is just further evidence of that pathology.

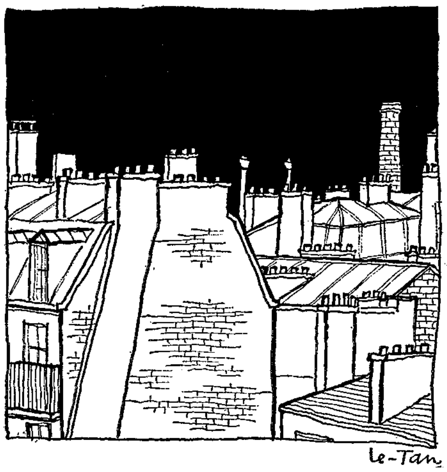
There is a simple way of establishing the downright absurdity—or, more accurately, the menacing irrationality—of accepting such technological compulsiveness, and that is to carry von Neumann's dictum to its logical conclusion: *If man has the power to exterminate all life on earth, he will.* Since we know that the governments of the United States and Russia have already created nuclear, chemical, and bacterial agents in the vast quantities needed to wipe out the human race, what prospects are there for human survival if this practice of submitting to extravagant and dehumanized technological imperatives is "irresistibly" carried to its final stage? Thus the basic problem of technics must be restated: It is that of creating human beings capable of understanding their own nature sufficiently to control, and when necessary to suppress, the forces and mechanisms that they have brought into existence. No automatic warning system can solve this problem for us.

But first we must dig deeper into our innermost being to discover the basis for this coercive fantasy. We must ask ourselves: Why does every permission turn into a compulsion? Why is the secret motto of our power-oriented society not just "You can, therefore you may" but "You may, therefore you must"? Is *that* the freedom science once promised? What one discovers beneath the surface of this scientific determinism is an even more sinister factor—a primitive fatalism, subjectively conditioned. During the last generation, scientist after scientist has anxiously pointed out—or else boastfully proclaimed—that scientific discoveries and their technical applications are proceeding faster than our ability to assimilate them and direct them to valuable ends. Yet so great is the professional compulsion to immediately apply raw, insufficiently tested knowledge that permanent damage is still being done to both the environment and all its organisms, not least to man himself. By now it should be obvious that this technique provides no way of recognizing its own subjective inflations, distortions, and perversions.

I would ask only one question: If man's own life is inherently so worthless, by what magic is it improved by being fed into a collective machine? And if the world we have put together with the aid of science is, by its own definition, a world that excludes values, by what logic can we assign values to either science or automation? When one empties out the proper life of man, all that is left, humanly speaking, is emptiness. To find a rational answer to the problem of relating mechanization and automation to the needs of man, we must fill up all the subjective spaces that are left blank in the mechanical world picture.

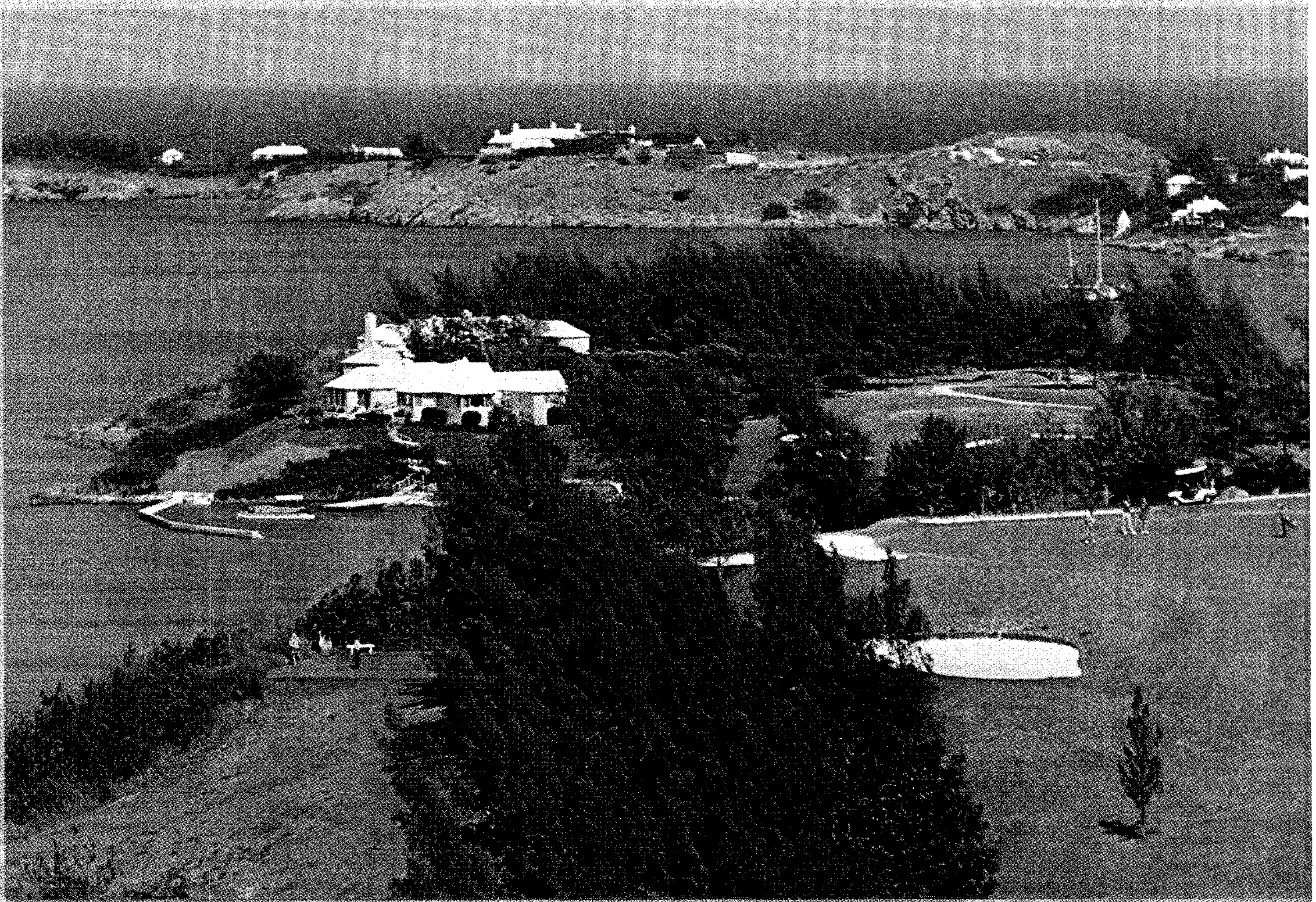
COMPUTERS VS. MEN

"We have become thoroughly familiar with the implications of the statement that 'the steam engine and muscles both do work,' but we are uneasy with 'calculating machines and brains both think.' " As the writer of this, Professor J. Z. Young, is aware, the difference between these two statements is as great as their resemblance, for computers, though they perform some of the most difficult and laborious operations of abstract symbols with incredible rapidity, are only automatically carrying out instructions given to them by a mind that does think. The electronic computer was modelled—if quite unconsciously—upon the human brain, and by its simplification and reduction of the brain's operations it threw further light upon the organic electrochemistry of composing, recording, and decoding messages. And whereas the behavior of ordinary machines can be adequately analyzed by the physical sciences, the functions of a computer call not only for physicists and electronic technicians but for brain physiologists, linguists, logicians. The more lifelike computers become, the more numerous and diversified these supernumeraries will be. With the collective consequences—many of them socially disruptive—of extending the operations of the computer into areas hitherto under the direct control of man I shall deal at a later point, but here I wish to consider only its immediate effect in bringing to a conclusion the processes that began with the mechanical clock. What it is important to realize is that automation, in this final form, is an attempt to exercise control not only of the mechanical process itself but of the human being who once directed it, turning him from an active to a passive agent and finally eliminating him.



The scientist who emphasized the function of control by giving computerized direction the name "cybernetics" was Dr. Norbert Wiener, and probably no one contributed more to the early development of this series of inventions. Wiener helped endow the computer with some of the specialized attributes of human intelligence, including the ability to absorb fresh information and to correct its own errors or failures (the process of feedback). Yet no one better realized the problems that the independence of the computer from human intervention would raise, and no one was more concerned about the peculiar fascination automated systems would have for autocratic minds, eager to confine human reactions to those that conform to the limited data that can be programmed. Technicians who themselves lack other purposes and values, memories and feelings, see no human deficiency in their seemingly superhuman machine or in the kind of demands that they make on it.

Norbert Wiener, in contrast, respected man's autonomy, his unpredictability, and his moral responsibility—the very qualities that those who now seek to extend the realm of automation in every direction (those "priests of



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power," as Wiener called them) have deliberately sought to eliminate. On this matter Wiener must be quoted at length:

> If we use, to achieve our purposes, a mechanical agency with whose operation we cannot efficiently interfere once we have started it, because the action is so fast and irrevocable that we have not the data to intervene before the action is complete, then we had better be quite sure that the purpose put into the machine is the purpose which we really desire and not merely a colorful imitation of it. The individual scientist must work as a part of a process whose time scale is so long that he himself can only contemplate a very limited section of it. Here, too, communication between the two parts of a double machine is difficult and limited. Even when the individual believes that science contributes to the human ends which he has at heart, his belief needs a continual scanning and reëvaluation which is only partly possible. For the individual scientist, even the partial appraisal of this liaison between the man and the process requires an imaginative forward glance at history which is difficult, exacting, and only limitedly achievable. And if we adhere simply to the creed of the scientist, that an incomplete knowledge of the world and of ourselves is better than no knowledge, we can still by no means always justify the naïve assumption that the faster we rush ahead to employ the new powers for action which are opened up to us, the better it will be. We must always exert the full strength of our imagination to examine where the full use of our new modalities may lead us.

In the natural exultation of discovering how many lifelike functions can by abstraction be transferred to the computer, its total effectiveness in a real-life situation has often been overrated and its competitive advantage has been exaggerated. Let me give two significant instances. The National Library of Medicine, in Bethesda, Maryland, has an information-retrieval service (MEDLARS) designed to index the medical literature in twenty-three hundred periodicals. This system has been in operation since 1963, and by 1968 half a million articles were in storage. To compare the results of a computerized search with those achieved in the conventional manner, two staff members of the Radcliffe Science Library, in England, compiled a list of references on the same subject, covering the period covered by the MEDLARS taped record. Though nine relevant references in MEDLARS were not discovered by the library staff, they did dig out thirteen relevant references not included in the MEDLARS tapes. This confirmed the negative verdict of Yehoshua Bar-Hillel, a mathematical logician, in his "Language and Information" (1964). Alike on grounds of promptness and low cost and qualitative value, human agents were preferable to the automation. An even more dramatic instance was provided by the Apollo 11 moon landing. At a critical moment in making the descent to the moon, the astronauts' computer repeatedly announced its inability to handle the data. In human terms, it panicked. As a consequence, the ground-control officers were for a moment on the point of aborting the mission. Fortunately, they made the radical decision to close off part of the computer and let the astronauts alone manage the final stages of the landing.

In short, the efficiency and applicability of the computer depend upon the ability of its human employers quite literally to keep their own heads, not merely to scrutinize the programming but to reserve for themselves the right of ultimate decision. No automatic system can be intelligently run by automatons—or by people who dare not assert human intuition, human autonomy, human purpose. Curiously, Wiener's worries about automatism had been anticipated by John Stuart Mill, for similar reasons, in his "Essay on Liberty." "Supposing," Mill said, "that it were possible to get houses built, corn grown, battles fought, causes tried, and even churches erected and prayers said by machinery—by automatons in human form—it would be a considerable loss to exchange for these automatons even the men and women who at present inhabit the more civilized parts of the world, and who assuredly are but starved specimens of what nature can and will produce." What Mill realized at this early moment, and what Wiener later emphasized, is that the sum total of human potentialities in any community is infinitely richer than the limited number that can be installed in a closed system—and all automatic systems are closed and limited, even those computers that are capable of learning through use of the material already provided. No computer can be as rich in life experience and tested information as a great city.

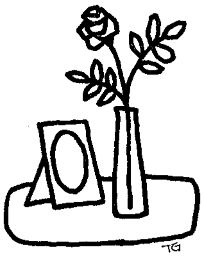
Computers cannot invent symbols or conceive ideas not already outlined in the very setting up of their programs. Within its strict limits, a computer can perform logical operations intelligently and, given a program that includes random factors, can even simulate "creation," but under no circumstances can it dream of a mode of organization that differs from its own. Faced with the problem of translation from one language to another—a function once hopefully assigned to the computer—its choices become absurd and its meanings scrambled, as in a case of brain damage. Man, on the contrary, is constitutionally an open system, reacting to another open system, that of nature. Only an infinitesimal part of either system can be interpreted by man, or come under his control, and only an even minuter portion, accordingly, falls within the province of the computer. At any moment, new and unexpected factors of subjective origin may upset or falsify the computer's most confident predictions—which has happened more than once in election forecasts. Such order as man has achieved through his laws and customs, his ideologies and moral codes, has proved precious—however infirm—precisely because it helps to keep both organic systems open, without permitting man's capacity for integration to be totally destroyed by exorbitant quantifications or irrelevant novelties.

Many of the extravagant hopes for a computer-dominated society are subjective emanations from the "pecuniary-pleasure" center. Hopes for the total elimination of the worker have proved premature. For every manual worker who is eliminated from an ancient craft or thrown off the assembly line, it turns out, a bureaucratic substitute, capable of feeding and nursing the vast cybernetic pseudo-organism that is coming into existence, will be needed—if not directly at the point of production, then in business corporations and government departments, in the universities and research institutes, in the sanatoria and hospitals engaged in the expansion of both mental and corporeal modes of control. The most sterile form of work possible—paperwork, without even such muscular exercise as manual work afforded—is rapidly increasing, and the resulting degeneration of responsive and responsible intelligence is patent. The notion that auto-

mation gives any guarantee of human liberation is wishful thinking. The most serious threat of computer-controlled automation is not the displacement of the worker in the process of manufacture but the displacement of the human mind and the insidious undermining of confidence in its ability to make individual judgments that run contrary to the system or that proceed outside the system. The automaton has from the beginning been accompanied by a negative self—defiant, disorderly, destructive, insane, criminal, murderous. The aim of this self is to subvert and ultimately obliterate the side of man that is creative, democratically coöperative, imaginative, rational, and loving. It is in the light of this impending loss that the course we are on—of subduing nature and replacing man's human functions with their mechanical and electronic counterparts—must be judged.

THE credit for understanding the full implications of automation belongs not to any contemporary scientist or technician but to the Victorian satirist Samuel Butler, a true descendant of Jonathan Swift, who anticipated so many of the absurdities and ostentatious trivialities of our present-day society in his description of Laputa, in "Gulliver's Travels." In 1863, Butler wrote a letter to the *Press* of Christchurch, New Zealand—a letter later reproduced in his "Notebooks." As a young sheep rancher with time to ruminate over Darwin's recent "On the Origin of Species"—daring to draw further conclusions, as almost no incipient Ph.D. would dare today, even had he the time—he sensitively pursued the forces already at work in society to their probable future, and he was the first to see that if Darwin's theory of evolution was correct, it could not arbitrarily stop short at the physical evolution of man, or assume that this age-old process was now terminated. Like most of his contemporaries—and ours—Butler believed that "there are few things of which the present generation is more justly proud than of the wonderful improvements which are daily taking place in all sorts of mechanical appliances." But he could not refrain from asking "what the end of this mighty movement is to be? In what direction is it tending? What will be its upshot?" His answer was that as the vegetable kingdom had developed from the mineral and the animal had supervened upon the vegetable, so now, "in these last few ages, an entirely new kingdom has sprung up of which we have as yet only seen what will one day be considered the antediluvian prototypes of the race"—namely, the mechanical kingdom. By adding daily to the beauty and the delicacy of the physical organization of machines, Butler observed, man was creating his own successors, "giving them greater power and supplying by all sorts of ingenious contrivances that self-regulating and self-acting power which will be to them what intellect has been to the human race. In the course of ages, we shall find ourselves the inferior race."

This transposition of life into mechanical organization would, Butler pointed out, eliminate man's most serious difficulty—that of developing his own ability to become human. In the moral quality of self-control, the machines would be so superior that man would "look up to them as the acme of all that the best and wisest man can ever dare to aim at. No evil passions, no jealousy, no avarice, no impure desires will disturb the serene might of those glorious creatures. Sin, shame, and sorrow will have no place among them. . . . If they want 'feeling' (by the use of which very word we betray our recognition of them as living organism), they will be attended by patient slaves whose business and interest will be to see that they want nothing." Anticipating Norbert Wiener, Butler even foresaw the possibility—a remote one—that a machine could reproduce another machine. "Day by day," he concluded, "the machines are gaining ground upon us; day by day we are becoming more subservient to them; more men are daily bound down as slaves to tend them, more men are daily devoting the energies of their whole lives to the development of mechanical life. The upshot is simply a question of time, but that the time will come when the machines will hold the real supremacy over the world and its inhabitants is what no person of a truly philosophic mind can for a moment question."



It was Butler's distinction to see through the technological humbug, to point out that the beneficiary of total mechanization would be not man but the machines that had turned into ersatz love objects and would soon pass from being fetishes to being gods. He realized that the program of mechanization would serve not to make man more powerful and intelligent but to make him totally unnecessary—a trivial accessory of the machine, a lobotomized dwarf whose immense organic potentialities would be extirpated in order to make him conform to the requirements of the machine. In anticipating the blank wall at the end of this blind alley, Butler was prescient: "The power of custom is enormous, and so gradual will be the change, that man's sense of what is due to himself will at no time be rudely shocked; our bondage will steal upon us noiselessly and by imperceptible approaches; nor will there ever be such a clashing of desire between man and the machines as will lead to an encounter between them." Even more accurately, Butler observed, in "Erewhon," "We cannot calculate on any corresponding advances in man's intellectual or physical powers which shall be set off against the far greater development that seems in store for the machines. Some people may say that man's moral influence will suffice to rule them; but I cannot think that it will ever be safe to repose much trust in the moral sense of any machine."

What, when one lifts this from its satiric setting, could be a more realistic anticipation of the events, the institutions, and the state of mind we face today? But it is not in the textbooks of physics and engineering, or in the fashionable standardized predictions of the technological future, whether parading as sociology or as science fiction, that these eventualities can be explored. Butler was not dealing merely with the tangible inventions and discoveries of his period; he had taken note of the possibility of a more profound and universal change—one that would dismember the human organism in order to reconstitute it as a life-simulating, life-replacing collective machine. He recoiled from this eventual nihilism and passed it off as a wry jest. Yet if he had been a religious prophet rather than a satirist, he might have uttered the final words on this whole development—words used long ago by Isaiah: "Ye turn things upside down! Shall the potter be counted as clay? that the thing made should say of him that made it, He made me not; or the thing framed of him that framed it, He hath no understanding?" A century after Butler, these questions thunder ominously in our ears.

BEHIND the scientific discoveries and technical inventions that rapidly accumulated after the sixteenth century one must recognize the constant influence of the cosmic and mechanical world picture that developed with them. Although the technical innovations themselves were new, the animus behind them had existed in a

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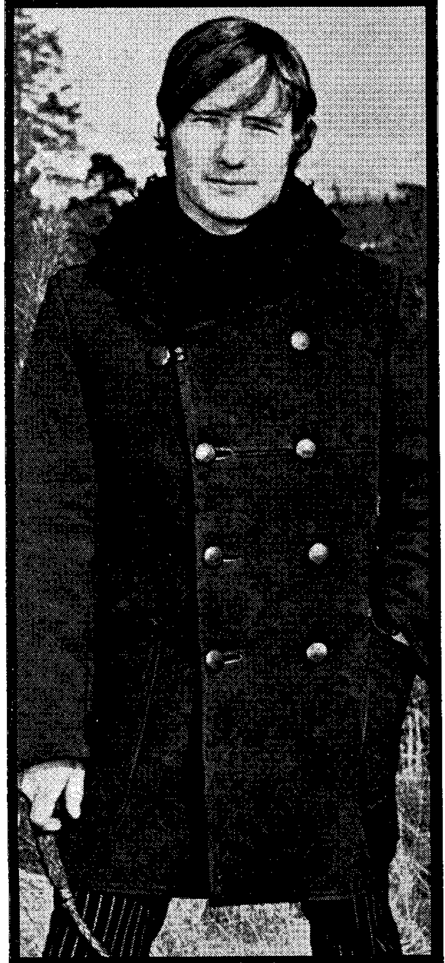

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shadowy form ever since the Pyramid Age, awaiting only the reincarnation of the Egyptian Sun God, so to say, in order to take effect. "The essential feeling of all the earliest work," noted Flinders Petrie of the Egyptians, "is rivalry with nature," and this feeling of rivalry, the desire to conquer nature and control all her manifestations—in an almost literal sense, to get on top of her—has been one of the distinguishing marks of modern man. In that respect, Petrarch's famous feat of climbing Mont Ventoux for no other purpose than the climb itself—conquering space, rising above the earth—might be taken as the harbinger of this new age. That aspiration has now culminated in a walk on the moon.

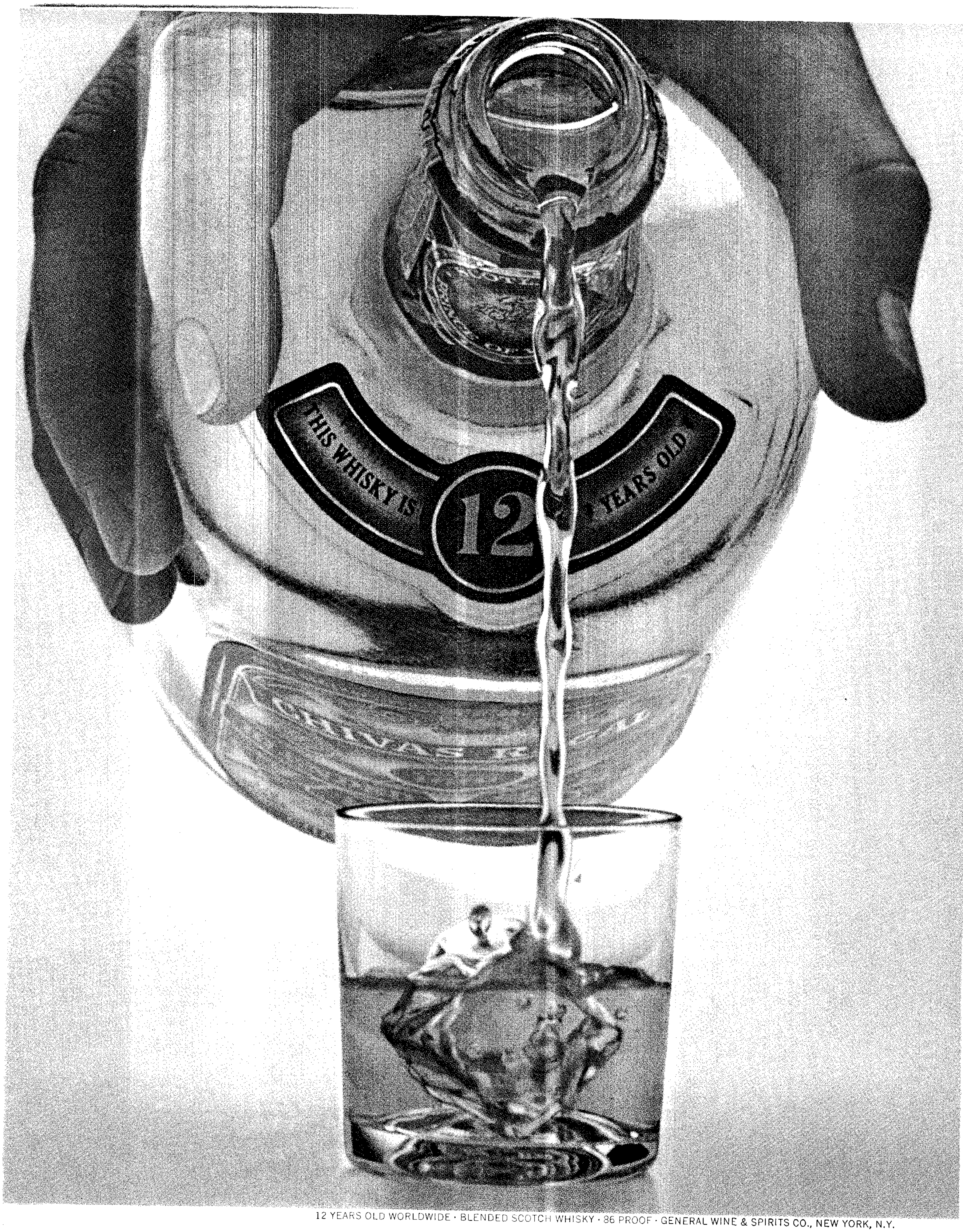
MECHANICAL PROGRESS, HUMAN REGRESSION

By the eighteenth century, a subtle transposition of values had begun to occur, as technics itself began to occupy a larger place. If the goal of technics was to improve the condition of man, the goal of man was to become ever more narrowly confined to the improvement of technology. Mechanical progress and human progress came to be regarded as one, and both were theoretically limitless. To understand how the idea of technical progress achieved such widespread acceptance during the nineteenth century as a quasi-religious faith, one must examine its history, which is a curiously brief one. There have been periods in every high culture when evidence of technical improvements was visible, as in the replacement of bronze tools and weapons with iron ones, or in the conversion of the rude wooden temples of seventh-century Greece into the masterly marble forms of the fifth century B.C.—themselves made possible by redoubtable engineering ability in cutting, transporting, and erecting huge blocks of stone. But though these improvements were striking enough to incite imitation, they did not breed any sense of their inevitability, nor did they presage a long series of improvements in other fields. Strangely, those who sought human perfection were still inclined to look for it in an earlier age; they sought to recover a simplicity that had been lost, a humanity that had been corrupted. Even the Jewish people, who had a sense of their historical mission, found it easier to go back to Moses than forward to a new Messiah.

The earliest idea of progress was perhaps latent in the religious notion of self-perfection for divine ends, and its ideal consummation, though not a reversion to the Golden Age, was related to an equally static future, in Heaven—a future not to be enjoyed by the whole community, since it included for the wicked the possibility of just as long and painful a residence in Hell. The idea of progress likewise had roots, as Tuveson has demonstrated, in the latter-day belief in a coming millennium—not in a passage to a remote Heaven but a passage to a more tangible Heaven that was about to arrive on earth. This idea was expressed in 1699 by John Edwards, an orthodox divine. The interesting thing about his statement is that, in contrast to the earlier Anabaptists, who, too, had millennial social visions, and even experimented, beatnik fashion, with their realization, he felt that improvements in natural and "mechanick" philosophy were being matched by improvements in Divine Knowledge, so that physical nature and human nature would be renewed simultaneously. Result: "The virtuosi will improve natural philosophy, the soil will regain its original fertility, life will be more comfortable. The inheritors of the Utopian earth will be not the risen saints but simply posterity." It would be hard to find anywhere else a statement that encompasses so many of the focal ideas of progress: science, specialized skill, comforts, moral elevation, utopia, the future. In brief, Heaven would at last come down to earth, and "mechanick" philosophy would bring this about.

A few generations later, the idea of progress was put forth in its broadest form, by Turgot and Edward Gibbon. Turgot, a minister under Louis XVI and an unusually well-balanced mind, regarded progress not as a simple by-product of technology but as a result of human genius. Much as he admired science and anticipated a time when all truths might be stated in abstract mathematical form, he related the possibility of progress to an innate human tendency to innovate, in counteraction to a tendency to repress innovations and reforms and to take refuge in a state of "treadmill repetitiveness." And Gibbon, in his introduction to his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," observes that "every age of the world has increased and still increases the real wealth, the happiness, the knowledge, and perhaps the virtue of the human race."

This picture of a steady, persistent, almost inevitable accumulation of improvements reflected not merely the bland optimism of "Enlightenment" intellectuals but their self-flattering notion of their own place in human history, for the leaders of this movement, from Voltaire on—but here one must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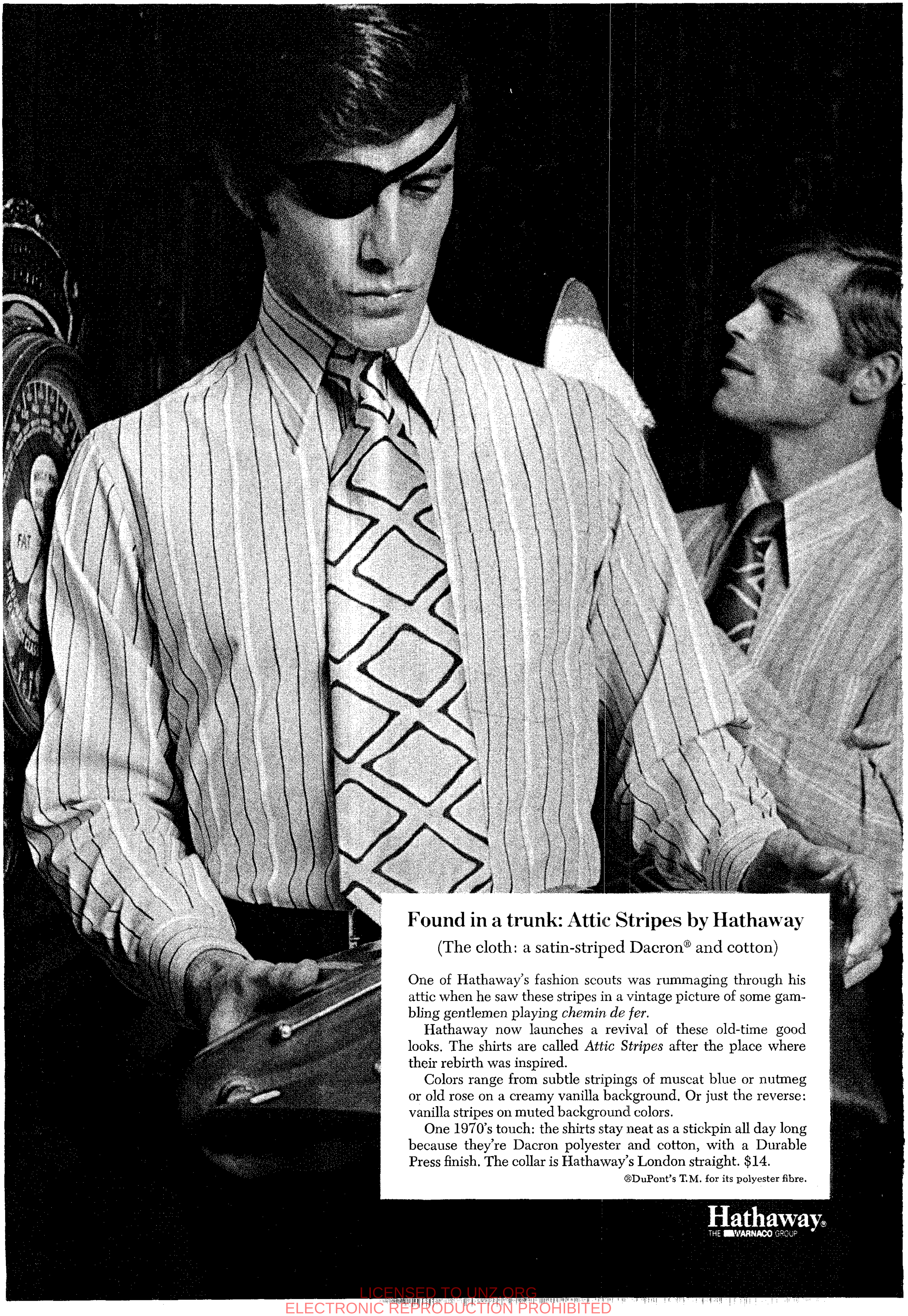

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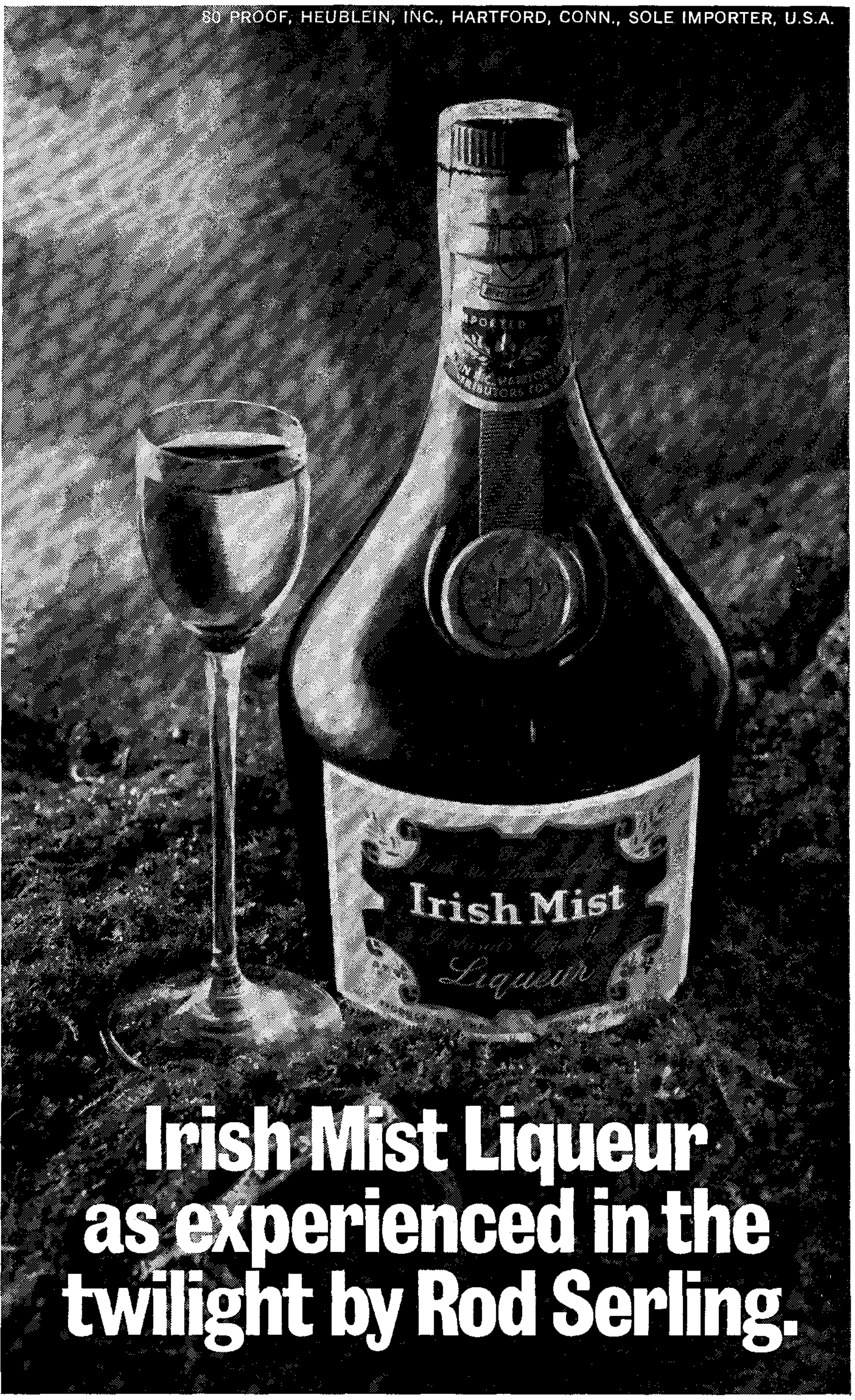
except Turgot!—believed that past cultures, particularly that of the Middle Ages, had been the victims of blind instincts, besotted ignorance, priestly repressions, and ruthless tyrants. Once the monstrous ideas and practices of the past were extirpated—these leaders were particularly hostile to Gothic architecture—all men would be moved and governed by reason alone, in conformity with the innate goodness of human nature. But if Gibbon's observation was well founded, human improvement had never ceased: it was guaranteed by the nature of things; each later generation surpassed all earlier achievements. The progressive minds of the eighteenth century measured progress by the number of antiquated institutions that could be cast off. If progress be considered a linear movement through time, it may be contemplated in two ways: getting closer to a desired goal, or getting further away from a starting point. Those who favored progress simplemindedly believed that evils were the property of the past and that only by moving away from the past as rapidly as possible could a better future be assured.

There were just enough traces of truth in this doctrine to make its radical fallacies more dangerous. All civilizations had, I emphasize again, carried with them for some five thousand years the traumatic institutions that accompanied the rise of earlier power systems: human sacrifice, war, slavery, forced labor, arbitrary inequalities in wealth and privilege. But along with these evils had come a considerable accumulation of goods, whose conservation and transmission were essential to man's humanization and improvement. The exponents of progress were too committed to their doctrine to anticipate that the authoritarian institutions they sought to destroy forever might come back, more oppressively than ever, and fortified by the very science and technics that these exponents valued as a means of emancipation from the past. A century later than Gibbon, the curious assumption of continuous and inevitable progress, which made no allowance for observable organic processes—decay and destruction, lapses and breaks, arrests and regressions—would be voiced with fatuous confidence by the popular French philosopher Victor Cousin: "Think of it, gentlemen, nothing regresses, everything moves ahead." On that same principle, contemporary prophets of progress have hailed the supersonic plane, with its physically destructive booms, its violent shock to the nervous system, its pollution of the air, and its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I have suspected for a long time that the twilight zone begins somewhere west of the Irish Sea and east of the Aran Islands.

There, at twilight, in the land of the "little people," I first encountered Irish Mist,® Ireland's legendary liqueur.® In that first sip, I sensed a warmth, a mellowness, a richness that went beyond anything I had experienced in the mundane world.

Since then, Irish Mist Liqueur has become a familiar respite from my everyday existence. I have experienced it in many different places. At many different times. Yet always, for me, it tastes of twilight, that mysterious hour when the past meets the future. Expected, yet ever unexpected.

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But we are too rational to believe that.

Or are we?

He'll never forget that moment supreme
moment suprême
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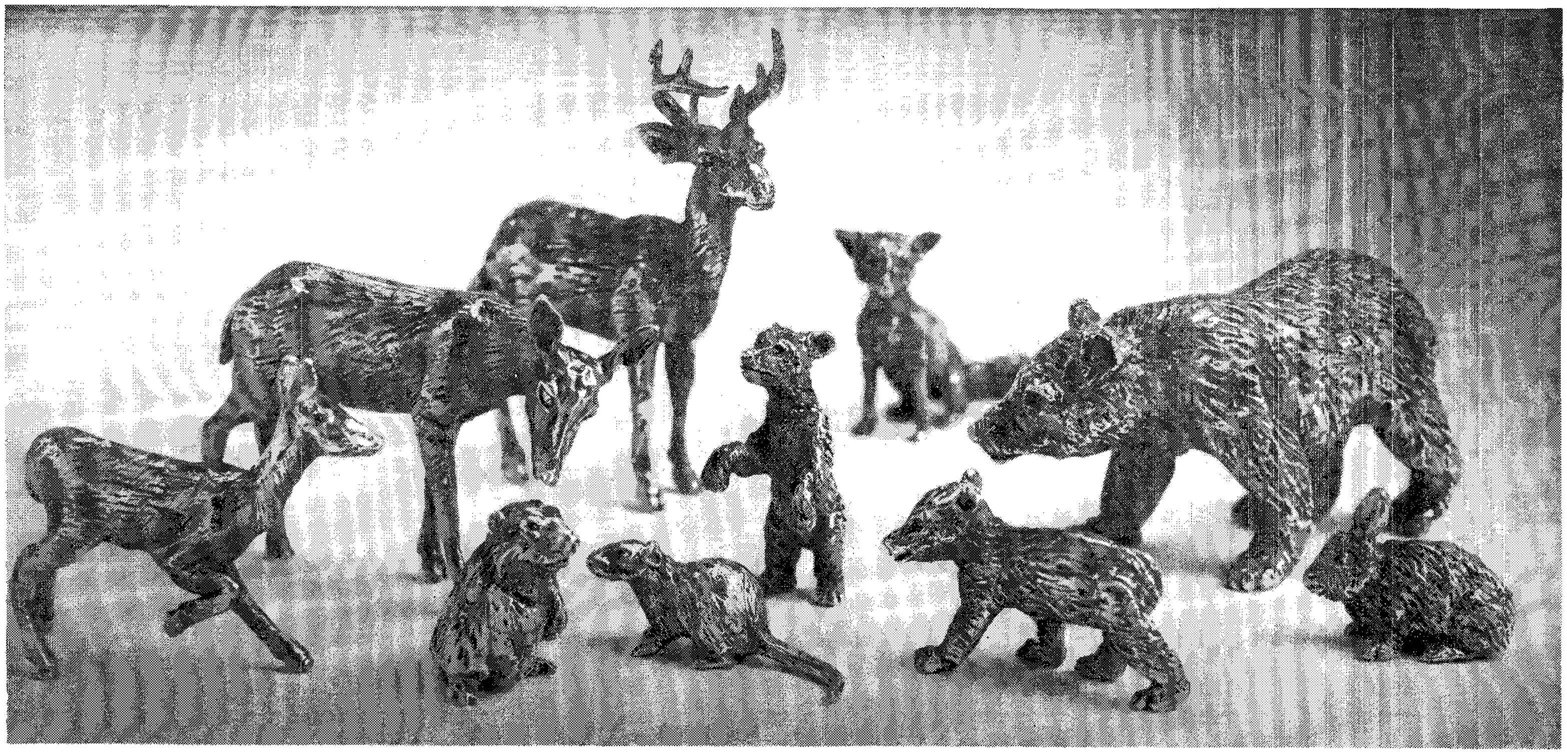
eventual deterioration of the climate, as an inevitable contribution to transportation progress, though they have not been able to point to a single function, apart from military assault, that could not be adequately performed, as in the past, with greater comfort and safety by a quieter mode of transportation at a lower speed.

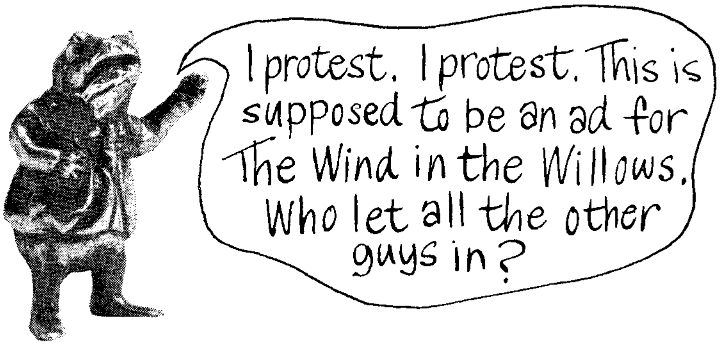
Now, the strangest part of Gibbon's observation is that it stands at the beginning of a book that recounts in detail just the opposite process. What Gibbon's grand historical survey disclosed was that the primal flow of energy which had raised Roman civilization to such a high level in so many fields—notably engineering, city-building, and public law—was actually, within a few centuries, reversed; that throughout the great Roman imperium the "wheels of progress" gradually came to a halt; that important knowledge was lost, technical efficiency lowered, and once highly disciplined armed forces became greedy, rowdy mobs. Finally, Gibbon's evidence showed that in a succession of retreats and defeats the once viable goods of Rome had turned into evils, while the poverty, insecurity, and ignorance it had boasted of conquering had, before the incredulous eyes of cultivated Romans, served as the organizing nucleus of a more creative Christian order, which gathered to itself the ebbing energies of the older culture and organized them around a negative conception of earthly life. Parallel reversals had taken place, as even an eighteenth-century historian could know, not once in human history but many times, with a similar break in tradition, a loss of knowledge, a dissipation of real wealth—to say nothing of outbreaks of wholesale violence and an increase of human misery. These patent historical facts made nonsense of Gibbon's description of the steady increase of wealth and happiness. What Gibbon was in fact celebrating was not the realities of human progress but the smug feeling of superiority and security enjoyed by the British upper classes, who thought that in time humane intelligence would assume control of every institution and insure that the comforts and luxuries of the dominant minority would be passed on, in appropriately diluted and vulgarized form, to the rest of the population—the essential doctrine of Whig "Liberalism." On this assumption, Gibbon could even say, on the verge of the American and the French Revolutions—the beginning of two centuries of national uprisings, class struggles, imperialist conquests, and savage repressions—that there was no longer any need for revolutions.

"Progress," naturally, meant different things to different minds—one thing to Diderot and Condorcet, another to Marx and Comte, another to Herbert Spencer and Darwin, and still another to present-day continuators, like Vannevar Bush, Glenn Seaborg, Arthur Clarke. But whatever the definition and the particular hope attached to it, the belief in progress could be expressed in an image of accelerated physical movement—that of getting further away from the past—approaching more quickly the future, while the valid notion of filling up and drawing upon a permanent cultural reservoir, which still partly made sense to Gibbon, dropped out of the concept. As a typical and beloved nineteenth-century poet put it, we should "act that each tomorrow find us farther than today." Gibbon's doctrine had accepted the fact that the goods of civilization are cumulative rather than successive, but once movement away from the past became the criterion of progress, the function of accumulation was turned over to museums.

At all events, one fact should now be plain: change is not in itself a value, nor is it an automatic producer of values; neither is novelty a sufficient evidence of improvement. These are only the catchwords and advertising slogans of commercial interests with something to sell. As for the notion that technological innovations have been the main source of all human development, this is a disreputable anthropological fable, which does not stand up under a comprehensive analysis of man's nature and culture. Once modern man understands the need for continuity and selective modification—in terms of his own capacities and purposes instead of in blind conformity to either nature or his own technology—he will have many fresh choices before him.

As in the case of the original megamachine of the Pyramid Age, a new megamachine could be brought about only under the fusing heat of war. Telegraph, telephone, radio, television—these mechanical and social transformations only emphasize that there is almost no component of the modern megamachine that did not exist, in fact or in dream, in the original model. What is distinctly modern is the effective materialization of archaic dreams that had been technologically impracticable. With the coalition of political absolutism, military regimentation, and mechanical invention came




I protest. I protest. This is supposed to be an ad for The Wind in the Willows. Who let all the other guys in?

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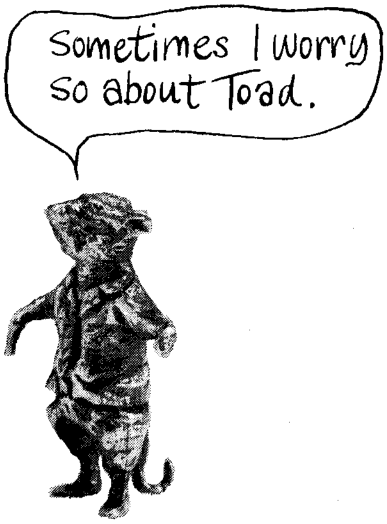
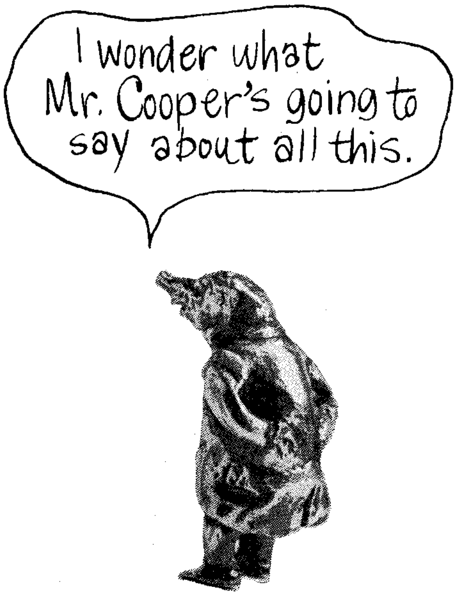
Toady gets so uptight these days. We should be kind to all animals in the forest.


Sometimes I worry so about Toad.


I wonder what Mr. Cooper's going to say about all this.

the reintroduction of ancient institutions that had long been in abeyance: forced labor and compulsory national service for war. The first took the form of slavery or wage labor under threat of starvation and imprisonment—a system that, like slavery in the United States, completely eroded the pious professions of the current libertarian ideology. But compulsory national service, introduced under the banner of democracy, went further. It reappeared as an instrument of "national survival" in the heat of fighting the wars of the French Revolution, and it was continued by the audacious, self-made emperor who liquidated that revolution. Thus the chief military innovation that made the Egyptian megamachine practicable was reintroduced as a permanent auxiliary of large-scale government. Even at the height of the Roman imperium, no such total organization of population for work or destruction had been feasible.

The significance of national conscription (politely called "universal service") as an essential instrument for mass control has been passed over by modern political and historical scholars with incredible frivolity or incredible blindness. Though no other factor has done more to add to the destructiveness of war and to condition large populations to the rituals of human massacre, the scholarly literature on the subject is negligible. The word "conscription" appears only once in the "Cambridge Modern History" for the volumes dealing wholly with the French Revolution and with Napoleon. The one notable exception to this ignoring of the subject is an article by Colonel F. N. Maude in the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica (1910), in which he noted that "there is perhaps no law on the statute book of any nation which has exercised and is destined in the future to exercise a more far-reaching influence on the future of humanity than this little-known French act of 1798." That judgment has still to penetrate our political consciousness.

Up to that point, forced labor—as for road-building and fortifications—and compulsory military service had been only sporadic; now they became systematic, regular, universal. The national army came to be, in effect, an educational institution for conditioning its human units to the unthinking, obedient, automatic execution of orders. Even though it occasionally generated resentment and recalcitrance, this systematic regimentation of a whole population found its way back into the bureau and the factory, and imposed machinelike docility on a scale never before conceivable—all the easier be-

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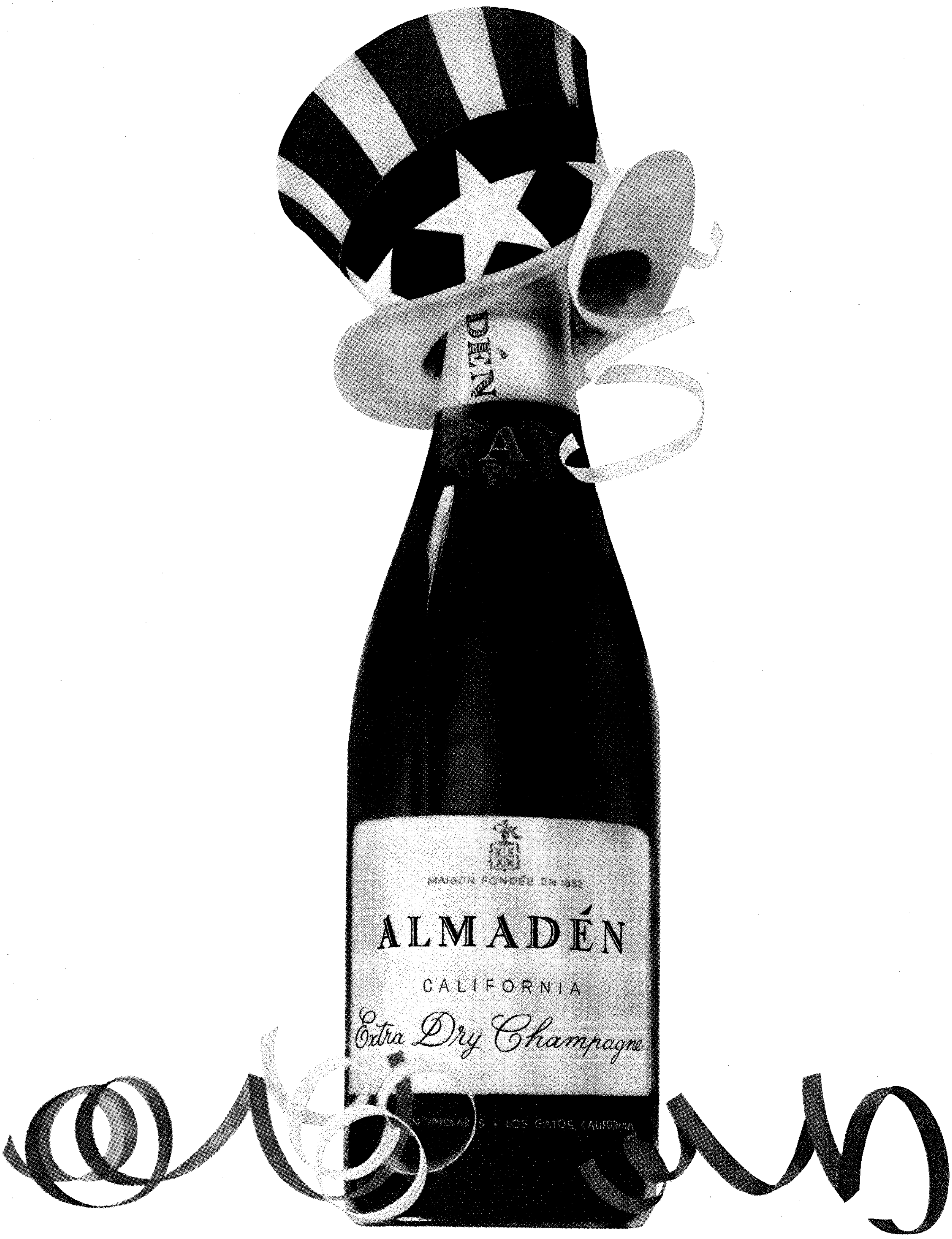
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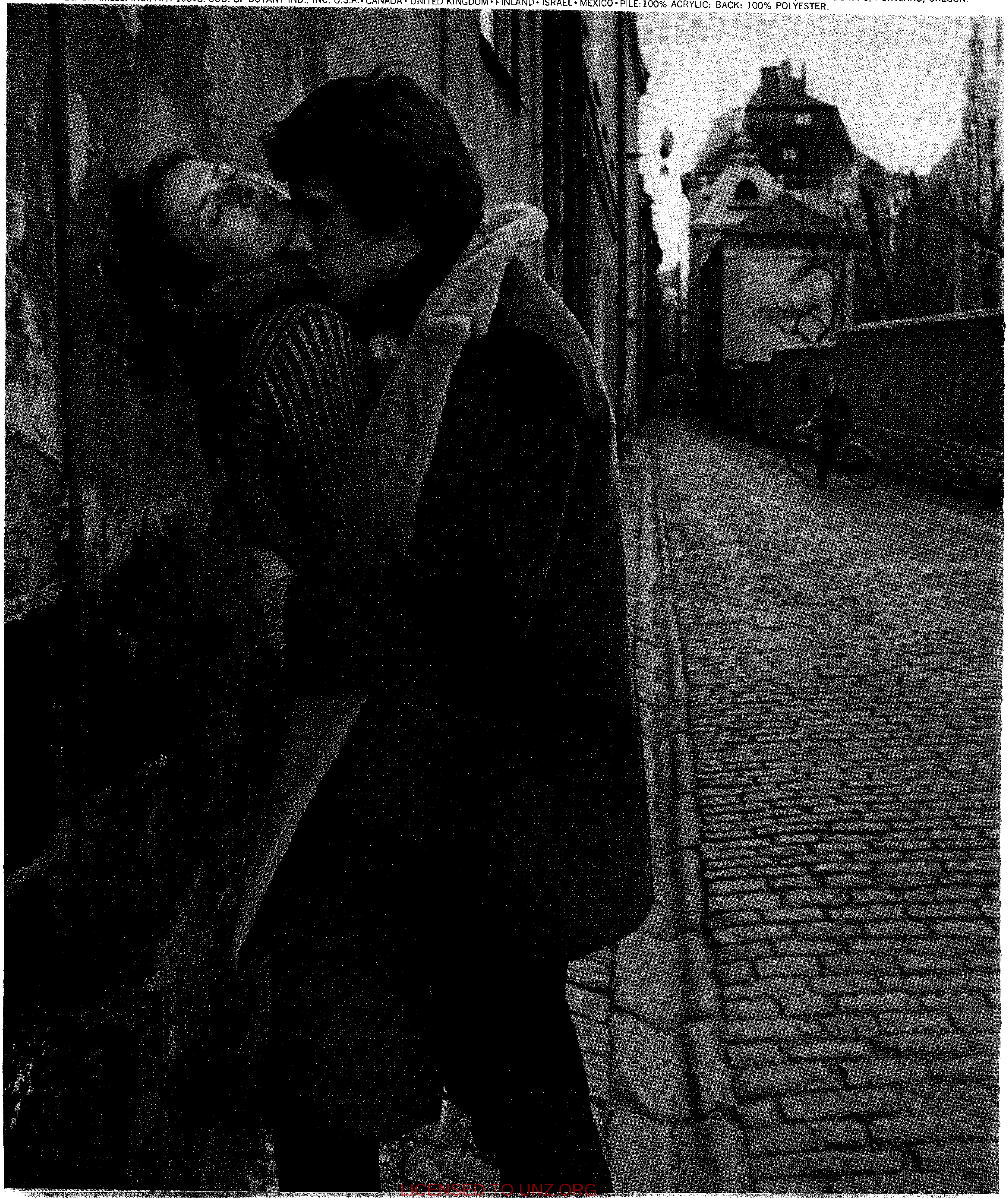

cause appropriate ideological doctrines and emotional responses supplemented the physical drill. The effect of this regimen has become plain. What social reformers like Saint-Simon and Comte learned from the Napoleonic era was the efficacy with which military technique can be applied to social behavior. These prophets envisaged a "revolution so final and complete that it would render all legal and political institutions absolute." That goal identifies the new megamachine, and this revolution is now in process.

Let me make clear, at this point, a difference between the state as a mere unit of political administration and as an activated megamachine. This difference lies in the changing definitions of the word "power." The New English Dictionary traces the definition of power as "possession of control or command over others" back to 1297; in 1486 it becomes legal ability, capacity, or authority to act; in 1727 it takes on a technological role as "any form of energy or force available for application to work." With the construction of the megamachine, all the modes of power became available—both constructive and destructive—on a colossal scale otherwise unattainable. The megamachine is *not* a mere administrative organization; it is a machine in the orthodox technical sense, so organized as to perform standardized motions and repetitive work. And all these forms of power, one reinforcing the other, became essential to what I have called the new Pentagon of Power. Unlike machines that perform partial operations for specialized purposes, the megamachine can, by its very nature, be used only in large-scale operations, which are themselves components of a larger mechanical system. By increasing the range and number of such operations from the archaic jobs of canal-building, highway-building, and urban destruction to the entire industrial process and thence to the organization of education and consumption, the megamachine exercises more effective control over large populations than any merely political unit can. Nietzsche described war as the "health of the state," but, more than this, it is the body and soul of the megamachine. The extent of the megamachine's activities can be judged by the fact that once a large war comes to an end it is three to five years before the organizations and industries the megamachine has absorbed can recover, even with aid from the central authority, the ability to carry on as quasi-independent units.

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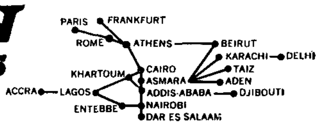

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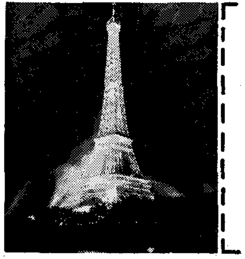

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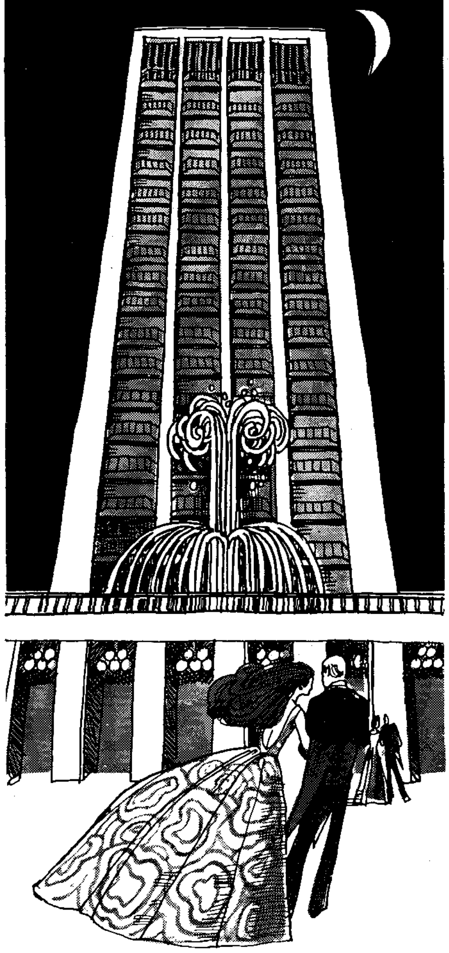

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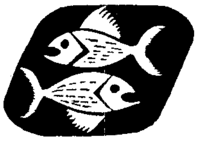
quantity output—are increased by their inclusion in the megamachine, but so are the disadvantages of such machines: their rigidity, their irresponsiveness to new situations, their detachment from human purposes other than those embodied in the design of the machine. The chief of these purposes is the exercise of power. Even before "absolute" weapons were invented, automatism and absolutism were firmly coupled together in the constitution of every military organization. War is the ideal condition for promoting the assemblage of the megamachine, and to keep the threat of war constantly in existence is the surest way of holding otherwise autonomous or quasi-autonomous components together as a functioning unit. Once a megamachine has been created, any criticism of its program, any departure from its principles, any detachment from its routines, any modifications of its structure through demands from below constitute a threat to the whole system.



I have left to this point the one institutional prerequisite of the modern megamachine that, as well as one can judge, did not exist in the ancient model; namely, a special economic dynamism based on rapid capital accumulation, rapid turnovers, large profits, all working toward the constant acceleration of technology itself. In short, the money economy. The forces commanded by kings did indeed give earlier evidence of dynamism, but this was largely of a negative and self-diminishing sort; too often the powerful "rulers of the four quarters" destroyed the conquered cities and the populations from which they could have drawn goods and services and taxes that would have far exceeded the quick but limited profits from immediate pillage. The coalition of money power with political power was one of the decisive marks of monarchic or despotic absolutism, and the more dependent the military machine became on technical inventions and mass production of weapons, the greater the immediate profits to the national economic system—though later generations would find these putative gains offset by the cost of reparations, repairs, and replacements, to say nothing of human wretchedness. While the moral onus for promoting war has made the munitions manufacturers the scapegoats, the fact is that the paper profits of war equally enrich every other part of the national economy, even agriculture, for war, with its unparalleled consumption of goods and its unparalleled wastes, temporarily overcomes the chronic defect of an expanding technology—"overproduction." War, by restoring scarcity, is necessary, on classic capitalist terms, to insure profit.

In turn, this economic dynamism—through bellicose destruction, or the building up of military capability for this end—depends upon a vast transfer of credit to the government, and the need for both capital and current income to cover national military expenditures gives sanction to what, from the standpoint of orthodox "free enterprise," is an odious imposition—a national income tax. This is a measure that even absolute monarchs introduced with grave misgivings. Louis XIV did not dare to impose it without getting from the theologians of Paris the reassuring dictum that such an imposition was justifiable because, since he was a ruler by "divine right," all land and property in the country belonged to him and could be distributed at his pleasure. It was only during the Napoleonic Wars that, in a relatively free constitutional monarchy like England, the income tax was introduced, though conscription, in the inequable and arbitrary form of navy press gangs, had preceded it, and the Constitutional change that brought about the income tax in the United States did not occur until 1913. Without that tax, the vast sums needed to create the new megamachine would not have been available.

By now, the extravagant largesse derived from national taxation has become a substitute for the profit motive in fostering the economic dynamism of the modern economy. Neither profit-and-loss nor cost-benefit accountancy reduces the operations of the megamachine, for the costs are magically converted into benefits, and the prospective losses through military obsolescence and outright destruction are the source of profits. Through war, actual and prospective, the megamachine increased its scope and expanded its power, and, incidentally, removed the one form of feedback the capitalist system had developed to regulate and rationalize its operations; namely, close accountancy of profit and loss, with bankruptcy as the penalty of miscalculation. It was not through effecting major changes in the capitalist economy, which in general remained in a state of semi-paralysis in the nineteen-thirties, but through rearmament and war that an economic revival was effected, and it is by war alone that the system can be saved from its radical weakness: its failure to achieve a just distribution.

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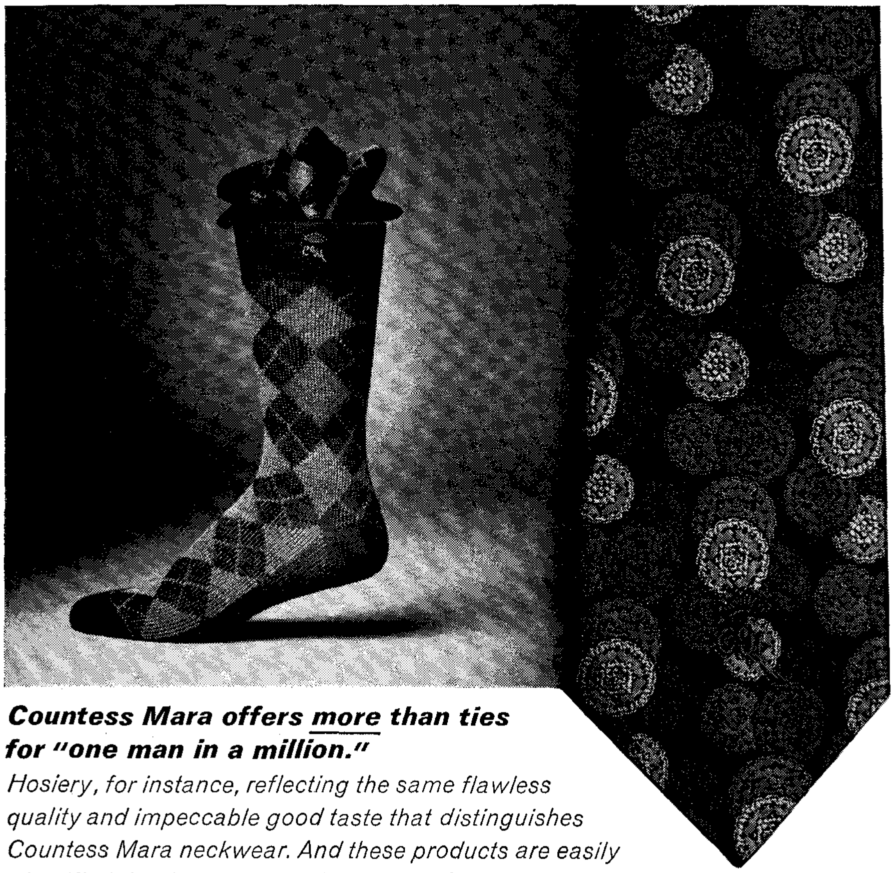

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merely overexcites every part of the expanding power technology but makes the continued extension of the megamachine into every area imperative in order to insure the surplus needed for the negative enterprises of war, planned extermination, and mass control. What is more, as the state extends social security and technical services to the country as a whole, a growing part of the population—despite the fact that the income tax is habitually rigged to favor the rich—has a stake in this centrally directed mode of production, distribution, and collective destruction. In this combination of technological, financial, political, and military dynamism, no one agent was more essential than any other; all were needed so that the megamachine could be reconstituted in an efficient, up-to-date model, with most of its historical defects repaired and its traditional limitations removed.

By the beginning of the twentieth century, the main components of the new megamachine were already in existence, though some were still in a half-formed state. Behind the corpus of specialized scientific knowledge, the new sources of energy (hydroelectric power, petroleum), the new modes of instantaneous communication, the vast armamentarium of tools, machines, apparatus, weapons, chemical formulae, the reorganized bureaucratic and military establishment, the institution of conscription (either active or on the books), was an increasingly literate population open to one-way communication, and a growing body of humane legislation that coupled human security and welfare with the immense powers of the state to tax and redistribute wealth. All these components had taken form in the first (the Pyramid Age) megamachine or had been reconstituted. Only two things were lacking: a symbolic representation of absolute power, incarnated in a living ruler, a corporate group, or a supermachine, and a crisis sufficiently ominous and pressing to bring about an implosion of all the necessary components. The crisis arose and the implosion took place, but before that happened, older and cruder models of the megamachine, energized by new mechanical equipment, had come into existence and opened the way for the final explosion of "absolute" power.

REINVENTION OF THE MEGAMACHINE

THE reinvention and expansion of the megamachine was in no sense an inevitable outcome of historical forces; indeed, until the end of the nineteenth century it seemed to many able thinkers that the major changes in Western civilization, even in technology, were favorable to freedom. A mind as detached as Ernest Renan's, echoing Comte's earlier dictums, could observe, in the eighteen-nineties, that belligerent nationalism was on the wane, and the animus against war was so widespread that the armed services could be maintained only by conscription. During the earlier part of the nineteenth century, with the abandonment of serfdom and the suppression of slavery, strong counterforces seemed to be rising, leading to the universal reign of law, self-government, and coöperation on an increasing and worldwide scale. Even as late as 1913, in a militarized country like Germany, the government could be censured in the Reichstag for the brutal conduct of a Prussian lieutenant who had arrogantly pushed a lame cobbler into the gutter and struck him. Political oppression, brutal economic exploitation, preventable disease, and starvation all seemed to be declining.

Admittedly, such brave expectations were arrested periodically by ugly outbreaks of collective barbarism, like the Armenian and Macedonian massacres, the British Opium War in China, and the Boer War, with its concentration camps, to say nothing of the infamous conduct of the Western armies that put down the Boxer Rebellion. Yet until the outbreak of the First World War, reason and compassion seemed to be gaining the upper hand, along with democratic understanding and cooperation. But the balance in favor of such constructive developments was shaken by that war, and the faith that had equated technological with human improvement was badly damaged by the realization that all the potentialities for evil had been augmented by the very energies technics had released. The first intimation that a new megamachine was being assembled came only after the war, with the rise of the totalitarian states, beginning with Russia and Italy. This reversed the trend toward representative government and popular participation that had been the dominant note even in the Russia of the previous century. The form of the Fascist and Communist dictatorships was a single-party organization, based on a self-appointed revolutionary junta and headed by a flesh-and-blood incarnation of the old-time "king by divine right"—one no longer anointed by God but, like Napoleon, self-crowned: a ruthless dictator (Lenin), a demonic *Führer* (Hitler), a bloody tyrant (Stalin) proclaiming the

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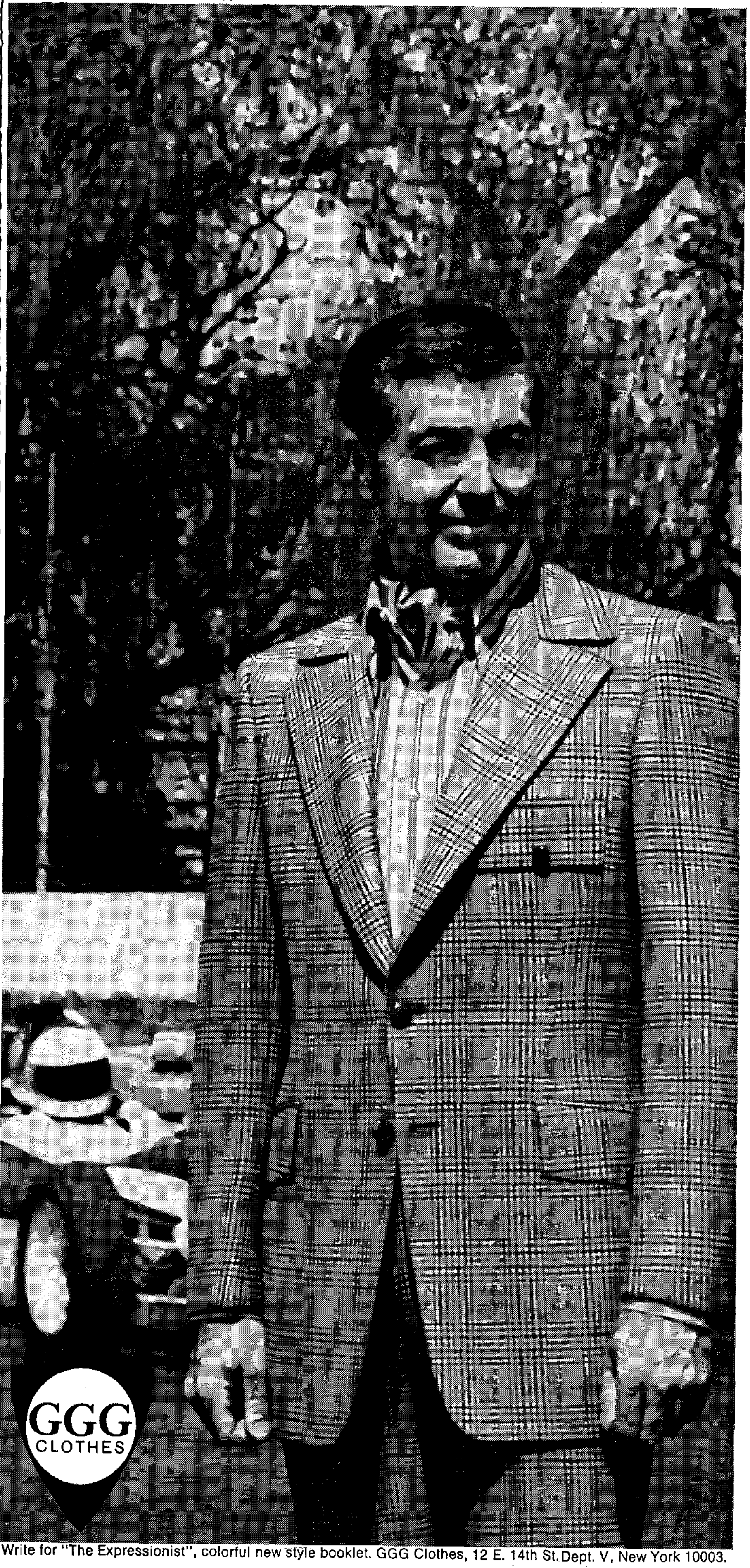

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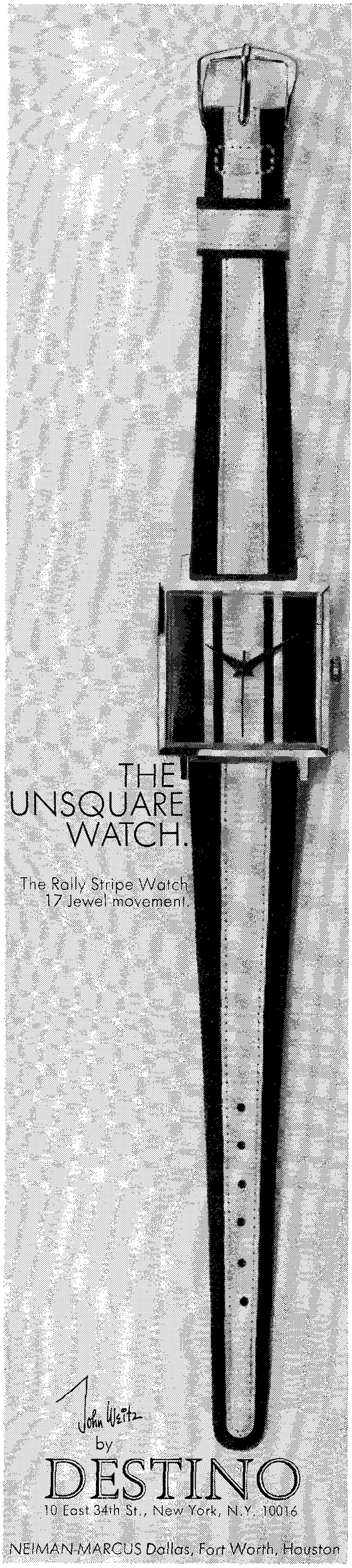
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lawfulness of unqualified power unlawfully seized. That doctrine was as old as Thrasymachus's statement in Plato's "Republic," while the example was, of course, thousands of years older.

The reassemblage of the ancient megamachine took place in three main stages. The first stage was that marked by the French Revolution of 1789. Though this revolution deposed and executed the traditional king, it reinstated with far greater power his abstract counterpart, the national state, upon which, in accord with Rousseau's pseudodemocratic theory of the general will, it bestowed absolute powers, like conscription—powers that kings would have envied. Sir Henry Maine, one of the most astute political observers of the Victorian Age, saw through this device: he pointed out that "the despotic sovereign of the 'Contrat Social,' the all-powerful community, is an inverted copy of the King of France, invested with an authority claimed for him by his courtiers."

The second stage came with the First World War, though many of the preliminary steps had been taken by Napoleon I and carried further by the Prussian military autocracy under Bismarck after the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. This stage included the enlistment of scholars and scientists as an arm of the state, and the placating of the working classes by universal suffrage, social-welfare legislation, national elementary education, job insurance, and old-age pensions—measures that Napoleon, despite his high esteem for law and science and uniform education, had never carried so far. Had Napoleon succeeded in his conquest of Europe, and had he had time to consolidate his military-bureaucratic regime, the megamachine might have emerged, at least halfway toward its modern form, by the middle of the nineteenth century. Even the bedraggled ideological aftermath of Napoleonism conjured up in the mind of young Renan a future not unlike the one we are now facing—dictatorship by a scientific élite.

Before the First World War was over, the main features of the new megamachine had been roughed in. Even nations that had already achieved a large measure of political freedom, like England and the United States, introduced military conscription, and to meet the exorbitant demands for war matériel England established partial industrial conscription as well. In order further to prosecute the war without falling into bankruptcy—a danger that orthodox market economists had once thought would make any long war impossible—the British government imposed a heavier income tax than it had ever before dared to inflict, while the services of scientists were marshalled in every country to devise more destructive weapons, like TNT bombs and poison gases, to hasten "victory." Thus collective power on a scale never previously achieved heightened the pace of technical change, and the control of information by the government, which involved the feeding of officially selected and favorably colored information to its own people as a means of "maintaining morale" (that is, quieting disillusion and opposition), gave modern "democratic" governments their first taste of thought control on a more efficient, positive basis than antiquated organizations, such as the Russian autocracy, had employed. This provided the megamachine with a valuable supplement to physical coercion and military discipline.

The third stage in reëstablishing the megamachine took place during the Second World War. It was facilitated by the resurrection of the original, Pyramid Age mechanism as an absolute military dictatorship. This came about, with every classic feature intact, in Russia and Germany, and in a more obsolete, though less formidable, form in the Fascist dictatorships of Italy, Turkey, Spain, and certain states in South America. Instead of a divine king with a mandate from Heaven, there was now a vulgar counterpart—an image inflated and exalted by every kind of optical and aural illusion but commanding diabolic powers, turning torture, collective massacre, and total destruction into respectable professions.

Curiously, the first attempt to modernize the oppressive megamachine came about in Russia with the Bolshevik revolution. But though Lenin and his collaborators were conditioned by their Marxian premises to favor Western science and industrialism, it happened that in taking over the czarist state they inherited in its bureaucracy the perfect surviving example of the ancient megamachine, untouched by economic competition and industrial efficiency. Though that system was now in a state of utter corruption and dissolution, it had imposed habits and responses upon the masses that up to a point favored the succeeding centralized bureaucratic organization. Much of the population was already conditioned to

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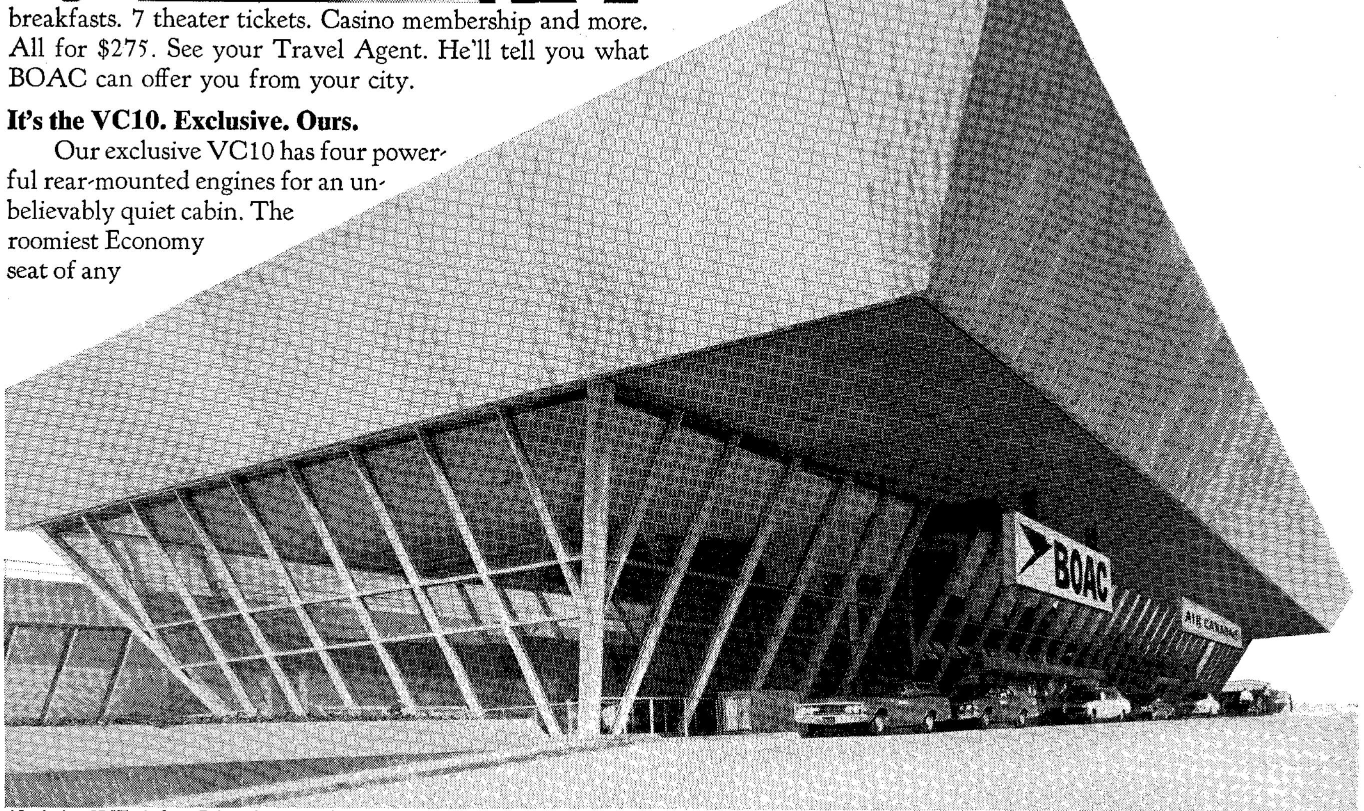

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servile compliance and to the worship of a single, supposedly all-powerful ruler. The democratic objectives of the social revolution were soon savagely suppressed, if not forgotten, and the dictatorship survived by utilizing the bureaucratic social apparatus and the psychological conditioning of the antiquated megamachine. The state adopted the most brazen assumption of rule by divine right—"The King can do no wrong"—and translated it into a more absurd positive form: "The Party is always right." Those who oppose the Party line, no matter how wildly it zigzags and contradicts itself, no matter how unscrupulously the new rulers, the *apparatchiki,* work to preserve their own privileged position, must be condemned as heretics, "hooligans," counter-revolutionaries.

This system of coercion, ruthless enough under Lenin and Trotsky, became absolute under Stalin, whose paranoid fears, suspicions, and murderous malevolence were signs that the new megamachine still lacked an essential feature that the old one possessed—an awe-inducing religion and a ritual of divine worship that would gain by mass suggestion a total submission and a more abject obedience than terror alone can achieve. As with Hitler, Stalin's methodical madness resulted in the deliberate slaughter on a wholesale scale of the informed groups and classes, of the trained technicians and creative minds, upon which such a complex fabric as a megamachine, even in its primitive state, depends for its existence. For a while, indeed, Stalin, through sheer terrorism, almost succeeded in turning himself into a divine king in the image of Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great. His solemn pronouncements on every subject, from the mechanism of genetic inheritance to the origins of language, were fatuously hailed as the voice of omniscience, and so became the guides to scholars and scientists who had spent their lifetime on research without ever reaching such irrefragable truths. The same tendency later became magnified to the point of gross caricature—if that were possible—in the pronouncements of Mao Tse-tung.

In its extreme Stalinist form, the Russian megamachine betrayed, even before Hitler, the most sinister defects of the ancient megamachine: its reliance upon physical coercion and terrorism, its systematic enslavement of the entire working population, including members of the dictatorial Party; its suppression of free personal intercourse, free travel, free access to the existing store of knowledge, free asso-

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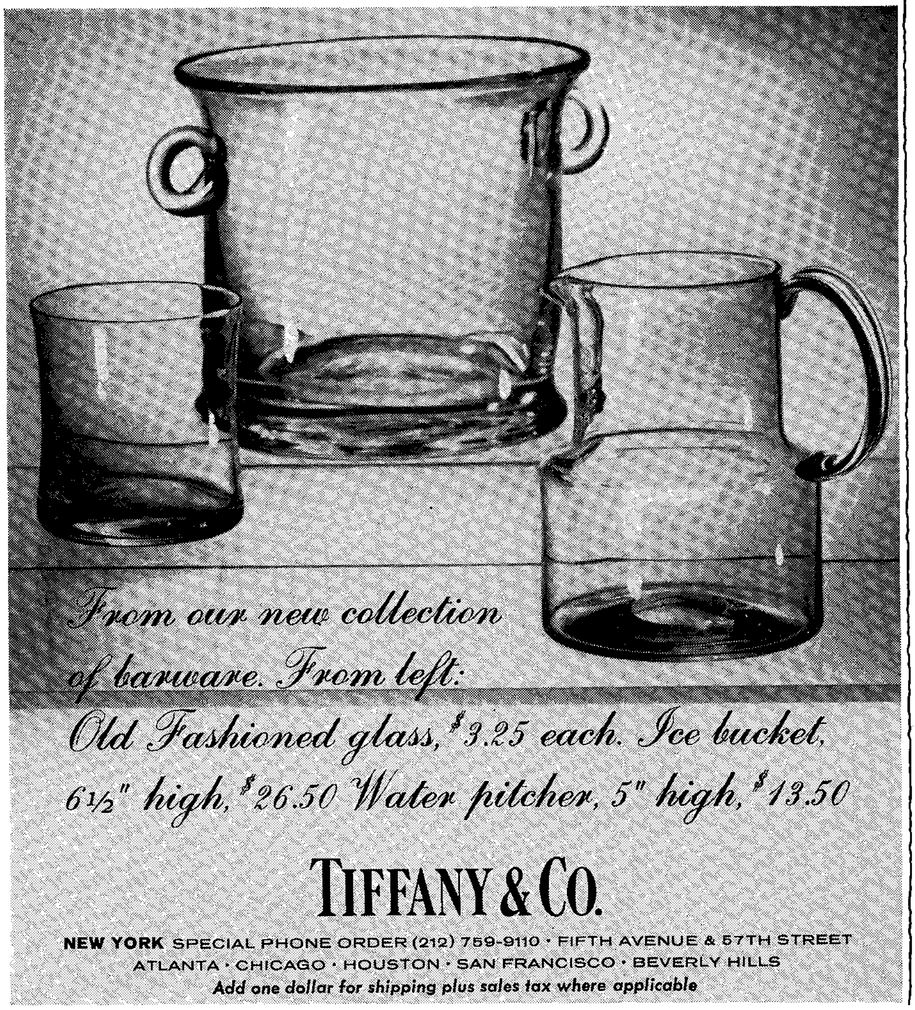

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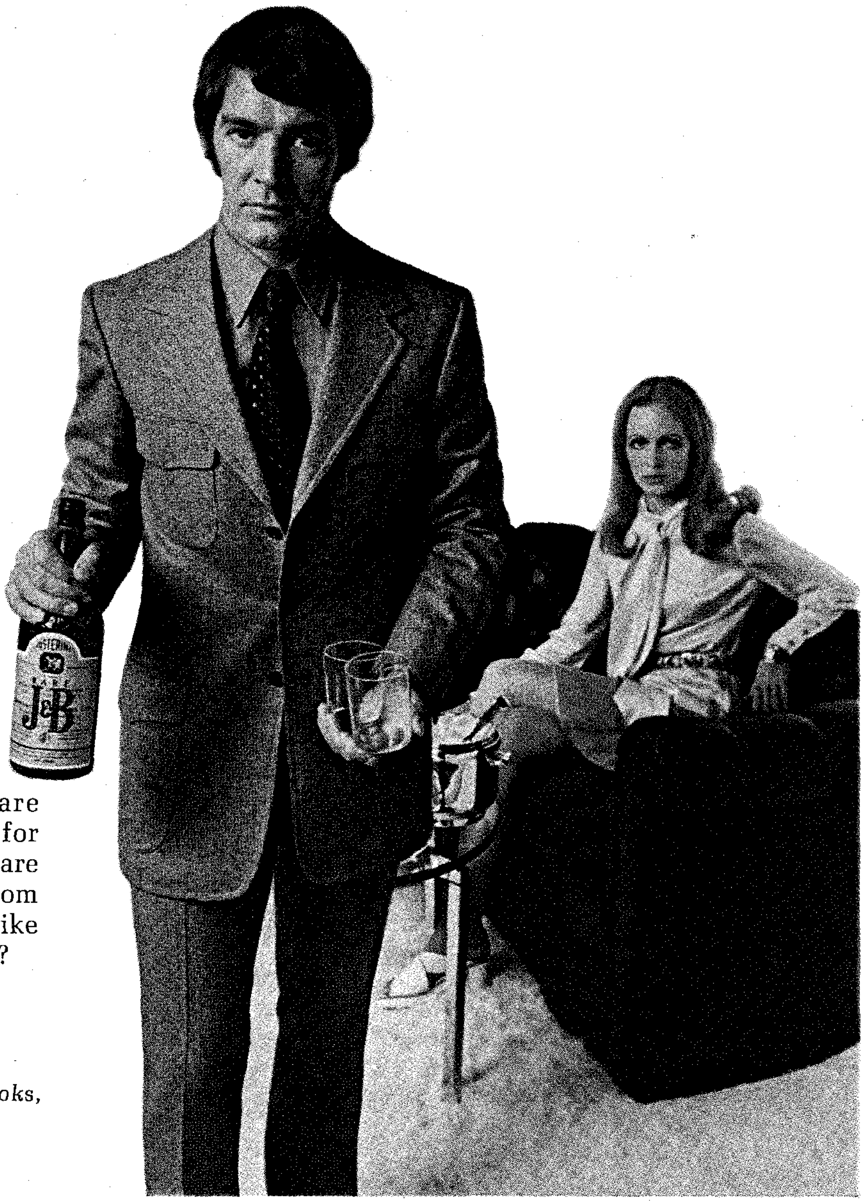

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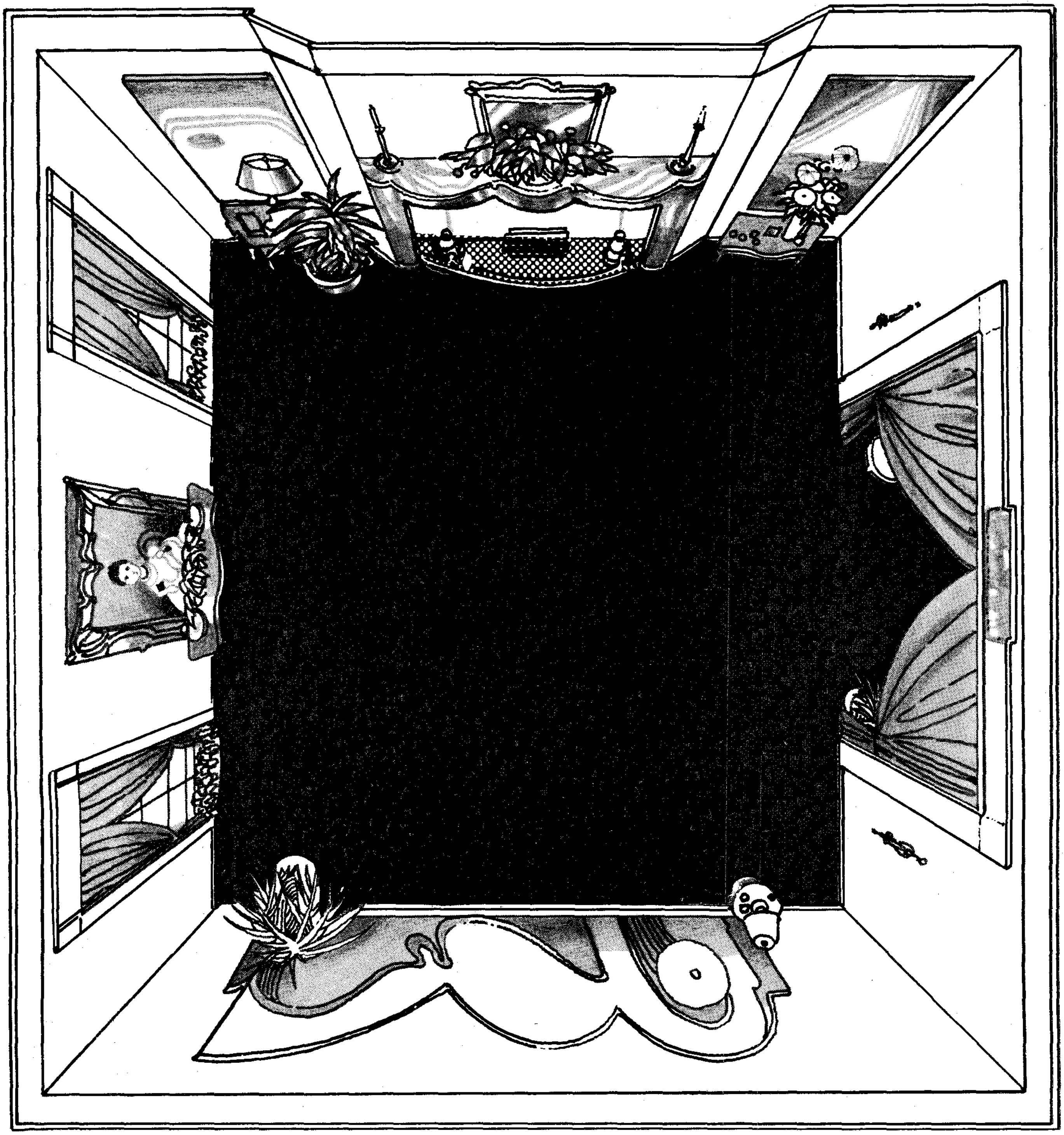

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ciation; and the imposition of human sacrifice to appease the wrath and sustain the life of its blood-drinking god, Stalin. The result was to transform the whole country into a prison—part concentration camp, part extermination laboratory—from which the only hope of escape was death. The "liberty, equality, and fraternity" of the French Revolution had turned, by a further revolution around the same axle, into enslavement, inequality, and alienation. By the time Stalin died, he had rehabilitated and magnified all the most repulsive features of the ancient megamachine, while his surviving scientific and technical collaborators, both voluntarily and under compulsion, had already begun to construct the principal components of the modern megamachine.

As it turned out, Hitler was destined to become, even more effectively than Stalin, the chief agent in the modernization of the megamachine. This is not because he was less psychotic, for delusions of grandeur and fantasies of absolute power are an essential motive power for this peculiar mechanism—as in America in its technically most advanced state. Hitler's model, assembled in a scientifically advanced country, was a base hybrid—partly archaic, on the Assyrian model, and partly improved, on the mechanized but still clumsy early model (Louis XIV-Napoleon), and partly modern, utilizing aspects of the available science, plus the latest behaviorist advertising techniques, to condition the entire population, but adding psychotic components derived from Hitler's own autistic fantasies. Albert Speer, the architect who was finally placed in charge of war production under Hitler, pointed out the singular merits of the Nazi megamachine in a speech at the Nuremberg trials. "Hitler's dictatorship," he noted, "differed in one fundamental point from all its predecessors in history. . . . Through technical devices like the radio and the loudspeaker, eighty million people were deprived of independent thought. . . . Earlier dictators needed highly qualified assistants, even at the lowest level—men who could think and act independently. The totalitarian system in the period of modern technical development can dispense with such men . . . it is possible to mechanize the lower leadership. As a result of this there has arisen the new type of the uncritical recipient of orders." One can take exception to Speer's analysis in only one respect: the uncritical acceptance began at the top, as he himself demonstrated.

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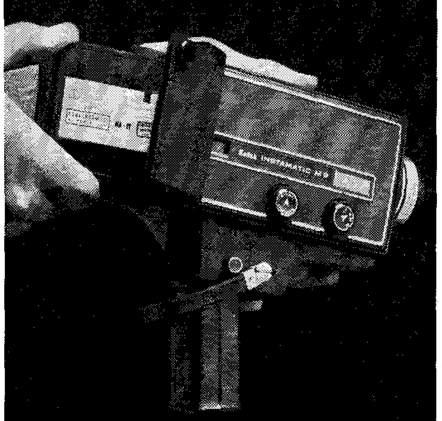

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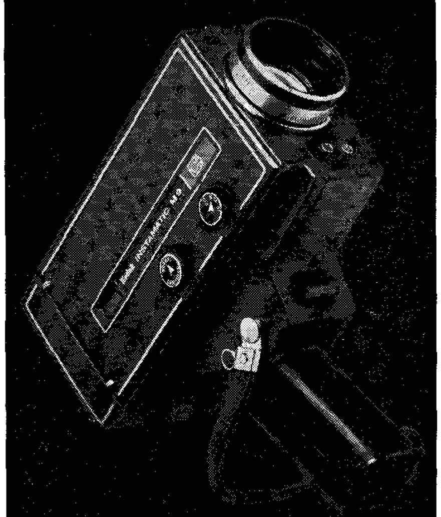

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of human society and extermination as a desirable way of establishing the dominance of their national organization and their ideology over rival systems. The enslavement or extermination of "inferior" groups and nations thus became the appointed duty of those who accepted the doctrine of "Aryan" superiority, and only in the atmosphere of constant war could totalitarian leaders command the absolute obedience and unqualified loyalty necessary for the smooth operation of the megamachine. In conformity with this aberrant thinking, systematic violence, brutality, torture, and sexual corruption were treated as normal, even desirable accompaniments of the "new order." And though all these features were openly present from the beginning, many decent people, in other countries as well, hailed this regime as "the wave of the future," though when one examines either its doctrines or its acts one can find in Nazism only the sewage-laden backwash of the past. The need to establish quickly the permanent supremacy of his megamachine drove Hitler to seek to achieve by war what he could probably have accomplished, with a little patience, by terror and corruption alone, with or without the connivance of Stalin that seemed guaranteed by the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939. Far more effectively than Stalin, Hitler had secured the coöperation of the intellectual classes and the established churches. Without serious opposition, he restored the most virulent forms of racialism and blood-and-soilism by cunningly attaching them to reputable sentiments and genial emotional needs that had been left out of the mechanical world picture and disparaged by the more rational utopian proposals of the previous century. In the subjugation of Austria, the enslavement of Czechoslovakia, the annihilation of Poland, and the conquest of France, Hitler demonstrated his understanding of the ancient malpractices and misuses of the megamachine far better than its positive potentialities. Hitler, like Stalin, had by 1939 come as near to presiding over his people in the role of the divine king as it is possible to do in the present age. He did so not merely with the blessings of the ancient German nobility, the great landlords, and the officer corps, along with the magnates of Essen, Hamburg, and Berlin, but with the faithful support of a considerable part—possibly a major part—of the ecclesiastical and the scientific Establishments.

To insure undeviating uniformity, writers, artists, musicians, psychologists were enrolled in official organizations, and all were obliged to wear the same

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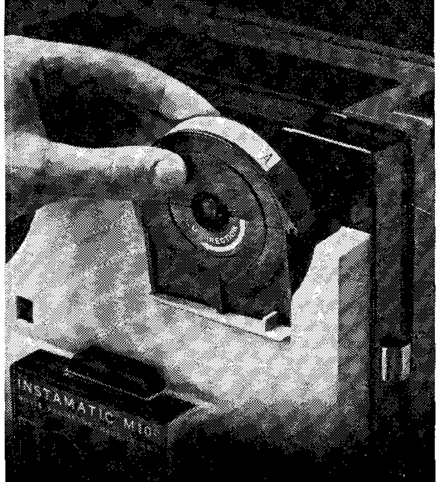

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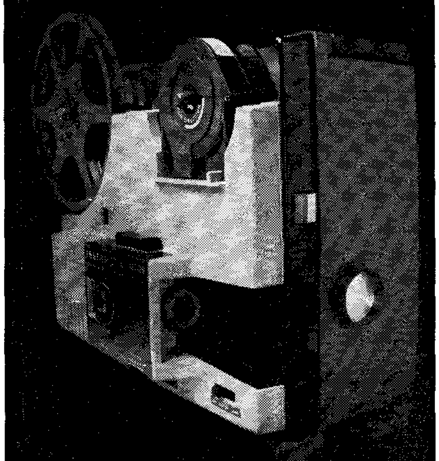

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mental uniform. Similarly, the Nazi cure for unemployment was on the best pharaonic pattern: the regimented labor army. Meanwhile, the military spirit of brutal drill and mindless obedience was carried into the schools and universities, where, as had been proved during the First World War, it had never been entirely absent since the day of Frederick the Great. In short, the Germans not merely enlarged the dimensions of the ancient megamachine but made important innovations in the techniques of mass control—innovations that later corporate megamachines are now perfecting with the aid of spying devices, opinion polls, market research, and computerized dossiers on private lives. In the background, the torture chamber and the crematorium, if not planetary incineration, are ready to complete the job.

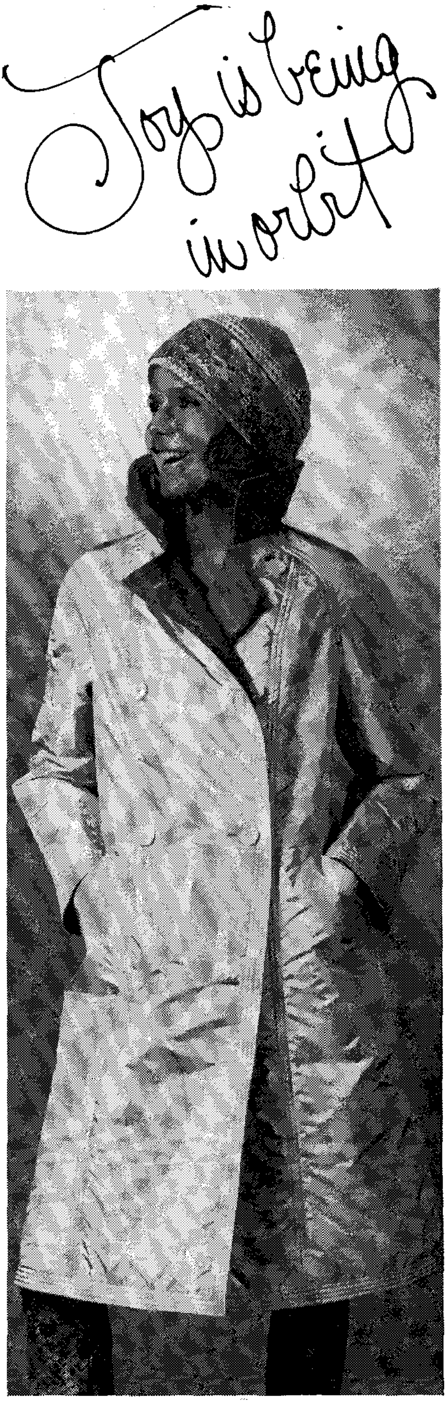
But every totalitarian system brings its own nemesis, to the very degree that the system is self-sealed—incapable of self-criticism and self-correction. With poetic justice, the first victims of the new system were the leaders themselves, whose control was undermined by self-induced phobias, hallucinations, and prefabricated lies that they themselves had come to believe. Witness Stalin's stubbornness in rejecting authentic information about Hitler's approaching attack on Russia—a calamitous misjudgment that caused incredible suffering and military humiliation—and, indeed, almost lost Russia the war. At the end of the conflict, the Nazi megamachine had become the victim of the ideological perversities and emotional aberrations of its leaders; they had wasted on the occupation and greedy exploitation of peripheral countries military forces that could have been concentrated in combat, they had undermined military and industrial effort by exterminating millions of noncombatant Russians and Poles for the mere gratification of their pathological hatred and contempt, and they had further deprived themselves—by starvation, torture, and death—of six million Jews, many of whom, until they faced their incredible fate, had remained patriotic Germans, whose labor might have been used to increase production.

What with all these screaming errors of judgment and miscarriages of military effort, one might think that the Russian and the Nazi megamachines would have passed completely out of existence, more discredited than the one that had flourished in the Pyramid Age. Unfortunately, the errors committed by the Nazis did not prevent them from at first achieving a series of astounding military successes, and these victories brought about a recrudescence of the megamachine in Britain and the United States. By the curious dialectic of history, Hitler's enlargement and refurbishment of the Nazi megamachine gave rise to the conditions for creating the counter-instruments that would conquer it and temporarily wreck it. Far, then, from being utterly discredited by the colossal errors of its ruling élite, the megamachine was rebuilt by the Western Allies on advanced scientific lines, with its defective human parts replaced by mechanical and electronic and chemical substitutes, and—eventually—coupled to the source of power that has made all other modes of power production as obsolete as Bronze Age missiles. Thus, in the very act of dying, the Nazis transmitted the germs of their disease to their American opponents—not only the methods of compulsive organization and physical destruction but the moral corruption that made it feasible to employ these methods without stirring effective opposition.

THE NUCLEAR COALITION

To effect the implosion of ideas and forces that finally produced the atomic reactor and the atom bomb, more than three centuries of preparation had been needed. But even so no proposal of this magnitude could have been broached with sufficient authority to overcome the peacetime inertia of "business as usual" had there not been a direct military challenge from the refashioned megamachine: the vivid possibility that German physicists would soon place within Hitler's hands an "absolute" weapon, by means of which he might blackmail all other nations into submission. Such a threat of world-wide domination by the totalitarian Axis—Germany, Italy, Japan, and (prior to June, 1941) Russia—brought about a similar concentration of physical power on the part of the "democracies," even before the United States had been dragged into war by its enemies. At that time, it was plain—though the memory of this reality has unfortunately faded—that no compromise with the victory-intoxicated Axis, still less any mode of passive or non-violent resistance, such as that practiced by the natives against the British government in India, could halt their accelerating program of enslavement and extermination. If proof were still needed, the fate of the Jews and several national groups under the Nazis—a total of some twenty million massacred—supplied it.

Once the 1939 war enveloped the planet, the necessary components of the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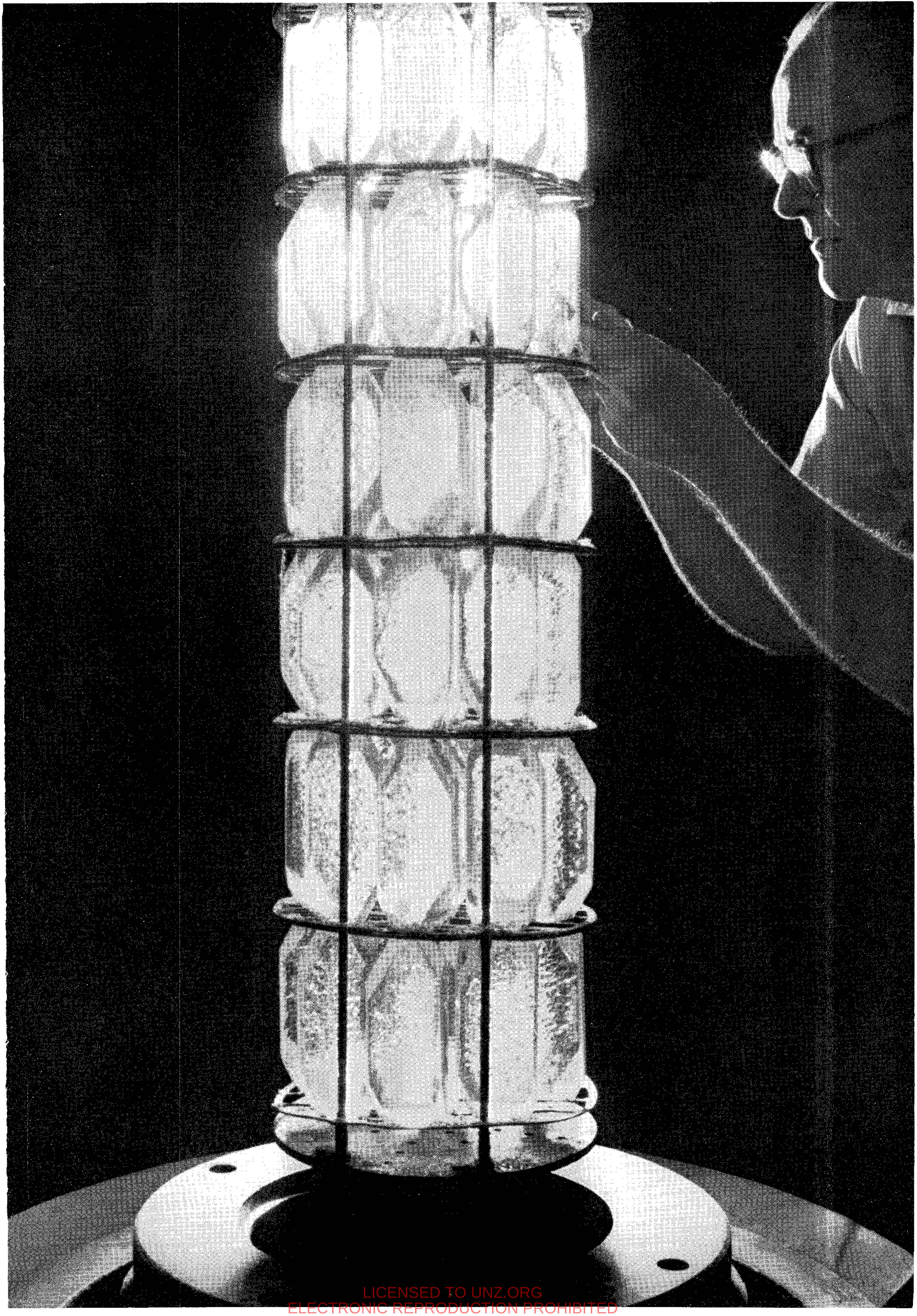

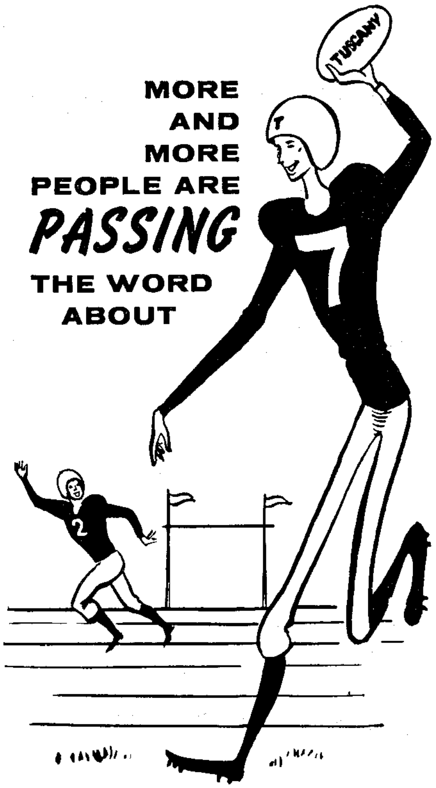

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megamachine were not merely enlarged in scope but brought into close coördination and coöperation, and in every country involved they functioned increasingly as a single unit. Every part of the daily routine was placed directly or indirectly under governmental control—food rationing, fuel rationing, clothes production, building—in accordance with the regulations laid down by the central agency; the system of conscription applied in effect not only to the armed forces but to the entire country. Industry at first moved reluctantly into this new orbit. The growth of cartels, trusts, and monopolies during the previous century had, however, equipped these organizations for collaboration under government control, and they were lured, naturally, by a huge financial incentive for accepting such integration; namely, costs plus a large guaranteed profit. This insured both maximum productive and maximum financial return. As the war progressed, this megatechnic assemblage functioned more and more effectively—despite corporate jealousies and local antagonisms—as a single unit.

One more component was needed to effect the transition to the new megamachine: an absolute ruler. As it happened, the President of the United States had been equipped with emergency wartime powers anticipated by the American Constitution, in direct imitation of Roman precedent. Under wartime conditions, the President had unlimited authority to take whatever steps were necessary to safeguard the nation; no absolute monarch could have exercised greater power. The mere threat that Hitler might possess a superweapon enabled President Roosevelt, with the budgetary consent of Congress, to draft the manpower and brainpower that resulted in the invention of the nuclear reactor and the atom bomb. To produce this result, the classic components of the ancient megamachine were made over on a pattern that took full advantage of megatechnic organization and scientific research. No smaller concentration of the power complex could have produced the transformation of the military-industrial-scientific Establishment. Out of this union, between 1940 and 1961, the modern megamachine, commanding absolute powers of destruction, emerged.

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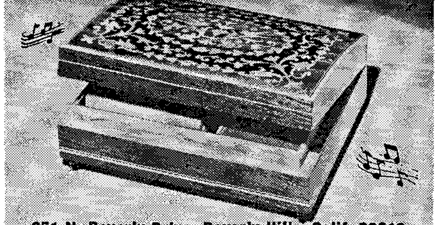

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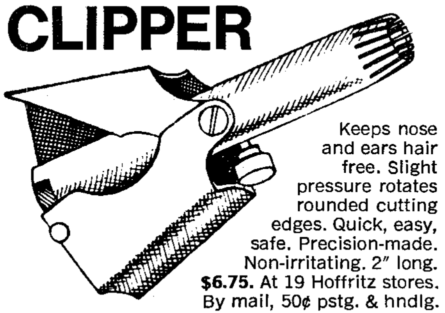

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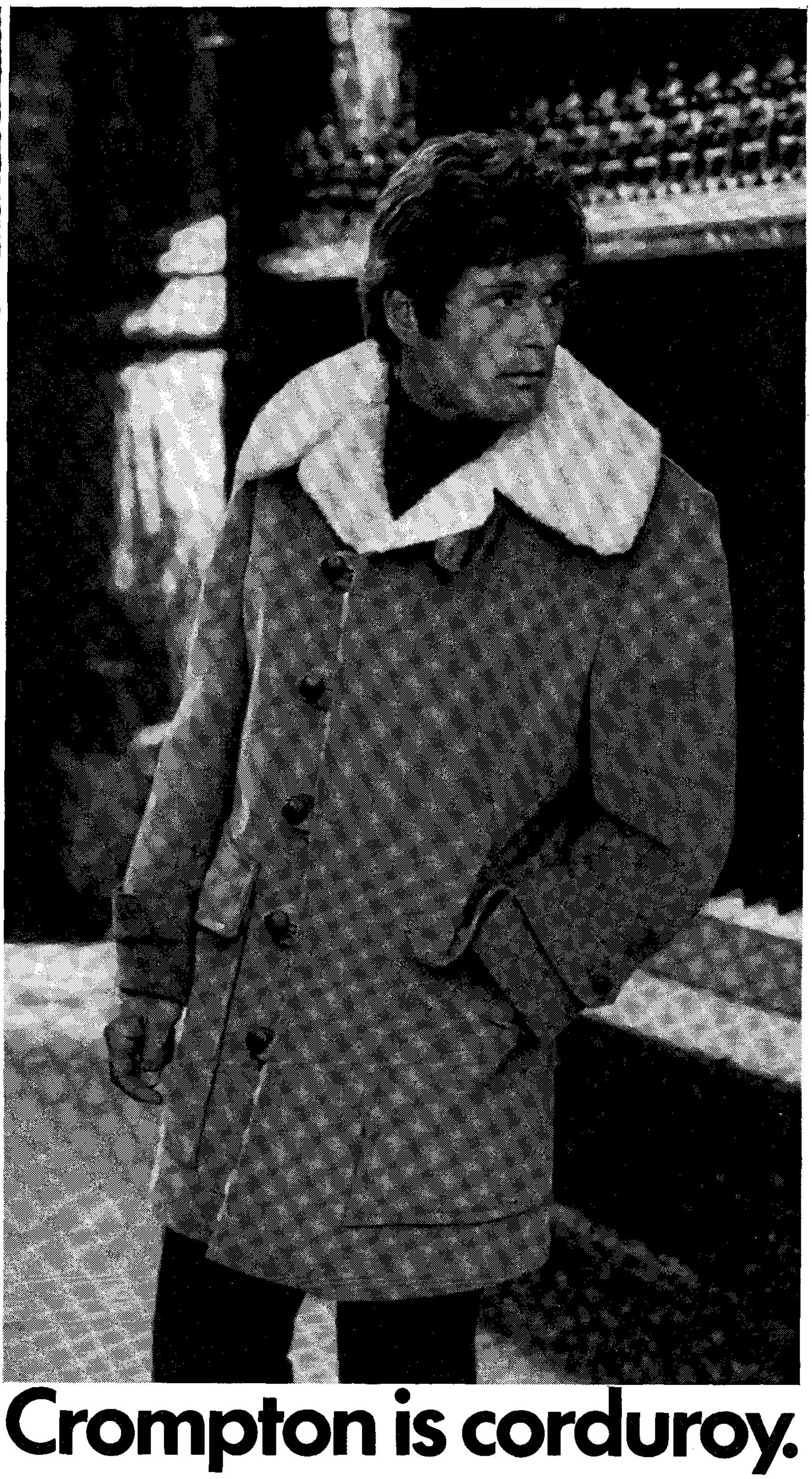
American soldier who devised a simple method of cutting down the hedgerows of Normandy that had obstructed the deployment of American tanks, there were now vast numbers of exponents of the new technology at work on radar and sonar, on jet planes and rockets—and, above all, on the atom bomb. Only under the intense pressures of war could such a coalition of forces have taken place. The production of the atom bomb was essential to the new megamachine, little though anyone at the time had that larger objective in mind. For it was the success of this project that gave the scientists a central place in the new power complex and resulted eventually in the invention of many other instruments that have rounded out and universalized the system of control established to meet only the exigencies of war. Overnight, the civilian and military leaders of the United States were endowed with powers that thitherto had been claimed only by Bronze Age gods—powers that had never been exercised by any merely human ruler. Thereafter, the irreplaceable scientist-technician stood highest in the new hierarchy of power, and every part of the megamachine was made over in consonance with the peculiarly limited type of knowledge, deliberately sterilized of other human values and purposes, that its refined mathematical analysis and exact methods had been designed to further.

In view of the cataclysmic changes that followed, it is significant that the initiative in bringing about the release of nuclear energy, the major event in the recrudescence of the megamachine in modern form, was taken not by the central government but by a small group of physicists. No less significant is the fact that these advocates of nuclear power were themselves unusually humane and morally sensitive people—notably Albert Einstein, Enrico Fermi, Leo Szilard, Harold Urey. These were the last scientists one would accuse of seeking to establish a new priesthood capable of assuming autocratic authority and wielding satanic power. Those unpleasant characteristics, which have become all too evident in later collaborators and in their successors, were derived from the new instruments commanded by the megamachine and the dehumanized concepts that were rapidly incorporated in its whole program. As for the initiators of the atom bomb, their innocence concealed from them, at least in the beginning stages, the dreadful ultimate consequences of their effort.

The physicists who were alert to the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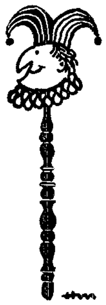
immediate threat that the splitting of the atom held if this knowledge were in the hands of a totalitarian dictator came to unsound political and military conclusions, against whose hasty application their scientific training had given them no adequate safeguards. Fearful that the Nazis would gain an overwhelming advantage by manufacturing an atom bomb first, Einstein and his associates, without taking the prudent precaution of canvassing possible alternatives, placed before the Chief Executive the case for the United States' developing such a weapon. Their fears were well grounded, their alertness was admirable. Had they, in their corporate capacity, taken heed of warnings sounded a generation earlier, they might have addressed themselves in time to the critical underlying problem: how to mobilize the intelligence of mankind to prevent such potentially catastrophic energy from being prematurely released. Unhappily, their training had conditioned them to the idea that the continued increase of scientific knowledge, and its speediest possible translation into practice, without regard to social consequences, was nothing less than a categorical imperative.

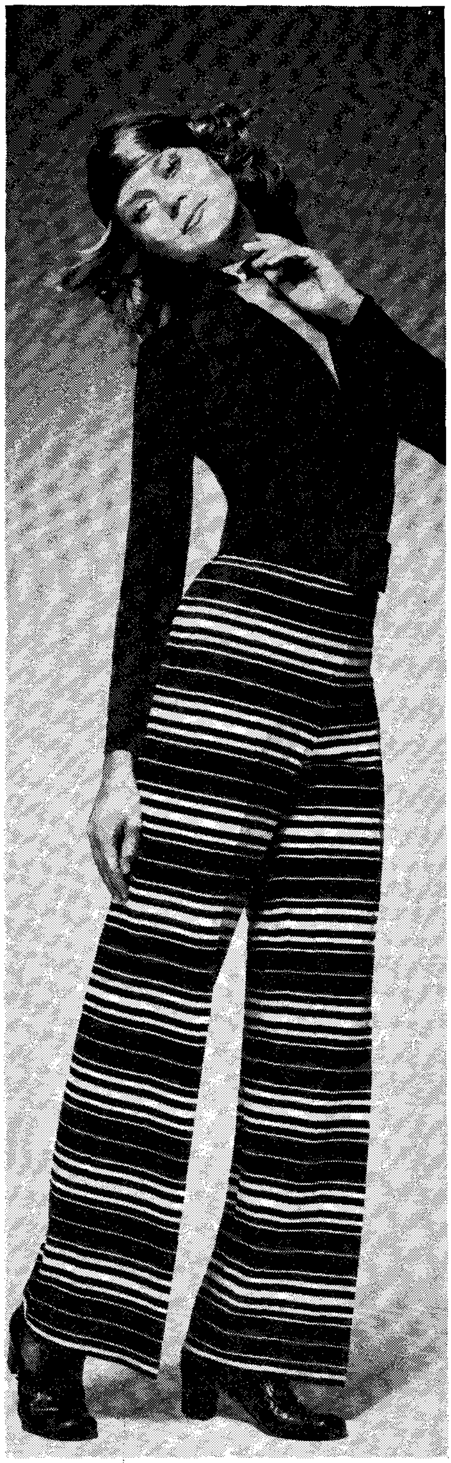
While a concerned contemporary can understand the initiative taken by Einstein and ratified by President Roosevelt—quite possibly the present critic would under the same circumstances have made the same tragic mistake—it is now plain that this proposal was made within a far too limited historical context. It was a short-term decision to effect an immediately desired result, even though the consequences might undermine mankind's future. To propose creating a weapon of "cosmic violence" without at the same time requiring, as a condition for their scientific aid, the coördinate moral and political safety measures shows how unused these scientists were to considering the practical consequences of their vocational commitments. But preparations for the misuse of power preceded the explosion of the first atom bomb. Well before it was tested, the American Air Forces had adopted the thitherto "unthinkable" practice of the indiscriminate extermination bombing of civilian populations; this paralleled, except for the distance of the destroyers from the victims, the practices employed by Hitler's sub-men in extermination camps like Buchenwald and Auschwitz. Using napalm bombs, the American Air Forces had roasted alive eighty-four thousand civilians in Tokyo in a single night. Thus the descent to total demoralization and extermination was neatly plotted well before the supposedly "ultimate" weapon, the atom bomb, was invented.

Once the plan to make the bomb was sanctioned, the scientists who gave themselves to this project were trapped by their own erroneous ideological premises into accepting its military use. Their error could not easily be repaired, no matter how their consciences might pain them or how strenuous the efforts of their more sensitive and intelligent leaders to awaken mankind to its plight. For something worse than the invention of a deadly weapon had taken place. The act of making the bomb had hastened the assemblage and completion of the new megamachine, and to keep that megamachine in effective operation once the immediate military emergency was over, a permanent state of war became necessary.



Only two modern examples of the military megamachine came into existence in the first twenty years after the dropping of the bomb—the United States and Russia—but they present the prospect (because of their dynamic expansion, their insensate rivalry, their psychotic compulsiveness) of drawing into their orbits every other national unit. In the end, these two systems must either destroy each other or coalesce with similar megamachines on a planetary basis. All this might have happened anyway, one must grant, as long as science and megatechnics continued on the converging paths they had taken in the nineteenth century, even without the stimulus of war and the invention of the atom bomb. But it would probably have required more than a century to get to the point these megamachines reached in less than a decade. The medium of war was an ideal broth in which every kind of lethal organism could multiply. Once again, as in the original implosion of "civilization," political and technological factors had, by expanding energy and human capability, unleashed forces of destruction that counterbalanced those of construction and fostered a collective irrationality that counteracted the marvellous positive gains in rational intelligence. And once again I must ask: Is this association of inordinate power and productivity with equally inordinate violence and destruction a purely accidental one?

The parallels between the Pyramid Age achievements and those of the Nuclear Age force themselves upon one, however reluctant one may be to admit them. Once more, a divine king,



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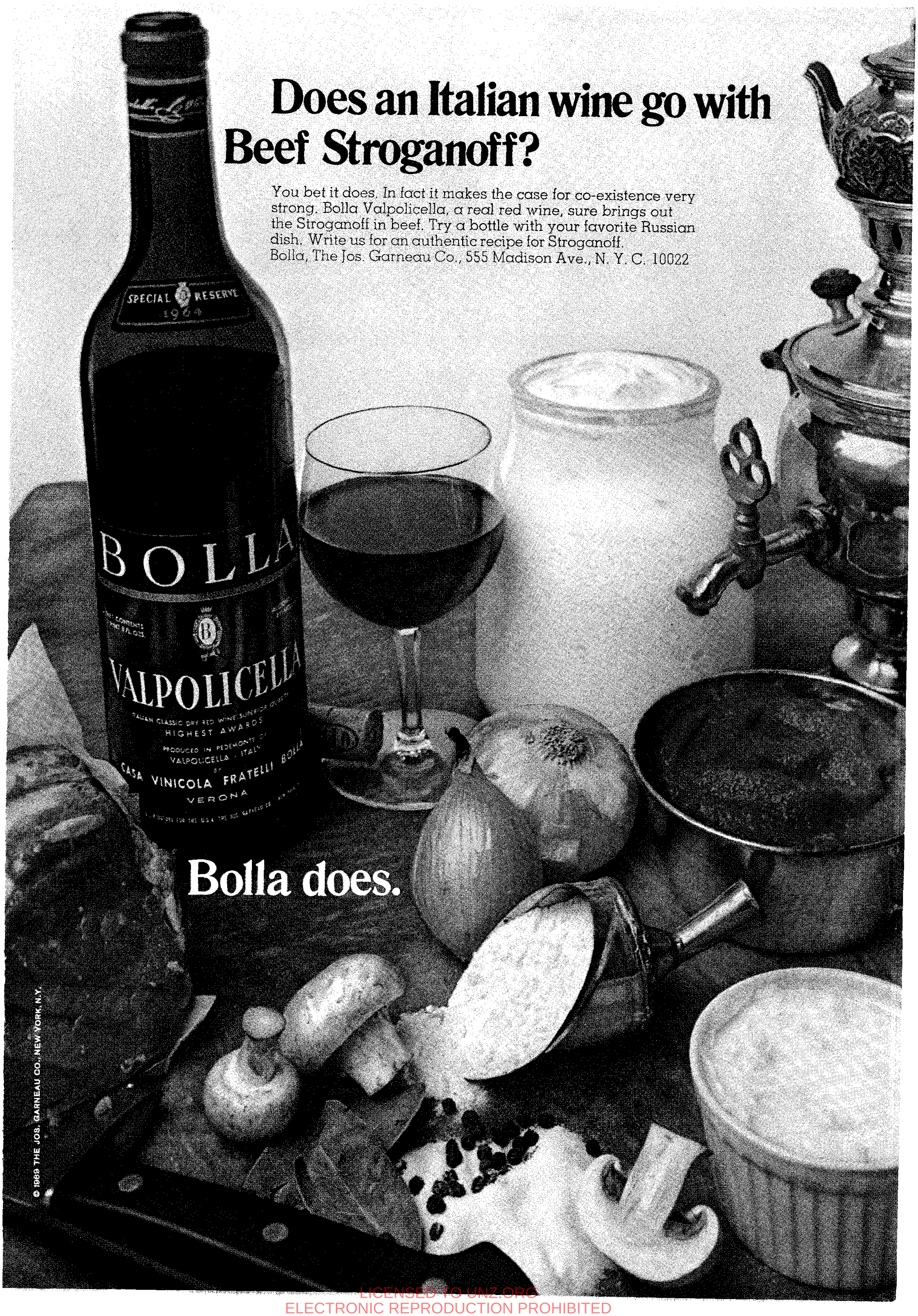

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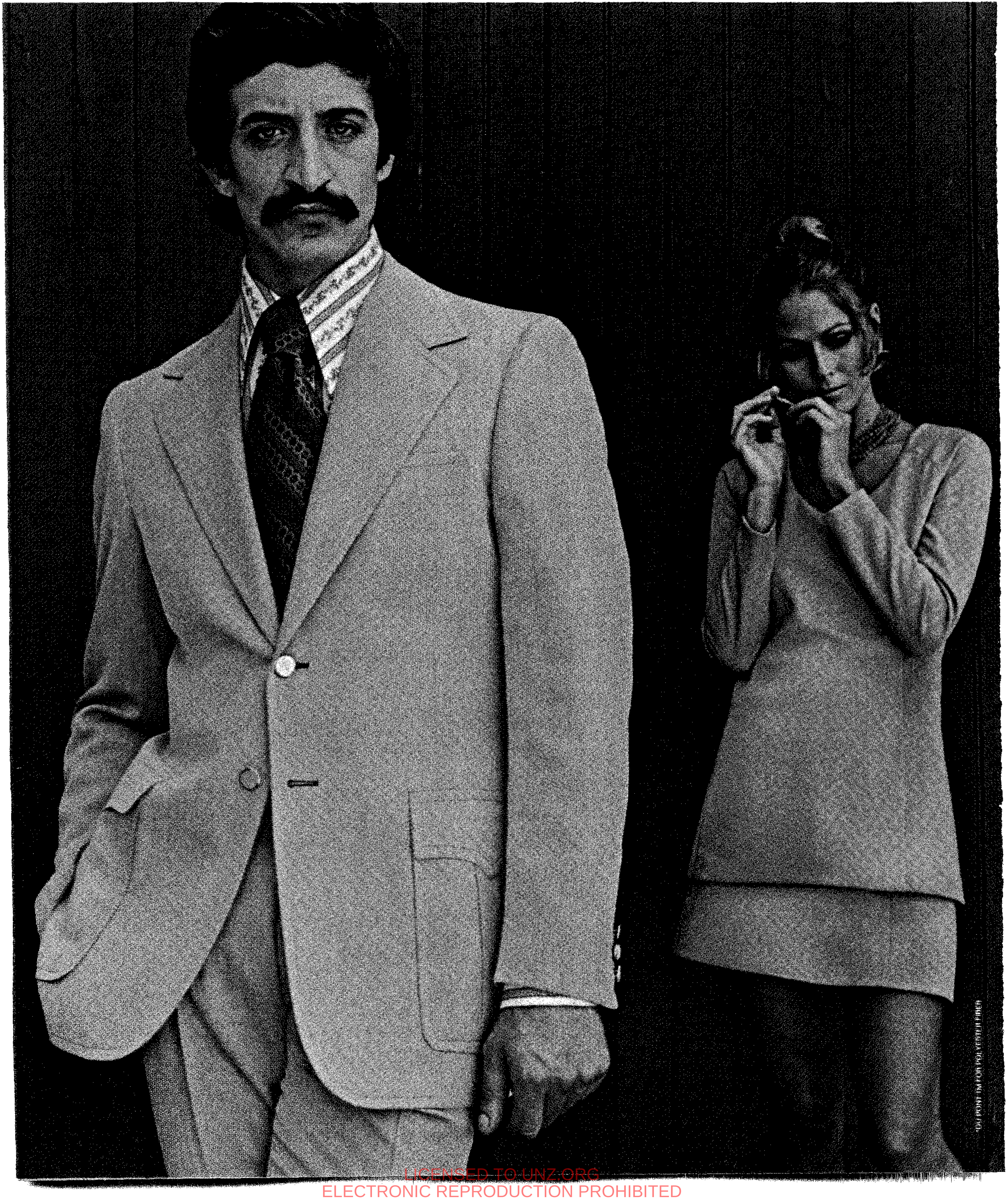

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embodying all the powers and prerogatives of the whole community, supported by a revered priesthood and a universal religion, positive science, began the assemblage of the megamachine in a technologically more adequate and impressive form. If one omits the part played by the king (wartime American President), by the priesthood (secret enclave of scientists), by the vast enlargement of the bureaucracy, the military forces, and the industrial Establishment, one will have no realistic conception of what took place. Only in terms of the Pyramid Age do all the seemingly dispersed and accidental events become coalesced into an orderly constellation. The construction of the modern totalitarian megamachine, fortified by the invention of mechanical and electronic agents that could not be fully utilized until this construction had taken place, proved to be Hitler's most sinister—if, in this instance, wholly unintended—contribution to the enslavement of mankind.

Thus, one of the supreme feats in modern man's understanding of the ultimate constituents of the "physical universe"—a feat that culminated in his unlocking of the very energies that the Sun God commands—came about under the pressure of a genocidal war and the threat of wholesale annihilation: a condition that paralyzed all life-conserving and life-promoting efforts. The continuation of that state of affairs, with the deepening and widening of the crisis in the ensuing Cold War, has greatly increased the malign possibilities that we face.

IN the act of inventing the atom bomb, the essential human components of the new megamachine were not merely brought together but given critical roles, and not by accident the generalissimo was Robert Oppenheimer, a physicist. This novel conjuncture gave the participants powers that, separately, they had never had either the incentive or the opportunity to exercise. While their liberties as men and citizens were curtailed by the need for maintaining military secrecy, their scope and authority as specialists were immensely increased. For the first time, scientists were able, with the government's support—indeed, at its urgent invitation—to draw virtually unlimited funds for their apparatus, and probably never before had such a large number of qualified practitioners been assigned to a single task. Only a populous state with huge material resources and an almost boundless capacity for commanding taxes and human services could have promoted such a collective

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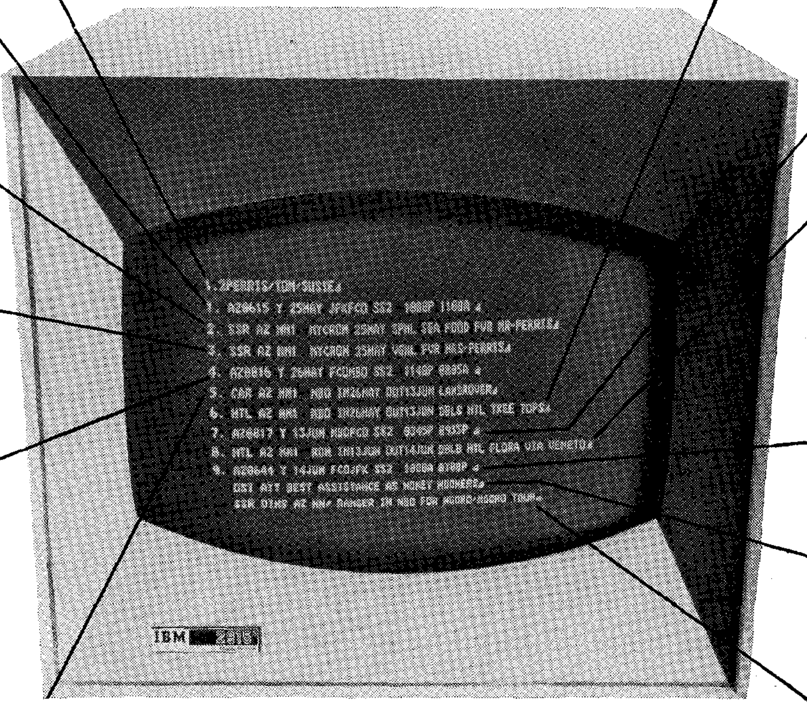
effort. Thus sovereign power of pharaonic dimensions was secretly reëstablished at the heart of a constitutional government of limited powers and supposedly under constant public surveillance and control.

At the same time, never before had scientists been compelled to work under conditions so unfavorable to free intellectual intercourse. They were prevented not merely from communicating with the outside world but even from speaking freely about their several tasks among themselves. Though such precautions had the wartime justification of military secrecy, secrecy itself became valued as a badge of authority and a method of enforcing control. This practice was pushed to such a point that Professor Harold Urey, whose research had contributed the essential element of heavy water, was not permitted to observe the methods the du Pont Company used to produce such water. Now, the secret of every totalitarian system is secrecy itself. The key to exercising arbitrary power is to restrict the communication of individuals and groups by subdividing information so that only a small portion of the whole truth will be known to any single person. This is an old trick of political conspirators, and it passed on from the core agency of the atomic research, the Manhattan Project, to every part of the militarized national Establishment, and, ironically, even those at the top of the hierarchy lacked sufficient information or intelligence to put all the pieces together. The difficulty of sealing in such knowledge might have been greater if each department of science had not already become, in effect, a secret agency in its own right. The sciences are now so specialized in their vocabulary, so esoteric in their concepts, so refined in their techniques, and so limited in their capacity to communicate new knowledge to non-specialists even in closely related fields that non-communication has become almost an emblem of vocational superiority among scientists. "When the members of my department meet once a week at the luncheon table," a physicist told me, "we never talk about our own work. It has become too private for words. We take refuge in gossip about the latest car models or motorboats."

The success of the Manhattan Project in the face of such limitations probably indicates that the ability to bring together in close working coöperation such a diversity of theoretical and practical talents more than outweighed the unfavorable conditions of intellectual isolation and non-communication. The fact that the physicists, chemists, and mathematicians whose brilliant work made nuclear fission realizable were an international team, drawn from every "advanced" country, revealed the latent potentialities for worldwide coöperation that Baconian scientific exploration, plus neotechnics, had brought into existence. The drawing together of the Hungarians (Szilard, Teller, and Wigner), the Dane (Bohr), the Italian (Fermi), the Americans (Oppenheimer and Urey) gave the "American" team an advantage that the Germans, who relied upon the superiority of their self-isolated "Aryan" culture, lacked. The group that speeded the development of the atom bomb was, accordingly, in some ways a model for any higher kind of organization, which, if liberated from wartime secrecy, would seek to transcend the megamachine's limitations; it was the pattern, indeed, for a still unborn United Nations organization that could be assembled to provide the maximum interchange of knowledge or of energy, and, eventually, to exercise moralized control over the demoralized, premature applications of scientific knowledge. This open secret of international coöperation and free intellectual interchange held far more promise for mankind's future than all the esoteric data locked in classified, top-secret files or cautiously published in scientific journals.

Yet to achieve such an integration of specialized knowledge, something more than a desire for "interdisciplinary coöperation" was necessary—nothing less than a transformation of the "classic" scientific *Weltanschauung*, which imputed objectivity only to measurable data and repeatable experiments and denied the constant interplay between the world of nature and the world of human culture as they come to a focus in a human personality. The penalty for producing nuclear bombs sufficient to destroy the human race was that it put those genocidal and suicidal weapons in the hands of demonstrably fallible human beings, whose astounding scientific achievements blinded their contemporaries to the human limitations of the culture that had produced them. Power of this magnitude had never been in human hands before—even in fantasy. But power on even a comparatively minute scale has all through history notoriously produced distortions and aberrations in the human personality, and the observed results of such power in inflat-



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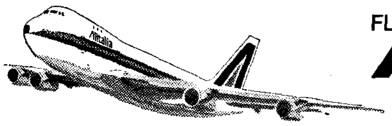

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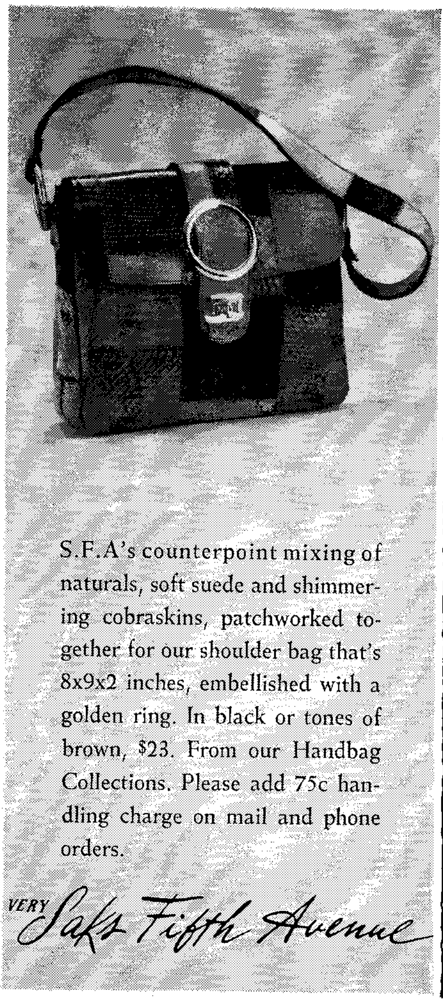

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ing pride had made Christian theology, with acute perception, treat pride as the gravest of sins—the sin that caused Lucifer to be cast down from Heaven. Within the ruling groups of the United States and Russia, inflamed by the possession of "absolute" weapons, ideological aberrations soon hardened into "fixed ideas." These "ideas" fomented pathological suspicion and relentless hostility similar to what was recorded on the walls of the tomb of Seti—a text dating from the fourteenth to the twelfth century B.C. but, according to John Wilson, showing signs of a much older original. In this text, the Sun God fancies that mankind is secretly plotting against him, and in return he plots the destruction of mankind.

Almost from the beginning, the military wielders of nuclear weapons strutted, boasted, threatened, and exterminated in the manner of Bronze Age gods, and their official soothsayers and fortune-tellers, their predictions reinforced later on by the greatly magnified destructiveness of the hydrogen bomb, confirmed their plans and confidently announced imminent crises and "showdowns." Despite their provocative efforts, these predictions have proved no more accurate than those of their archaic prototypes, though their very nature may eventually bring on the calamity for which they zealously make ready. The pathological reactions of these madmen, studiously nurtured by "research" organizations in officially patronized "think tanks," have magnified all the destructive potentialities of thermonuclear weapons and led to the gratuitous secret experiments with equally hideous bacterial and chemical weapons, even less controllable once they are released.

Lord Acton's famous dictum about power has been repeated too often to retain its original force, but it is still significant. In our age, corruption by power has sprung alike from the nature of the nuclear weapons themselves, from the agencies that have promoted them, and from the general demoralization brought on by the archaic military megamachines and universalized by the "democratic" governments that blindly copied their methods. Though the Second World War was formally halted by the Axis surrender in 1945, the megamachine that had evolved by the end of it did not surrender its absolute weapons or the scheme for universal domination by threat of total destruction that had given the coalition of scientific and military agencies such inordinate power. Far from it. Though the older organs of industry and government nominally resumed their di-

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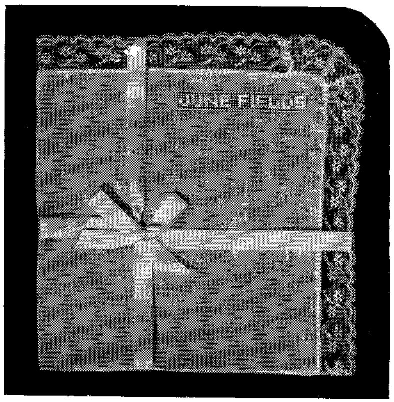

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verse activities, the military “élite” fortified themselves in an inner citadel—so beautifully symbolized by the architecturally archaic Pentagon—cut off from inspection and control by the rest of the community. With the consent of the Congress, they extended their tentacles throughout the industrial and the academic worlds by way of fat subsidies for “research and development”—that is, for weapons expansion—that made these once independent institutions willing accomplices in the whole totalitarian process.

Thus the area of this citadel has widened steadily, and the walls around it have grown thicker and less penetrable. By the simple expedient of creating new emergencies, fomenting new fears, visualizing new enemies, and magnifying, through free use of fantasy, the evil intentions of “the enemy,” the megamachines of the United States and Russia, instead of being dismantled as a regrettable temporary wartime necessity, were elevated into permanent institutions in what has now become a permanent war—the so-called Cold War. As it has turned out, this form of war, with its ever-expanding demands for scientific ingenuity and technological innovations, has been up to now the most effective device for keeping the overproductive technology in full operation.

In the course of this development, the two dominant megamachines exchanged characteristics. The Russian machine departed from the obsolete original model by relying ever more heavily on its scientific and technological arm, while the American machine took over the most regressive features of the czarist-Stalinist system, vastly augmenting both its military force and its agents of centralized control: the Atomic Energy Commission, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Central Intelligence Agency, the National Security Agency—all secret organizations whose methods and policies have never been openly discussed or effectively challenged, still less curtailed by the national legislative authority. So well established are these agents that they dare to flout and disobey the authority of both the President and the Congress.

This enlarged Establishment has been as immune to public criticism, correction, and control as any dynastic Establishment of the Pyramid Age. And though, like every other machine, this contemporary megamachine is an agent for performing work, the work that has occupied the huge scientific and technical staff it has assembled, in both the United States and Russia—

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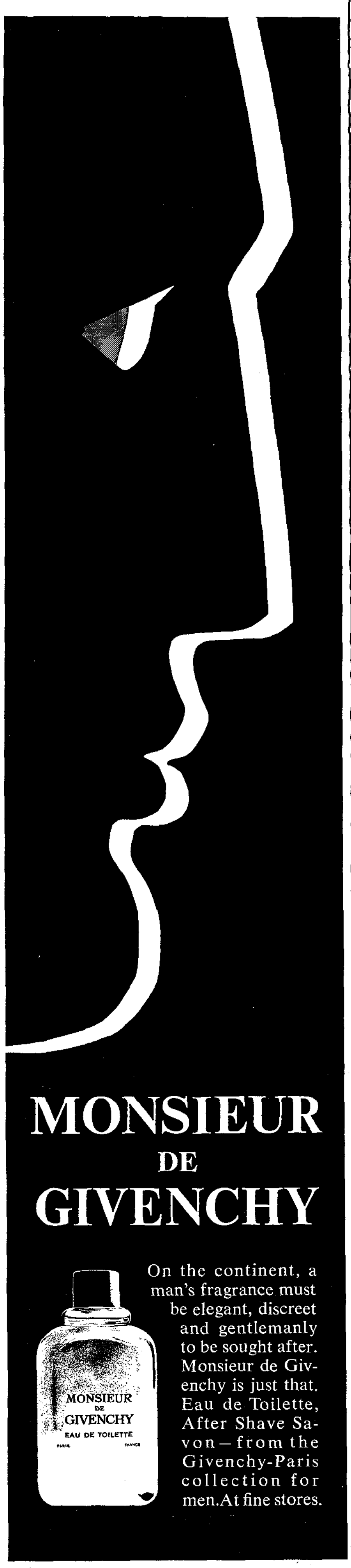

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the work that supposedly justifies its existence and lightens the heavy sacrifices it calls for—is no less than an elaboration of the mechanism of total destruction. The only question the megamachine leaves open is whether this destruction shall be swift or slow; the negative goal is incorporated in the basic ideological assumptions that govern the system. The generation that has permitted the new megamachine to be installed as a permanent feature of national existence has been reluctant to confront the evidence of this radical miscarriage of human purpose. This generation accepted the goal of total extermination as a mere extension of war without perceiving that the prospective increase of quantity was a far more frightful aberration than war itself. Paralyzed like a monkey in the coils of a python, the immediate post-Hiroshima generation, unable to utter a rational sound, shut its eyes and waited for the end.

Until then, human violence had been limited by the meagre physical resources at the disposal of governments. Insofar as earlier megamachines were forced to rely upon manpower to exercise control, they were kept to the human scale, and were, what is more, open both to attack from without and to corruption from within. But the new megamachine knows no such limitations. It can command obedience and exert control through a vast battery of efficient machines and with fewer human intermediaries than ever before. To a degree hitherto impossible, the megamachine wears the magic cloak of invisibility; even its human servitors are protected by their remoteness from the human target they incinerate or obliterate. This high degree of dehumanization increases the lethal automatism of the megamachine. Those who plan its strategic objectives contemplate the extermination of a hundred million human beings in a single day with less aversion than they would the killing of a few hundred bedbugs. For them, the sacrifice of an equivalent number of their own countrymen has become equally "acceptable," once the "balance of terror" fails. In plain words, the religion of the megamachine demands wholesale human sacrifice to restore the missing dimension of life. Thus the cult of the Sun God turns out, in its final scientific celebration, to be no less savage and irrational than the cult of the Aztecs, though infinitely more deadly. After all, the Aztec priests disembowelled their victims by hand, one by one, and human nausea at this spectacle was so great that the priests were compelled to insure themselves against unfavorable reactions by threatening a similar fate to those who even turned their eyes away. The priests of the Pentagon and the Kremlin have no need for such threats; in their underground control centers, they can do their job more neatly merely by pressing a button. Untouchable, unchallengeable, inviolable. Such are these new controllers of human destiny.

TOTALITARIAN SCIENCE

AMONG the first of the many casualties already produced by the megamachine was the honor of the scientific guild that had helped to bring it into existence. For the scientists' success as members of this growing totalitarian Establishment threatened the loss of their most conspicuous virtue—the disinterested pursuit of knowledge, experimentally verifiable, sharable by their peers, accessible to public inspection, testing, and correction. No one could serve the new megamachine and hold to the scientific ideal of uncensored, unimpeded thought, for total secrecy, necessitated by war, became a permanent feature of the "peacetime" (Cold War) regime. In return for this loss of independence and disinterestedness, the new priesthood has exercised an authority it had never before dreamed of exercising. And it has buttressed its new position by regarding as beyond challenge the crass assumptions on which the Cold War was based. Those who rejected the megamachine's absolutism—notably, many of the original scientists on the nuclear-bomb project—withdrew from active atomic research. They had been raised in an atmosphere of relative intellectual freedom and moral choice, so once they were awakened to the fact that, as Henry Adams had predicted, morality had become police, they threw their energies into criticizing and resisting the megamachine. Einstein, Szilard, and Wiener, to mention only the dead, conspicuously belonged to this honorable company. But neither the United States nor Russia had any difficulty in enlisting less enlightened—or less morally sensitive—minds, particularly among a new generation that had been studiously bred to indifference to both moral values and autonomous activity. To their shame, the subservient scientists of both countries accepted the megamachine on the same terms, for the same unspeakable purposes. This new generation disappeared from the open world of traditional science; it withdrew into an underworld of secret activities instigated by the military forces. This was the new "élite," a contemporary name for the old priest-

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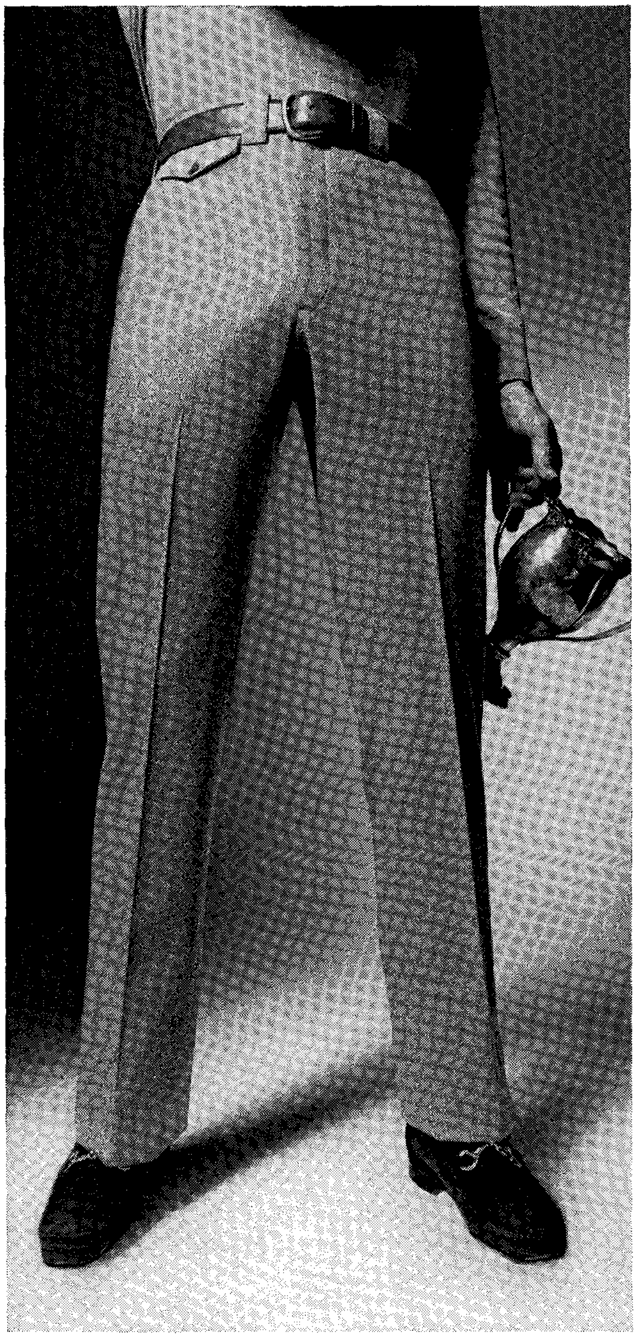

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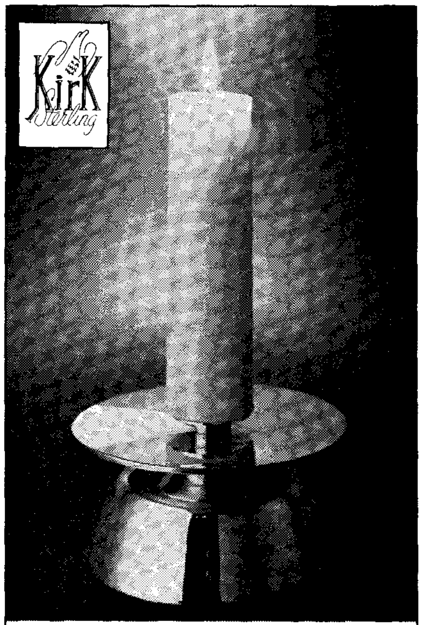

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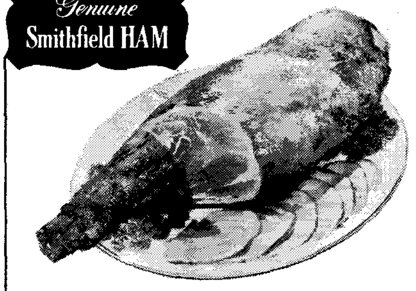

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hood—masters of the secret knowledge of the temple, willing servants of the pharaoh and sharers of his power. In return for unlimited funds for apparatus and assistants, and a privileged status, with large salaries and perquisites, this new generation surrendered its scientific birthright—the unrestricted pursuit of knowledge.

Less than a decade after the explosion of the first atom bomb, the megamachine had so expanded that it began to dominate key areas of the whole economy of the United States. Its system of control reached beyond the airfields, the rocket sites, the bomb factories, the universities to a hundred related areas, tying the once separate and independent enterprises to a central organization whose irrational and humanly subversive policies insured still further expansion of the megamachine. Financial subventions, research grants, educational subsidies all worked unceasingly for the new rulers, headed by Goliaths in brass armor bellowing threats of defiance and destruction at the entire world. In a short time, the original military-industrial-scientific élite became the supreme Pentagon of Power, for it incorporated both the bureaucratic and the educational Establishments.

In twenty-five years, the expenditure upon the atomic-energy program came to fifty billion dollars. The Cold War, that essential device for expanding the megamachine, has demanded in the United States an expenditure of more than seventy billion dollars a year. The annual outlay for research and development, according to Ralph Lapp, comes to sixteen billion dollars. In the effort to build an atom-powered plane, the Air Force spent a billion and a half dollars merely to prove that the idea was unworkable, though at the very time this money was being wasted the development of the rocket had made such a plane unnecessary for any conceivable military purpose. Minds not committed to the megamachine's technological obsessions could have saved the country a billion and a half dollars before a single drawing was made. Misdirected absolute powers of this sort demand absolute immunity from independent investigation and absolute conformity from those who operate the machine. Otherwise, the life-threatening strategies would be subject to open public discussion, critical appraisal, democratic control. Those who possess sufficient knowledge to challenge the prevailing policies are therefore excluded or extruded from the totalitarian Establishment. So it was only after resigning his post as scientific adviser to the Pentagon that it was pos-

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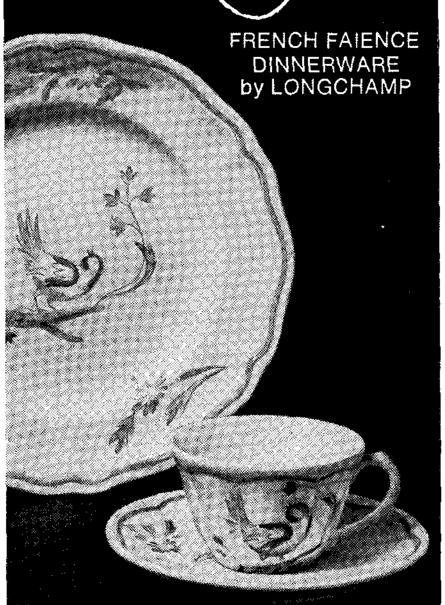

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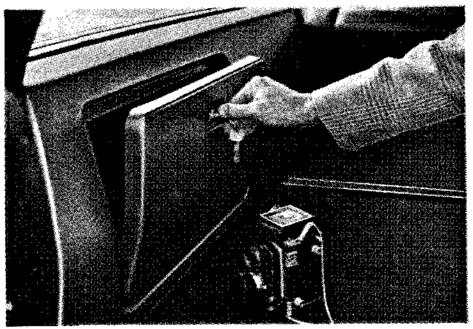

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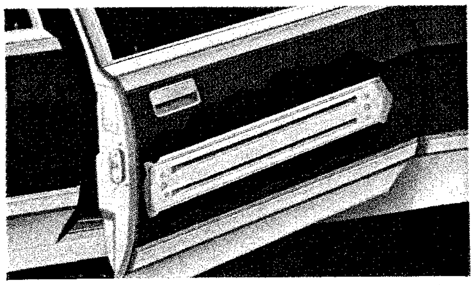

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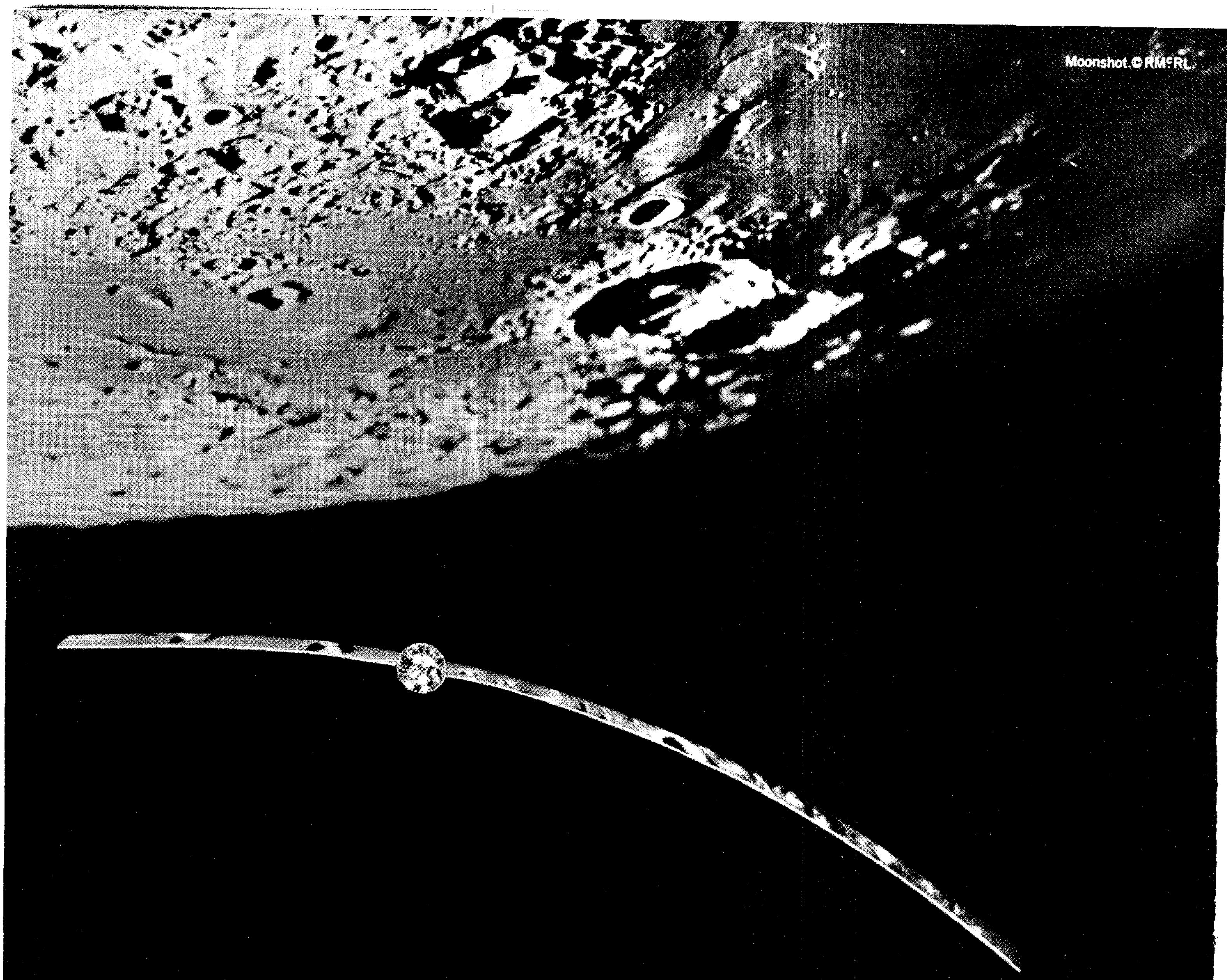
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sible for Dr. Herbert York to say publicly, "If the great powers continue to look for solutions in the area of science and technology only, the results will be to worsen the situation."

Though in the quarter century since 1945 much has been accomplished, the construction of a megamachine capable of operation on a worldwide basis has been impeded not only because of unexpected eruptions of counterforces of an extremely primitive order but because of the fact that by the nineteen-fifties two mutually antagonistic megamachines had come into existence with equally "absolute" powers—Russia and the United States—and that an older one, China, was passing from a state of complete dilapidation to one remodelled on quasi-scientific lines. In the first two examples, the nuclear reactor, the hydrogen bomb, the space rocket, television, chemical tranquillizers, and the computer have already provided the essential equipment for total control. Politically, however, the Russian megamachine had a head start, since it was based on the still operative czarist Establishment. The American megamachine, on the other hand, was slightly retarded by the necessity of keeping up a pretense of representative government and voluntary participation. In addition, old traditions, favoring personal, regional, and corporate autonomy, had not yet been altogether wiped out, despite the growing centralized control exerted by the two-hundred-odd supercorporations that dominated the national economy and had gained a foothold in many foreign countries. Steel, motorcars, chemicals, pharmaceuticals, oil, electronics, planes, rockets, cybernetics, television, and many subsidiary industries, to say nothing of banking, insurance, and advertising, were all conceived on the same principle and consisted, corporately speaking, of interchangeable parts, so that even the most diverse industries could be fitted into a single conglomerate system.

This situation was shrewdly anticipated almost a century ago by the British sociologist Benjamin Kidd. He saw that the current "liberal" doctrines of progress were leading in a direction quite different from the one their advocates supposed, and that a formidable struggle would take place, not between nations as such but between two rival systems, to settle which system should dominate the earth. We can now, with added experience, carry this analysis one step further, for though the American megamachine identifies itself as the guardian of the "free world," such freedom as still exists is a holdover from an earlier state, and all the inno-

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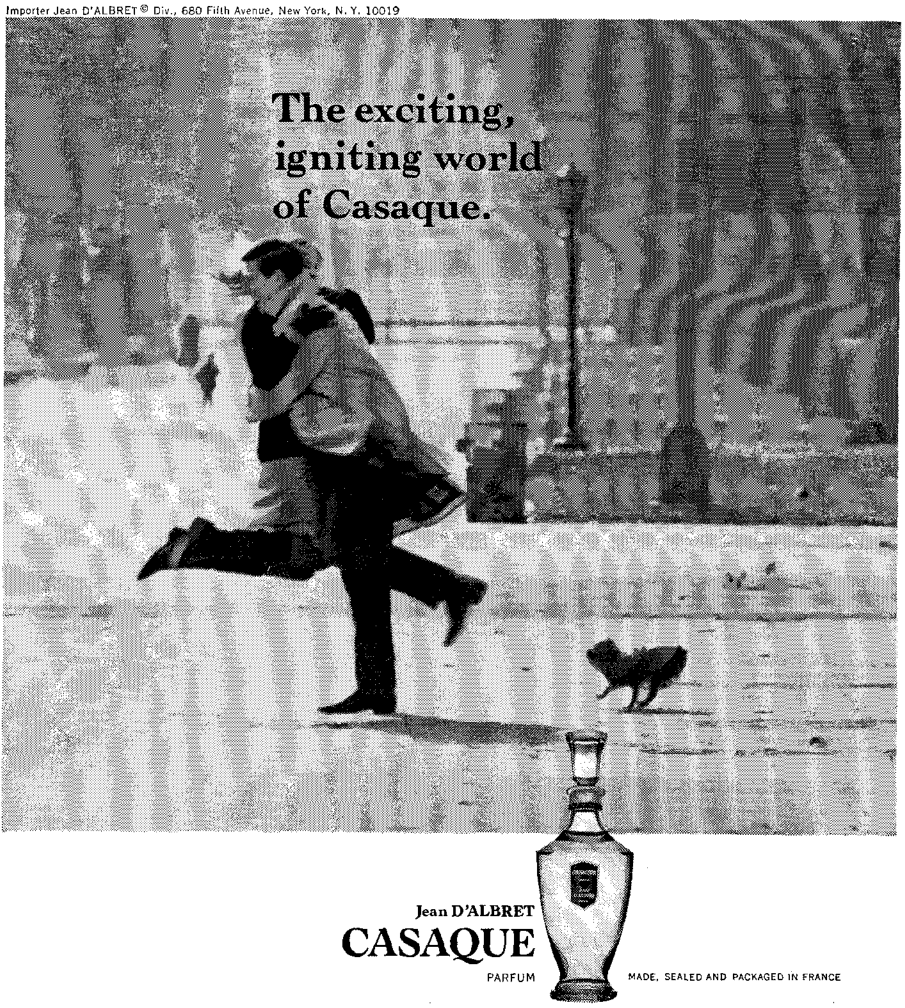
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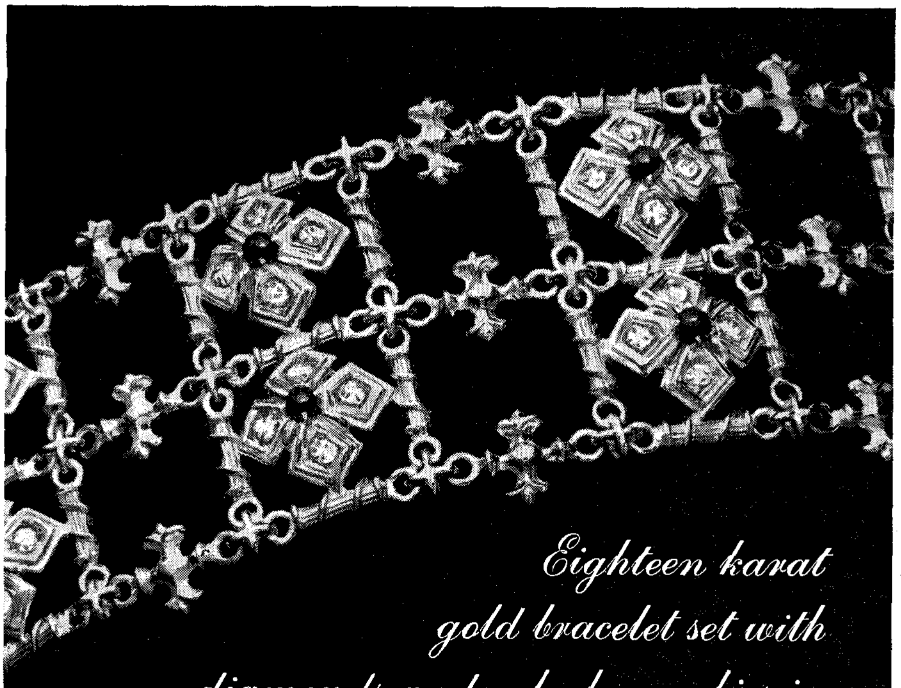

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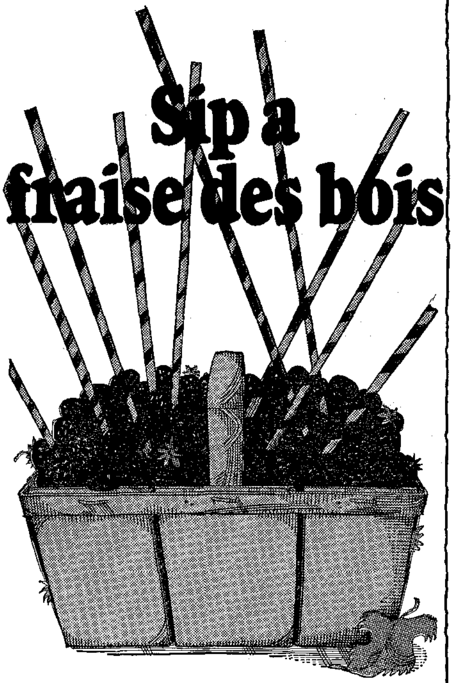
vations that have been made with increasing rapidity and increasing compulsiveness are causing the "hostile" systems to converge. To insure its own autonomy—and maintain the status of its manipulators—the megamachine must destroy all the alternatives, historical, traditional, and prospective. What Clinton Rossiter has demonstrated in his analysis of a single aspect of its transformation—the political—in his study of constitutional dictatorship is now inherent in every operation of the megamachine. The two current megamachines have displayed common features: the tendency to become self-sufficient, the tendency to draw into their structure organizations and institutions that would otherwise divert the energy the megamachines command or divide loyalties and thus curb their automatic expansion. And in both Russia and the United States, centralized governmental agencies, unchecked by public opinion, uncontrolled by elected bodies, have perfected the techniques of the "permanent crisis" in order to consolidate the powers that were designed solely to meet a passing threat.

The agents of the megamachine act as if their only responsibility were to the power system itself. The interests and demands of the populations subjected to the megamachine are not only unheeded but flouted. "The great issues of nuclear strategy," Professor Hans J. Morgenthau has observed, "cannot even be the subject of meaningful debate, whether in Congress or among the people at large, because there can be no competent judgment without meaningful knowledge. Thus the great national decisions of life and death are rendered by technological élites." In every field, from highway-building to medicine, policies that will permanently affect the destiny, and possibly bring to an end the whole adventure, of human life have been formulated and carried through by self-appointed and self-regulating experts and specialists, immune to human confrontation—men whose very willingness to make decisions on their own responsibility is positive proof of their total unfitness to do so. The illusions and hallucinations of these ruling groups, visible in their reckless acts, their incompetent forecasts—one "Bay of Pigs disaster" after another—and their published statements can have only one terminus. To conceal this eventual goal, they have reached out in every direction to enlarge the number of participants in their tacit conspiracy against mankind. Beginning with the development of nuclear reactors, a high-powered technological élite has been assuming control over every human activity, from artificial insemination to space exploration.

Not the least menacing aspect of the new megamachine, then, is the fact that it has produced a formidable and growing ruling caste in the United States and Russia—a caste comparable to the Janissaries in the heyday of Turkish despotism. The next logical step, as with the Janissaries, would be to select the "élite" in their cradles and deliberately deform their character for the purpose in hand, so that no inconvenient human attributes would lessen their unconditional loyalty to the megamachine. John Hersey suggested this development in his satiric novel "The Child Buyer," a work that deserved more serious discussion than it received. Already a step well beyond this is in view: nothing less than the selection of the "élite" from a bank of frozen spermatozoa and ova for gestation, under control, in an artificial womb. The first bold theoretic steps toward this consummation have already been put forward, as an "inevitable" advance of science, by more than one priest of the megamachine. Once again: "It can be done, therefore it *must* be done."

A further move in the consolidation of the megamachine looms, and it is none too early to anticipate its outcome in order to awaken, if possible, the counterforces necessary to overcome it. If the first step in the rule of the Sun God was the unification of power and authority in the person of a divine king, the second was the displacement of the king by a bureaucratic-military organization. The third step, the fabrication of the all-embracing megamachine itself, could not be completed until an equivalent supreme ruler wholly of a "mechanical" nature, without human parts or attributes, could be invented. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the great Basel historian Jakob Burckhardt foresaw that a new kind of control would be the expression of the civilization that was driving again toward an absolute despotism, without law or right—more nearly absolute than any earlier system. "This despotic regime," he noted, "will not be practiced any longer by dynasties. They are too soft and kind-hearted. The new tyrannies will be in the hands of military commandos who will call themselves republican. I am still reluctant to imagine a world the ruler of which will be completely indifferent to law, well-being, profitable labor, industry, credit, etc., and will govern with absolute brutality." That world need no longer be imagined; it



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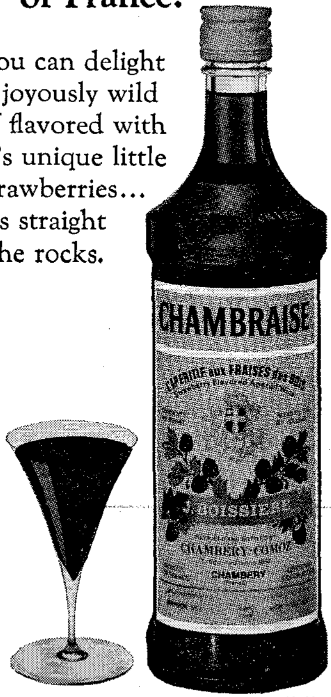

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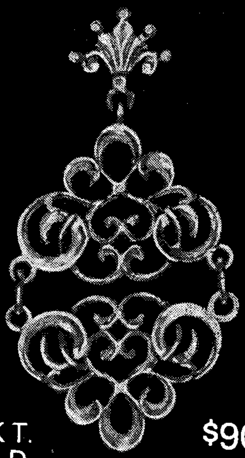

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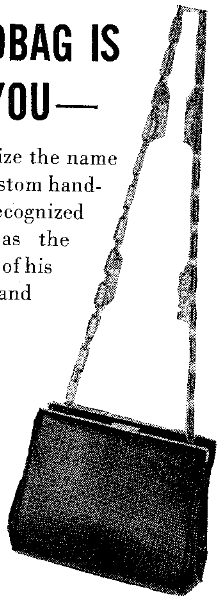
is almost here. And if Burckhardt's prediction is at fault at any point, it is in his endowing of these despots with more human traits than they promise to exhibit; because of their "objectivity," "neutrality," and "impersonality" they have already proved capable of even more absolute modes of calculated terror and criminality than the old-fashioned military commands. The new megamachine, in the act of being made over on an advanced technological model, brought into existence the ultimate "decision-maker" and divine king in a transcendent, electronic form: the central computer.

In taking this form, the computer achieved a higher level of performance than the human brain could in the storing of information and the solving of problems that demanded the almost instantaneous integration of a multitude of variables while it absorbed larger quantities of data than the human brain could handle in a lifetime. Only if one forgets that it was the human brain that invented this quasi-divine instrument and that must feed it with the data and pose the problems that are to be solved can one excuse the lowly human agent for worshipping this deity. On the other hand, those who have identified themselves with this new instrument are subject to the opposite kind of hallucination—that *they* are God, or at least co-partners in omnipotence.

The special merit of the holy computer, which sets it high above all merely human decision-makers, is its lightning operation and—accidents apart—its infallibility, given the information and the instructions provided by far from infallible human agents. While these marvellous aptitudes must be freely granted, at least three crippling disabilities must be noted. The computer still suffers from the radical weaknesses that undermined the decisions of kings and emperors: the only information it heeds is that which is fed into it by its grand viziers and courtiers, and, as usually happened with kings, the courtiers (read "mathematical modelmakers and programmers") ask the king only for answers that can be based on the inadequate information they supply. That information must ignore many significant aspects of human experience in order to conform to His Majesty's peculiar limitations. Unfortunately, computer knowledge, because it must be processed and programmed, cannot remain constantly in touch, like the human brain, with the unceasing flow of reality, inasmuch as only a small part of experience can be arrested for extraction and expression in abstract symbols. Changes that cannot be



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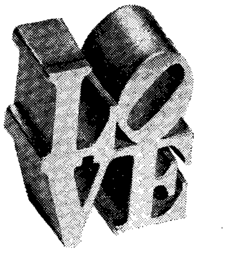

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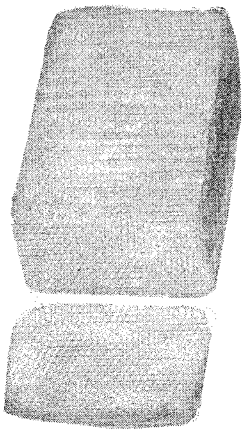
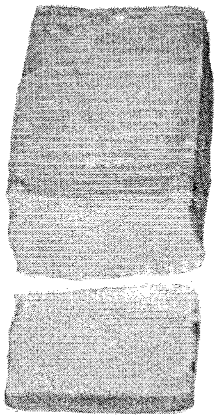
Think Cheese
Think Borden

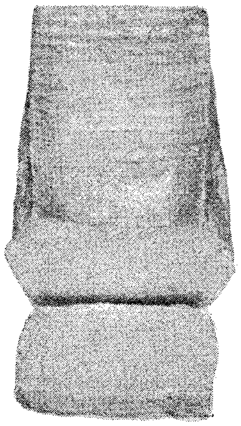
Lessons in Liederkranz



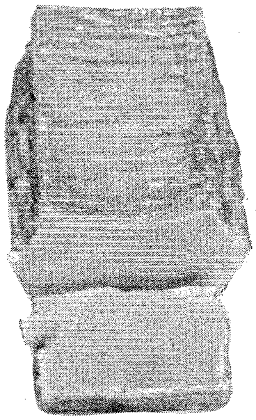
Liederkranz Cheese is an international delicacy. Made only by Borden. This is how it looks right after it's made, when it's fresh or unripened.



And here's how it looks when you buy it. Its center has changed to a pale yellow. And the flavor's a little more "tenor" than "baritone." Which, maybe, is just as well, if you've never had Liederkranz before.



Medium ripened Borden's Liederkranz changes to a golden yellow. Its center is softer and there's much more flavor. We know it looks good enough to eat. But real connoisseurs wait.



After a few weeks, Borden's Liederkranz is fully ripened. And tastes it. But the epicure knows how to enjoy its robust, baritone flavor and soft texture. Sliced pumpernickel, a glass of beer, and he eats it up crust and all.

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CHEESE
PASTEURIZED
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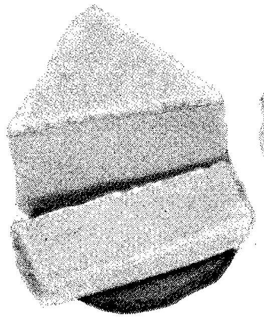
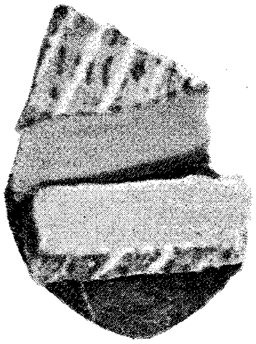
Try some Liederkranz (Lee-der-kranz) and see how ripe you like it. Liederkranz was discovered by an apprentice cheesemaker named Emil Frey in 1892. We don't know if it was called Liederkranz because Emil's boss belonged to the Liederkranz Club in New York, or because nobody liked the name Emil Frey cheese.

and Camembert.

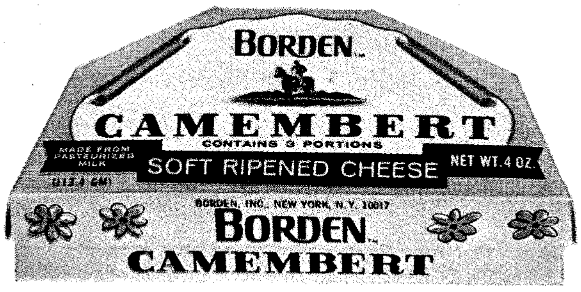


Camembert originally came from France. But the last time we counted, 90% of the Camembert cheese made in the U.S. was made by Borden. This is how it looks right after it's made when it's fresh or unripened.

And here's how it looks when you buy it. Its center has changed to a creamy texture. And there's a more tangy flavor. We know it looks good enough to eat. But real connoisseurs wait.



After a few weeks, Borden's Camembert is fully-ripened. Many German people won't eat it fully-ripened. But the French and Italians won't eat it any other way. A few crackers, some fresh apple slices, or a glass of red wine, and they eat it up crust and all.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CAMEMBERT

Try some Camembert (Kam-em-bear) and see how ripe you like it. Camembert was first discovered by a French peasant girl named Marie Harel, who served it to Napoleon when he stopped for lunch in the commune of Camembert in 1791.

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quantitatively measured or objectively observed—such changes as take place continually all the way from the atom to the living organism—are outside the scope of the computer. For all the fantastic rapidity of its response, its components remain incapable of making qualitative judgments.

ORGANIZATION MAN

NEITHER the ancient nor the modern megamachine, however automatic its separate mechanisms and operations, could have come into existence except through deliberate human invention, and most of the attributes of this large collective unit were first incarnated in an ancient, archetypal figure—Organization Man. From the most primitive expression of tribal conformity to that of the highest political authority, the system is an extension of Organization Man—he who stands as at once the creator and the creature, the originator and the ultimate victim, of the megamachine. Whether the labor machine or the military machine came first, whether the general pattern of regimentation was evolved by the priest, the bureaucrat, or the soldier are idle questions, since no firm data are available for judgment. We must begin our description of Organization Man at the point at which, through documents and symbolic evidence, he becomes visible. Since the first definite records, after the paleolithic caves, are temple accounts, tabulating the quantities of grain received and disbursed, it seems likely that the meticulous order that characterizes bureaucracy in every phase derives originally from the ritual observances of the temple, for this kind of order is incompatible with the hazardous events of the hunt or the chance happenings of organized war. Yet even for this last occupation we find remarkably early records, in definite figures, of prisoners captured, animals rounded up, loot taken. As far back as that early stage, Organization Man can be identified by his concern with quantitative accountancy.

Behind every process of organization and mechanization there are primordial aptitudes, deeply ingrained in the human organism—and shared with many other species—for ritualizing behavior and finding satisfaction in a repetitive order that establishes a human connection with organic rhythms and cosmic events. Out of this cluster of repetitive, standardized acts, increasingly isolated from other bodily and mental functions, Organization Man seems to have sprung. Or, to put it another way, when we have detached, one by one, the organs and functions of the human body, and—along with them—all the historical accretions of art and culture, what we are left with is its mechanical skeleton and muscle power, essential for vertebrate life but functionless and meaningless when treated as a separate entity. The present age has reinvented this "ideal" creature in the form of the robot, but it has always existed as a recognizable part of the human organism. It is precisely because mechanical order can be traced back to these primal beginnings, because mechanization itself has played a constant role in human development, that we can now understand the danger inherent in isolating Organization Man as a personality detached from the natural habitats and cultural traits, the limitations and inhibitions, that insure a fully human character. Organization Man, then, may be briefly defined as that part of the human personality whose potentialities for further life and growth have been suppressed for the purpose of controlling the fractional energies that are left and feeding them into a mechanically ordered collective system. Organization Man is the link between the ancient and the modern types of megamachine; that is perhaps why the specialized functionaries, with their supporting layer of slaves, conscripts, and subjects—that is, the controllers and the controlled—have changed so little in the last five thousand years. Like any other cultural type, Organization Man is a human artifact, though the materials out of which he has been fashioned belong to the system of animate nature. It is an anachronism to picture Organization Man as a purely modern product, or as solely the product of an advanced technology. He is, rather, an extremely primitive "ideal" type, carved out of the rich potentialities of the living organism, with most of the living organs either extracted or embalmed and desiccated, with the brain shrunken to meet the requirements of the megamachine.

William H. Whyte has given us, within the limited setting of large-scale corporate economic organizations in the United States, a classic picture of the selection, training, and discipline of Organization Man at the higher levels of command, and the transformation of the "fortunate"—or, at least, fortune-seeking—minority into smoothly working components of the bigger mechanism. But this is only a small part of the conditioning that begins with the infant's toilet training and, by means of the welfare state, covers every aspect of life through to death and organ trans-

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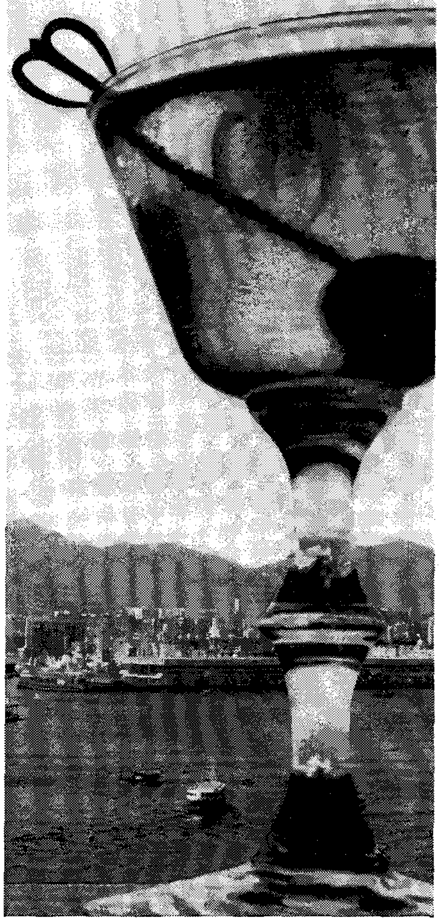

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plantation. The degree of external pressure necessary to model Organization Man is probably no greater than that needed by any tribal society to secure conformity to ancient traditions and rituals; indeed, through compulsory elementary education, military conscription, and mass communication the same stamp can be imprinted on millions of individuals in modern society quite as easily as upon a few hundred who meet face to face. What the sociologist Max Weber called "the bureaucratic personality" was destined, he thought, to be the "ideal type" in the modern world. If the present constellation of forces continues to operate without abatement or change of direction, his prediction may easily be realized.

The virtues of Organization Man correspond as nearly as possible to the machine that he serves. The stamp of mechanical regularity lies on the face of every human unit. To follow the program, to obey instructions; to "pass the buck," to be uninvolved as a person in the needs of other persons, to limit responses to what lies immediately, so to say, on the desk; to heed no relevant human considerations, however vital; never to question the origin of an order or inquire as to its ultimate destination; to follow through on every command, however irrational; to make no judgments of value or relevance on the work in hand; finally, to eliminate feelings and emotions and rational moral misgivings that might interfere with the immediate dispatch of the work—these are the standard duties of the bureaucrat, and these are the conditions under which Organization Man flourishes, a virtual automaton within a collective system of automation. The model for Organization Man is the machine itself. And as the mechanism grows toward perfection, the residue of life needed to carry on the process grows smaller and eventually becomes meaningless.

Ultimately, Organization Man will have no reason for existence except as a depersonalized servo-mechanism in the megamachine. On those terms, Adolf Eichmann, the obedient exterminator, who carried out Hitler's policy and Himmler's orders with unswerving fidelity, should be hailed as the Hero of Our Time. Today, we can do with napalm and bombs what the exterminators of Belsen and Auschwitz had to do by old-fashioned handicraft methods. These were slower in execution but far more thrifty, for they carefully conserved the by-products—the gold from the teeth, the fat, the bone meal for fertilizers, even the skin for lampshades. In every country there are now many

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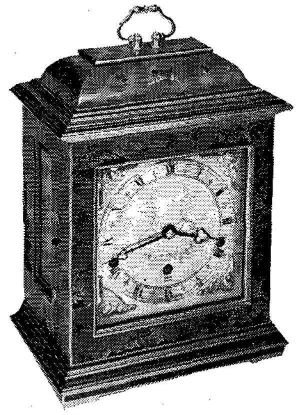

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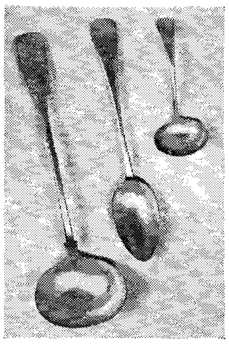

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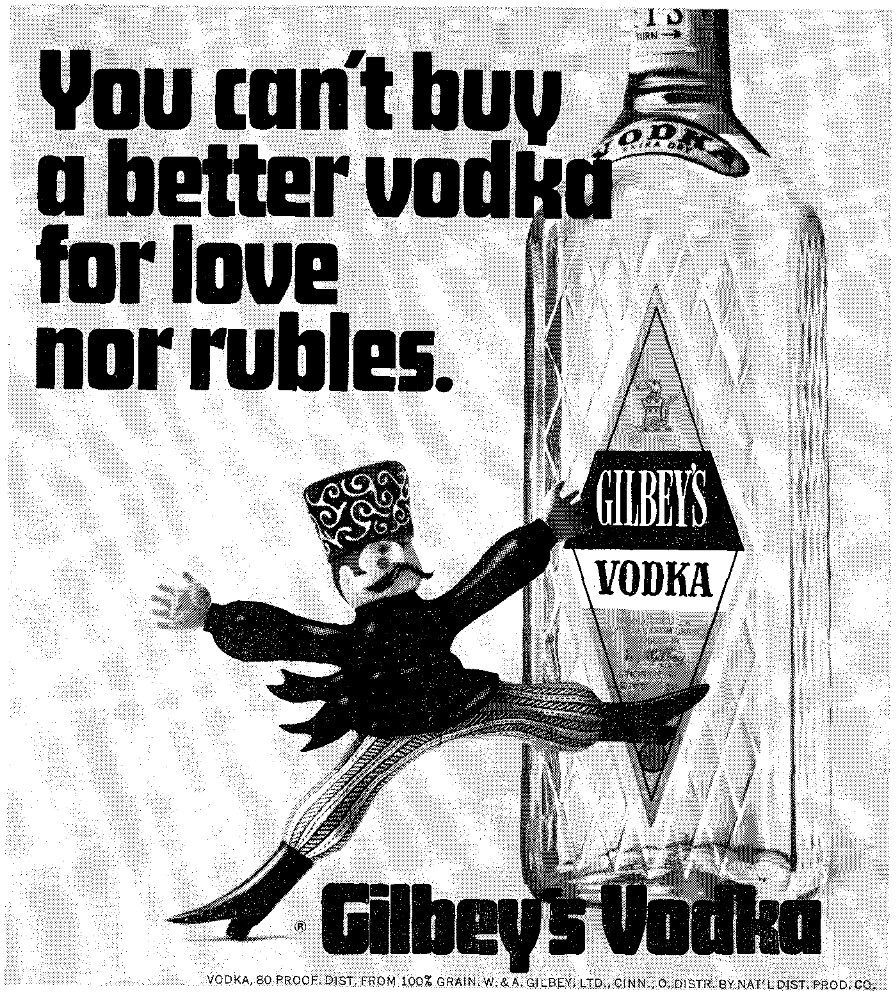
The more power entrusted to Organization Man, the less qualms he has about using it. And what makes this "ideal" type even more menacing is his successful use of the human disguise. His robot mechanism simulates flesh and blood, and—except in a few troglodyte specimens—there is nothing to distinguish him outwardly from a reasonable human being, smooth-mannered, low-keyed, presumably amiable. Like Himmler, he may even be a "good family man." This type was not unknown in earlier cultures. Even within our own era, this sort of servomechanism arranged gladiatorial combats in the Roman arena and manipulated the bone-racking machines used by the Holy Inquisition. Before megatechnics invaded every aspect of existence, Organization Man had fewer opportunities; he was once a minority, largely confined to the bureaucracy and the army. But today he is legion. And since he beholds only his own image when he looks around him, he regards himself as a normal specimen of humanity.

UP to now, human culture, in its transformations, has shown many of the characteristics discovered in the evolution of species: the tendency toward species identification and individuated development in adaptive give-and-take with the environment has been counterbalanced by explorations and migrations that have widened the possibilities of intercourse, interbreeding, and intercommunication. Though for convenience one may talk about "man," this is only a trick of speech, for except in a statistical sense no such uniform and universal creature exists. No single political structure, no single ideology, no single technology, no single type of personality has ever prevailed over the entire planet. Man has never been homogenized. What is true of human habitats and human cultures holds equally for man's historical affiliations. Just as no single region or culture can possibly offer fulfillment of all the potentialities for human development, so no single generation can embody these potentialities. And no generation before our own has been so fatuous as to imagine that it could live exclusively within its own narrow time band, guided only by information recently discovered, nor did any other generation ever accept as final and absolute the demands of itself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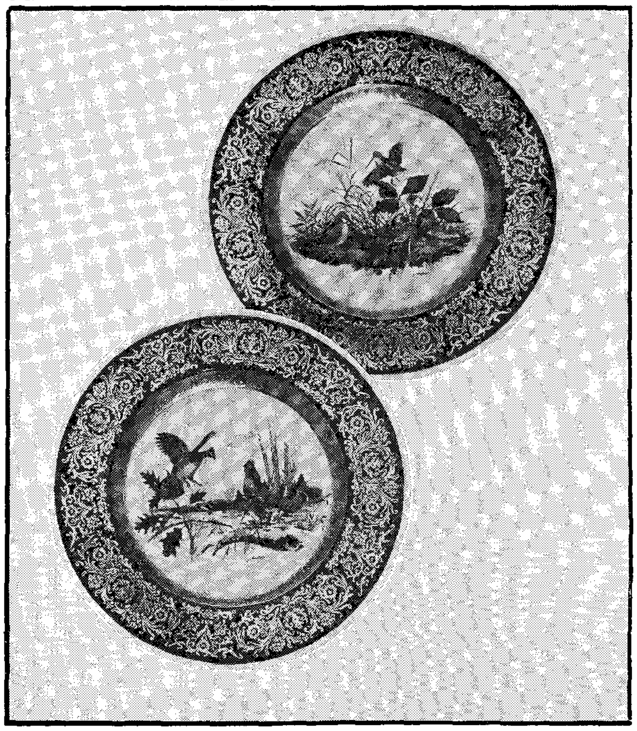

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alone, without relating them to past experience or future projects and ideal possibilities.

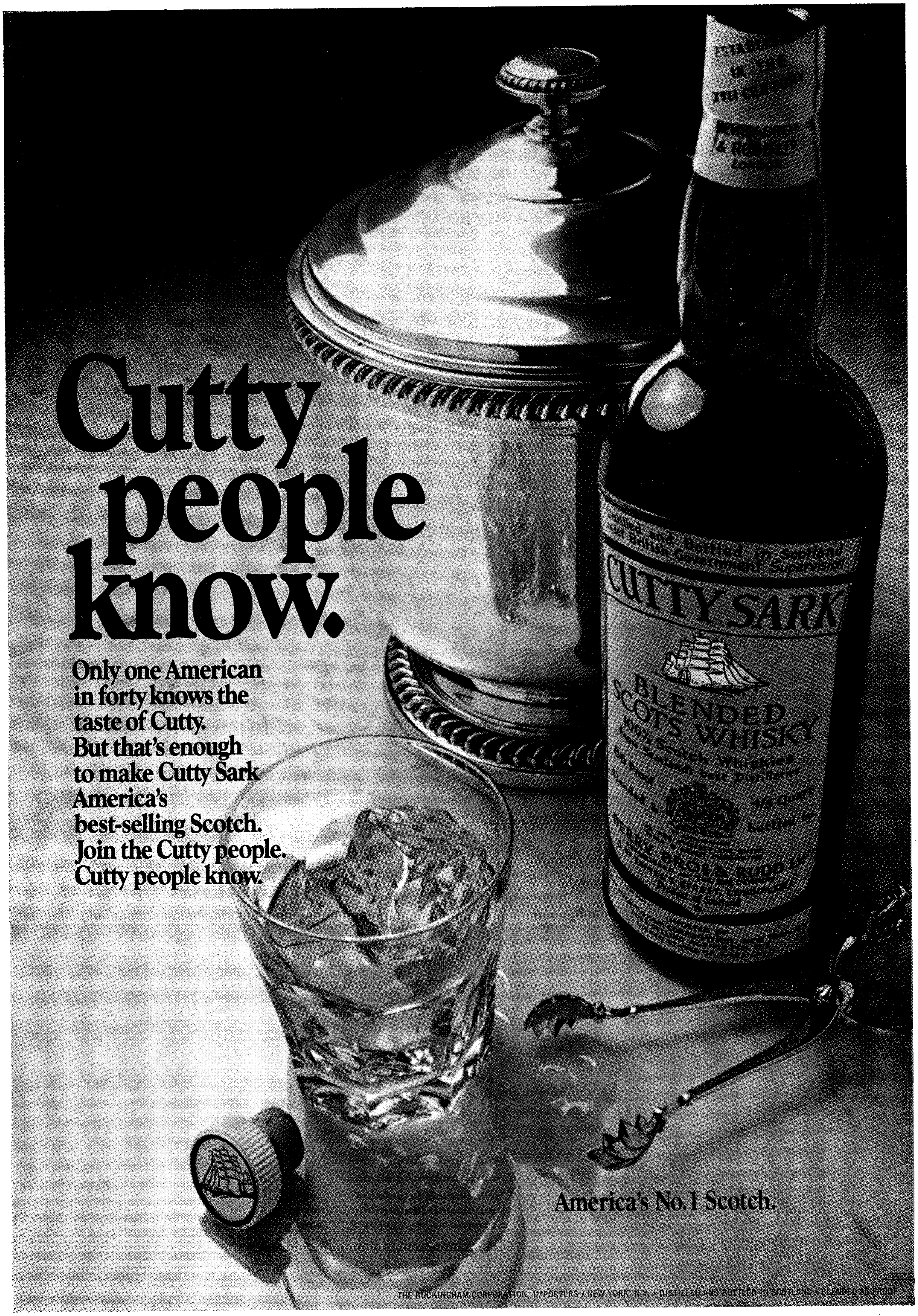
For the sake of continuity and cultural accumulation, earlier cultures have usually overvalued custom and tradition and have even preserved their errors, lest in extirpating them they forfeit their achievements. The notion that the past, instead of being respected, must be liquidated is a peculiar mark of the megatechnic power system. On this matter the anthropologist Raglan has spoken sobering words: "It is often assumed that decay is due to the dead hand of conservatism, and it is of course the fact that religious or political theories which involve a belief in the infallibility of the ancients must often lead to decay. . . . It is less often realized, on the other hand, that decay of culture can be brought about even more rapidly by breaking away from the past." For a culture like the present one to cultivate its transience and ephemerality, as if dynamism were an absolute value and stability of any kind a handicap, is to ignore the plain facts not only of organic continuity but of physical existence. If all the chemical elements were as unstable as the radioactive group, organic life would never have appeared on this planet, nor would there have been such a planet as ours, predisposed, as Lawrence Henderson demonstrated, to life.

Despite many fixations and arrests, setbacks and losses, the cumulative results of human development during the last several hundreds of thousands of years have been comparable in their richness and variety to those that nature was able to achieve at only a crawling pace in the evolution of species. Each race, each culture, each tribe, each city, even each village has been turning out new specimens of "man"—always sufficiently similar to be identifiable in terms of the species *Homo sapiens* yet sufficiently different to provide the possibility of perhaps higher and richer achievements. Even in those traits that are common to all breeds of men, such as language, social organization, and moral standards, there has been from the beginning a bipolar development, stressing individuation and autonomy on the one hand, wider association and homogeneity on the other—the first aspect self-centered, localized, directed from within, the other aspect tending toward uniformity, globalism, universality.

From time to time, these developments have entered into man's reflective consciousness, sometimes reaching remarkable depths of perception among "primitive" peoples. But it is only in the last few centuries that even a beginning has been made in describing the conditions under which human cultures have developed, and in distinguishing favorable modes of growth from those that are pathological and have resulted in lapses of function and in death. No one can pretend that the archeological, anthropological, and historical knowledge so far available is wide enough or well enough attested to provide more than promising suggestions of valid truths. But we have already a sufficiently clear picture of both biological and social evolution to see that the factors making for variety, selectivity, and change must be counterpoised by those making for continuity, regularity, stability, and universality, and that when either set is lacking, life and growth are threatened.

Though we are too close to it to make a completely objective judgment, it has become obvious that our own culture is in a dangerously unbalanced state and is now producing warped and unbalanced minds. One part of our civilization—that dedicated to technology—has usurped authority over all the other components, whether geographical, biological, or anthropological; indeed, the most frenetic advocates of this process are proclaiming that the whole biological world is now being supplanted by technology and that man will either become a willing creature of his technology or cease to exist. Not merely does technology claim priority in human affairs; it places the demand for constant technological change above any considerations of its own efficiency, its own continuity, or even, ironically, its own capacity to survive. To maintain such a system, whose postulates contradict those that underlie all living organisms, it requires for self-protection absolute conformity by the human community, and to achieve that conformity it proposes to institute a system of total control, starting with the human organism itself, even before conception has taken place. The means for establishing this control is the ultimate gift of the megamachine, and without our submergence in the subjective "myth of the machine" (that it is omnipotent, omniscient, and omnicompetent) it would not have advanced to the point it has now reached.

Many contemporaries are already so conditioned to accepting that technological "progress" is absolute and irresistible—however painful, ugly, mentally cramping, or physiologically dam-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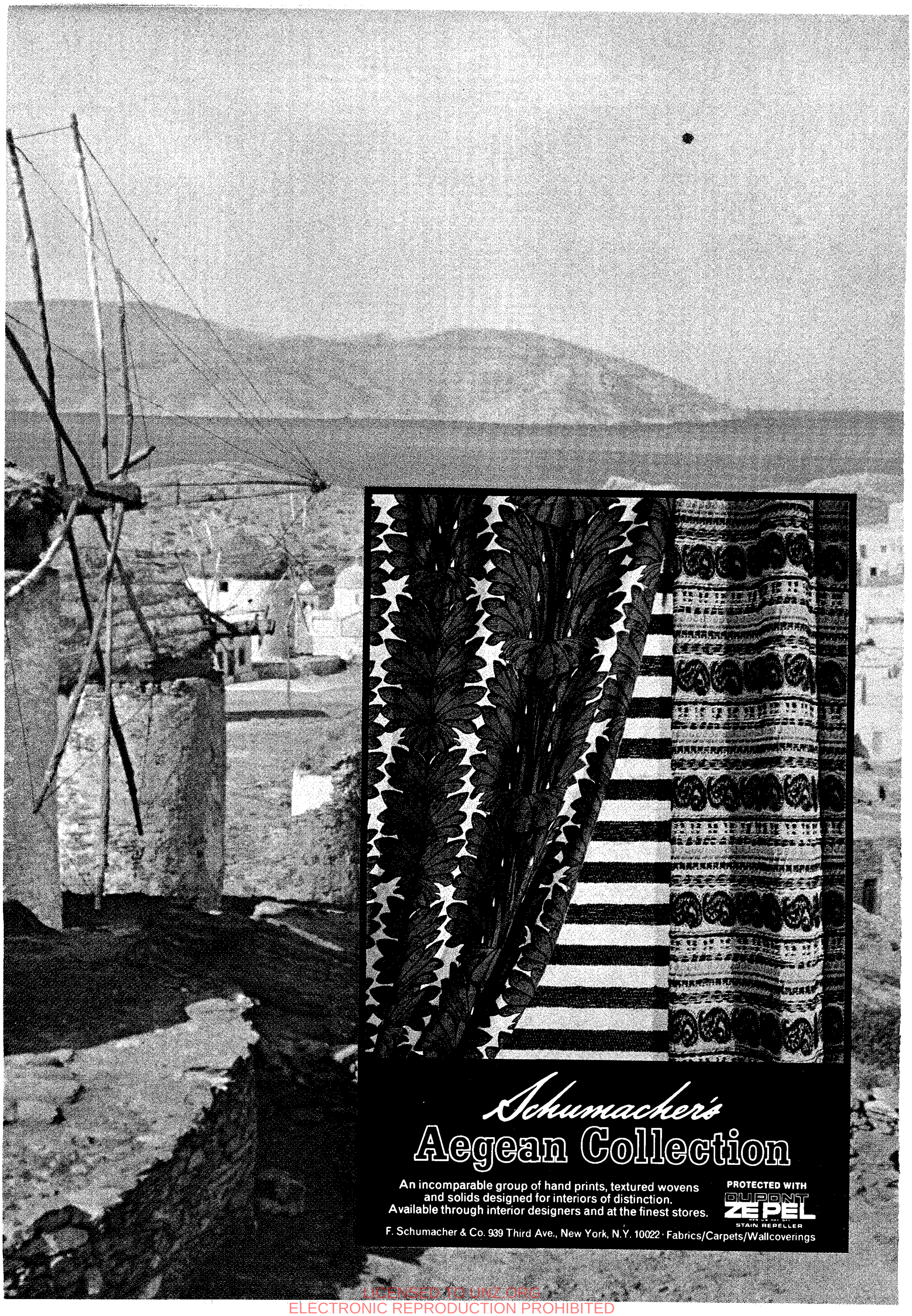

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aging its results—that they likewise accept the latest technical offering, whether a supersonic plane or a "learning cell," with smiling consent, particularly if the equipment is accompanied by a "scientific" explanation and seems technologically an "advanced" type. This aberration was long ago satirized by Tolstoy in his treatise "What Is Art?" There he pictured modern man ingeniously sealing up the windows of his house and mechanically exhausting the air so that he might, by utilizing a still more extravagant mechanical apparatus, pump air back again—instead of merely opening the window. Tolstoy did not suspect that within a generation this folly would actually be committed not only as a permissible dodge for screening out dust and poisonous gas exhausts, and for tempering excessive heat, but would be used by the designers of houses and college buildings in the open country, where there is always fresh air and where the natural noises are at a lower level than the sound of the exhaust fans used by a ventilating system. But something even more indefensible has happened. Every part of the environment is being reconstructed on the same principle, in order to insure that at no part of a man's life shall he be free from external control. In the past, human growth was often impeded by lack of technical equipment, by lack of carefully sifted information or theoretical knowledge, by the absence of the physical means for sufficiently wide intercourse and coöperation. Strangely, many people still behave as if there were a dearth of these tools. Just the opposite is true. No segment of modern man's environment and organization as yet shows any signs of fixation or overstability, except automation itself. On the contrary, technology has produced a state of torrential dynamism; the only form of control effectively exercised is that of making every part undergo still more rapid change, while the power system itself becomes less mobile and more rigid. Man is thus losing his hold on any life that can be called his own; he is being turned into a "thing" destined to be collectively processed and reconstructed by the methods that have produced the atomic pile and the computer.

Modern man's readiness to accept this external control, even after having tasted and enjoyed in the last few centuries a considerable measure of municipal, corporate, and personal freedom, has been facilitated by both external pressures and internal anxieties. The mere growth of numbers—not only the increase in population but the increase in the size of all social units, from

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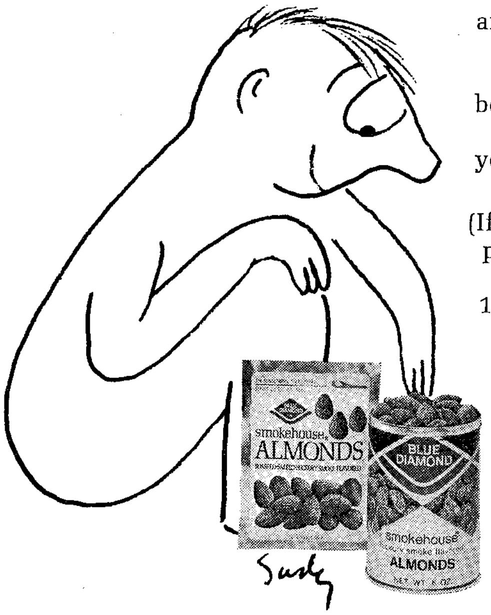

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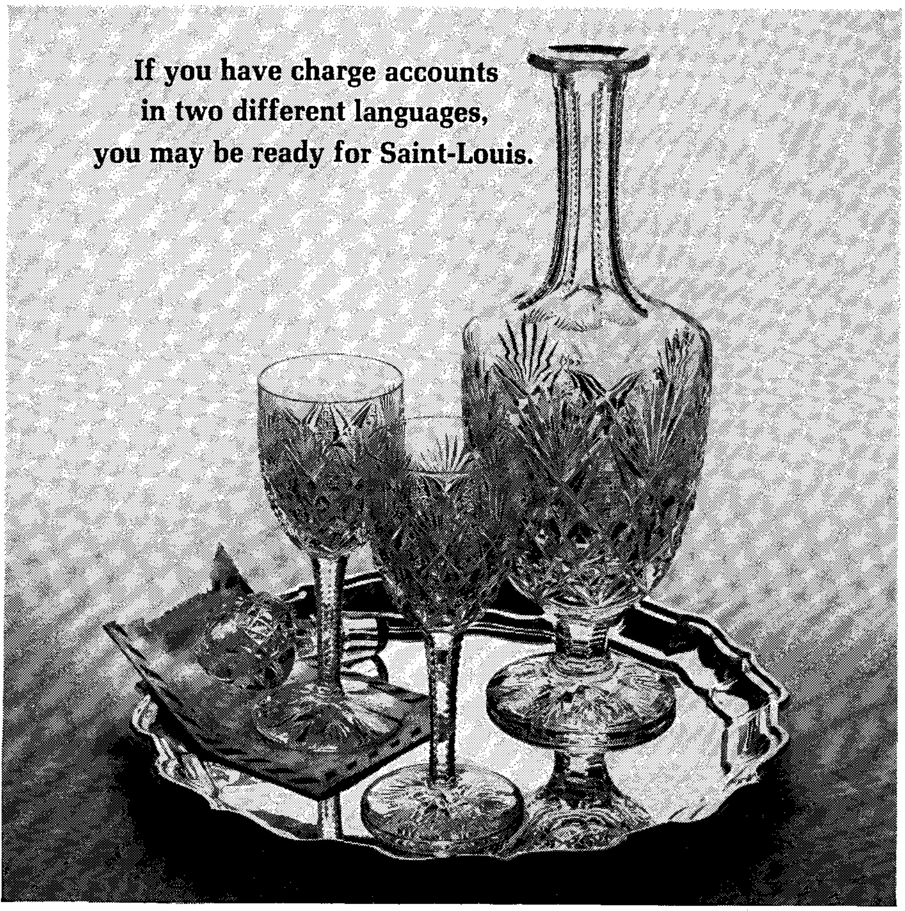
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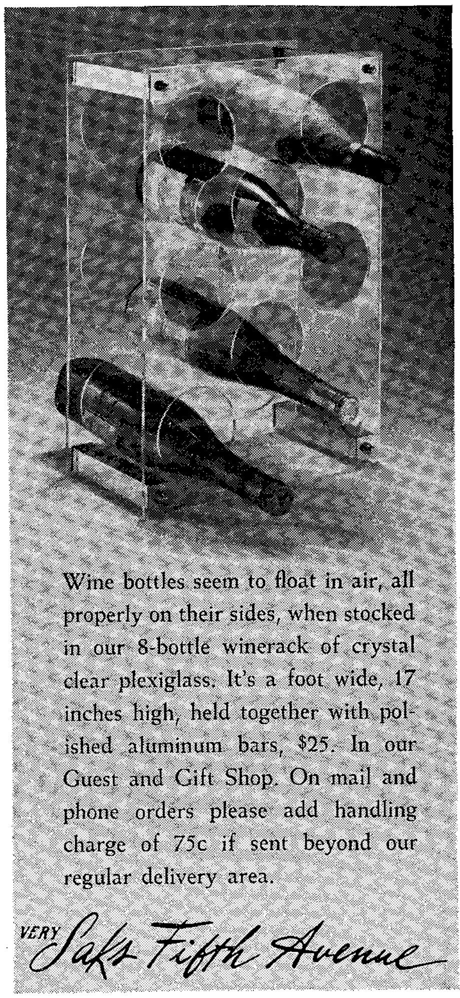

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cities to armies and bureaucracies—has made him timid and self-distrustful. He feels incapable of coping with events that lie so far beyond his range of vision or his muscular control. Once his intimate, small-scale modes of association are eliminated or paralyzed, he seeks security in great, impersonal organizations—not only the state but his life-insurance society and his trade unions, which also function as essential parts of the same power system. Unfortunately, maintaining the prosperity of these corporate units imposes the need for still further regimentation and still further centralization of control. Thus the "escape from freedom," as Erich Fromm pointed out a generation ago, produces a new form of liberation—permanent liberation from responsibility and active choice.

The most cogent forewarning of the dismal destiny of man, once he submits completely to the megamachine, comes from the group that now holds all too many strategic positions of authority in the modern state—the scientists. One might draw on a hundred examples of the subjective aberrations that come to light in seemingly rational form as "next steps in progress," but I shall confine myself to a few typical examples—first of all to an illuminating scientific symposium on "The Future of Life," organized as a public service by an international pharmaceutical corporation and attended by a distinguished array of scientists. The papers presented led to a discussion of what possible forms of control could raise the genetic level of the population and eliminate unfavorable genes no longer suppressed by natural selection. This brought up the question of artificial breeding from superior stock, and that in turn led to an argument over whether human beings *have a natural right to beget their* own children. On this point, the statement of one of the participants, a historian of science, was illuminating: "Taking up Francis Crick's point about the humanist argument whether one has a right to have children, I would say that in a society in which the community is responsible for people's welfare—health, hospitals, unemployment insurance, etc.—the answer is No." It might seem unfair to hold a scholar strictly to a casual statement, even if he has allowed this to appear in print. But the fact that his answer was so unhesitating, so unqualified, suggests that the opinion is one that is widely held. Too many self-elected rulers have already asserted that, in return for benefits their subjects have received, obedience and strict conformity to instructions—*their* instructions—must be im-

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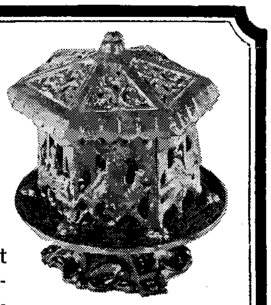

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posed, as they are imposed by current bureaucratic routines upon helpless patients in hospitals. This involves more than listening to the sort of medical advice that may, and quite properly, be given to those who on the record have serious inheritable defects. It involves, as further discussion in the symposium indicated, the scientist's right to establish ideal human types in terms of his own provincial, time-limited criteria, and on this basis to select spermatozoa and ova for reproduction. Crick, indeed, went further—to advocate freedom for experimentally altering the human genes, even though by bad luck he might, on his own admission, produce monsters.

One thing was notably absent in some of the participants in this discussion: any feeling that those who might be in possession of the knowledge and techniques needed for exercising such controls should be obliged to produce positive evidence of their special fitness for determining the future of the human race. The lack of such credentials, or, rather, the naïve belief that scientific achievement is the only credential needed, seemed to provoke no embarrassment. One would hardly have guessed, studying this discussion, that thousands of the wisest minds have meditated for thousands of years upon what are the most desirable characteristics in human beings, what traits should be modified or repressed, what composite character—or what assortment of characters—is needed to produce the highest order of human being. One culture after another has framed its answer to this problem by bringing forth ideal types and incarnating them in their gods, heroes, saints, sages. But none of these models or their variants have ever been quite successful or universally applicable. To speak only of the Greeks, neither Zeus nor Apollo, neither Prometheus nor Hephaestus nor Herakles, neither Achilles nor Odysseus meets every requirement. If we turn to the more conscious efforts of religion and philosophy to body forth an ideal human type, we are equally baffled in our choice: the Confucian, the Taoist, the Zoroastrian, the Buddhist, the Platonist, the Stoic, the Cynic, the Christian, the Muhammadan have all produced their own conceptions of the perfect man, largely in defensive negation of grosser types that had dominated earlier civilization. But, one and all, these ideal forms have fallen short, even when in individual personalities they seem as close as were Socrates or Francis of Assisi to achieving perfection within their chosen framework. In one of the most highly

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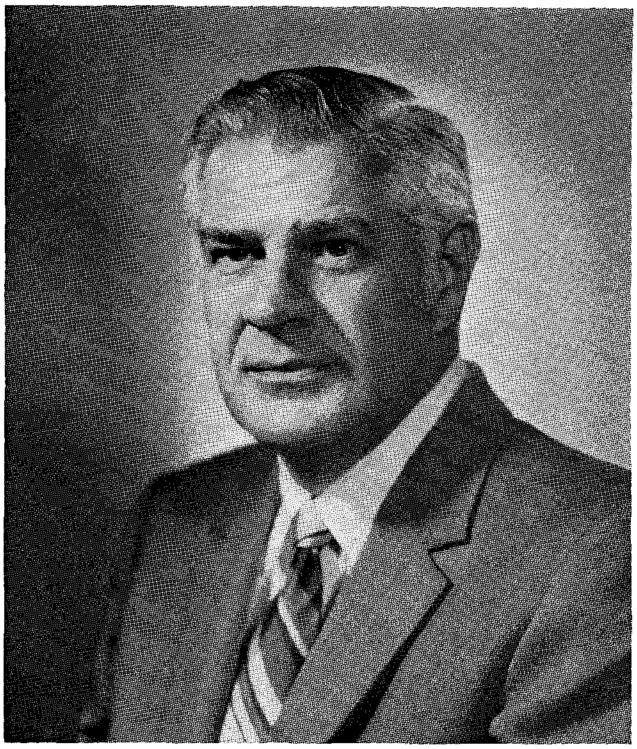

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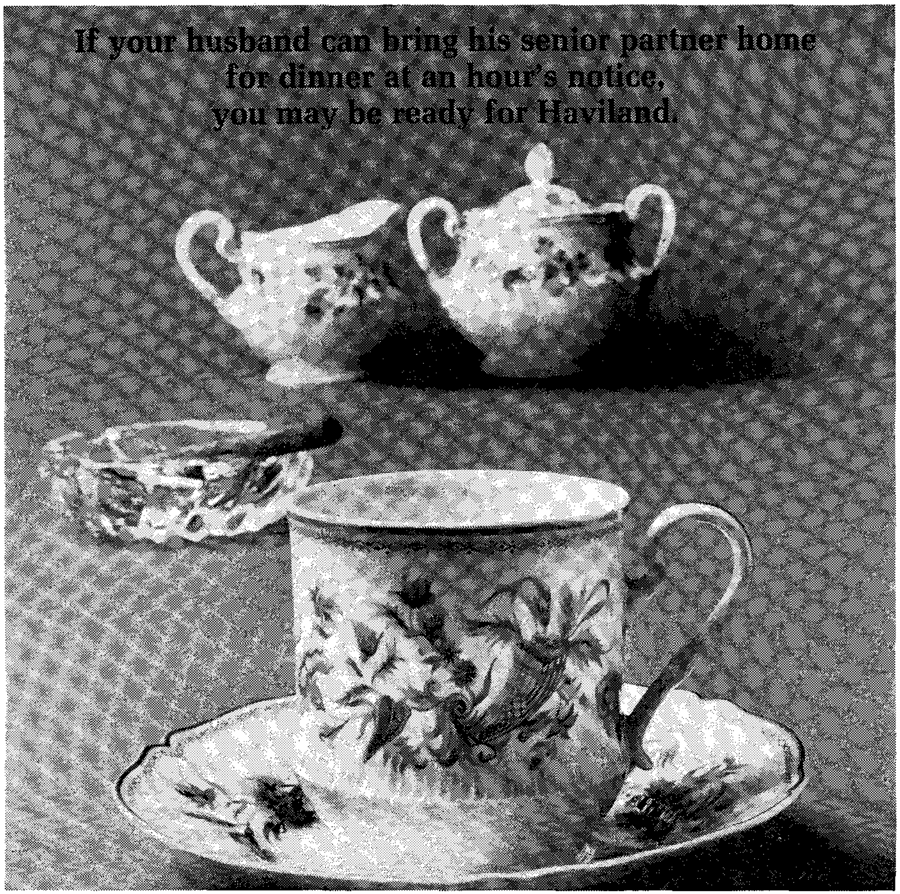
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developed cultures on record, the Hellenic, no consensus was ever reached. What this means, I conclude, is that the only effective approach to this problem is the one long ago taken by nature: to provide the possibility of an endless variety of biological and cultural types, since no single one, however rich and rewarding, is capable of encompassing all the latent potentialities of man. No one culture, no one race, no one period can do more than produce fresh variations on this inexhaustible theme.

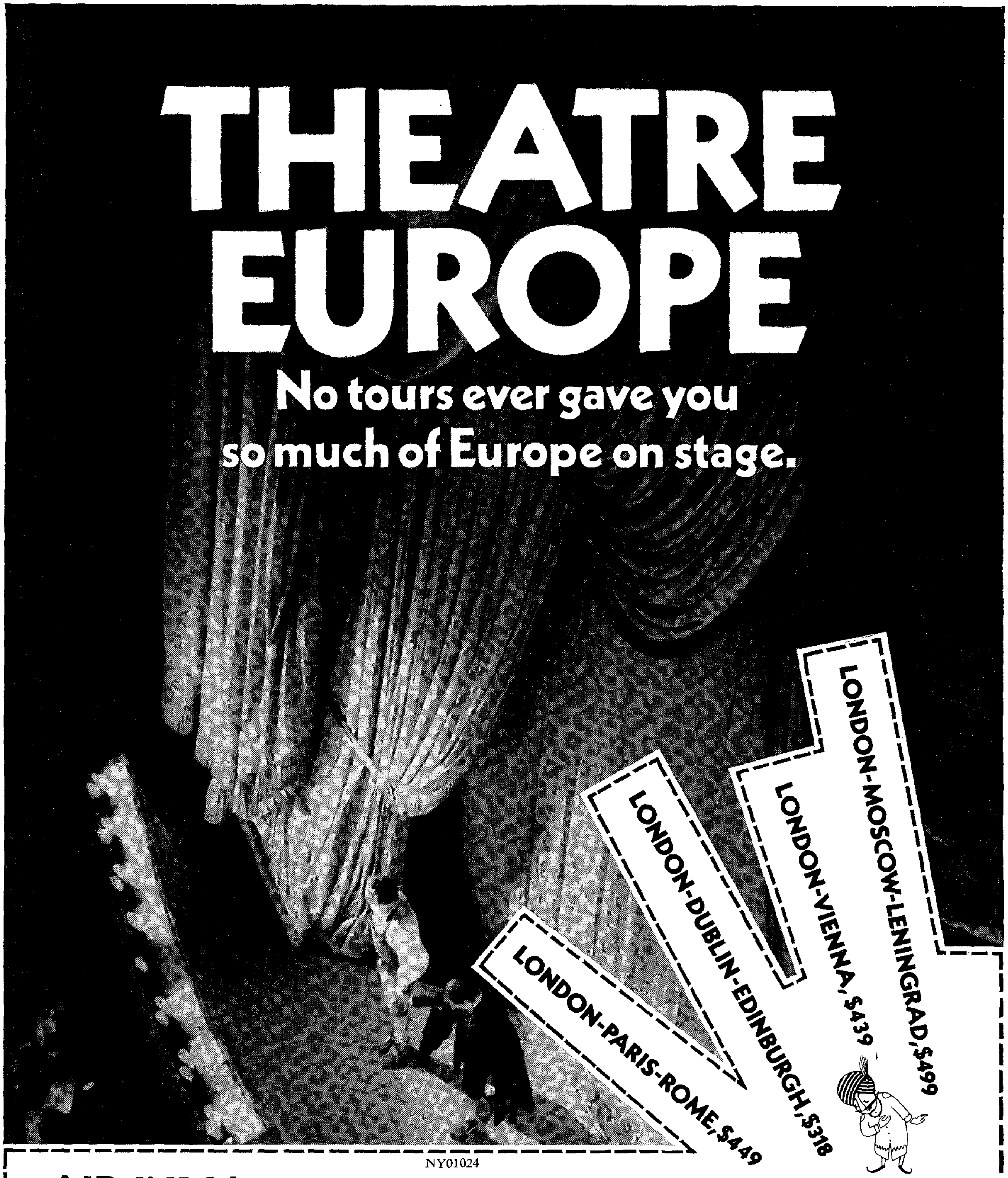
Many biologists whose knowledge of evolution is not confined to molecular phenomena are convinced that the notion (quite apart from its dubious technical feasibility) of improving any significant portion of the human stock by the specific selection of genes in individual specimens is a mirage; in breeding cattle, the results of too specific selection, as in the notorious case of dwarfism in the Black Angus, have often proved self-defeating. But the fact that distinguished geneticists have persuaded themselves that direct intervention is not only possible but desirable—"we can, therefore we must"—shows how firmly the irrational pharaonic notion of total control has seized possession of their minds. Like the deep-freezing of corpses for future resuscitation, which is the modern equivalent of mummification to insure immortality, these proposals relate to the archaic fantasies that burst forth with the success of the first megamachine, in the Pyramid Age. The conclusion seems inescapable: the one part of the human personality that so far evades rational control is that which produces these fantasies.

What is most troublesome about all this, however, is not the defect in scientific insight but the absence of prudent self-awareness and self-criticism. Never has the dismissal of history—that is, the cumulative evidences of human experience—been more plainly revealed as a source of error. I am talking not only of human history but of organic evolution. Those species of ants that have achieved firm control in breeding special types have remained immutable for sixty million years. They foretell the ultimate fate of a human population similarly constituted.

In this new scientific hierarchy, only one-way communication is maintained. Those who speak with the highest authority upon some minute section of exact knowledge too often unblushingly claim the right to speak for mankind upon matters of general human experience, on which they can testify only on the same lowly level as other human beings. In many discussions of the science-governed future, the right of popular resistance is not even mentioned, whereas even in feudal society, as Marc Bloch has pointed out, vassal homage, however humble, was a bilateral contract, and the right of resistance to unjust or arbitrary authority was not only implied but often specified. The sovereign himself was held responsible to the people, like the "swineherd to the master who employs him," as an Alsatian monk wrote in 1090. By one measure or another, often under the guise of public good, the precious right of nonconformity and counteraction is now covertly being denied. The worst thing of all about the many discussions of possible technological futures, mainly by the extrapolation of visible tendencies or incipient inventions, is the ingrained fatalism they display. They refuse to allow the possibility of a complete reversal of existing trends—such a reversal as befell the great Roman Empire when it was supplanted by the new Christian institutions, founded on a different set of beliefs. This fatalism characterizes sociological observers like Professor Jacques Ellul, who plainly detests the evils of megatechnics, as well as those who are impatient to hasten the pace even if many invaluable human achievements are defaced or destroyed.

Let me give one further example, selected because it is regrettably typical. A highly respected population expert has lately declared that deliberate genetic control is "*bound to occur*" and that "it would soon benefit science and technology, which in turn would facilitate further hereditary improvement, which in turn would extend science, and so on in a self-enforcing spiral without limit." He concludes that "when man has conquered his own biological evolution, he will have laid the basis for conquering everything else. The Universe will be his, at last." This seems to me a museum specimen of archaic scientific thinking, and circular thinking at that, for the original premise of automatism—"it is bound to occur"—is asserted as if it were unchallengeable. This expert appears to ignore the fact that every item in his deduction is unproved and unprovable, beginning with the notion that human improvement can be equated with the unconditional support of science and technology.

But even if scientists were able to identify the specific traits that would predispose the embryo to evolve in a certain fashion, by what rational cri-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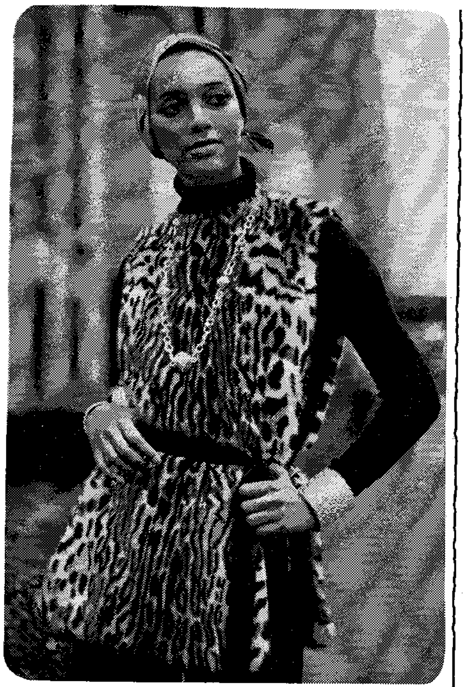

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terion could one say that the magnification, intensification, or wider distribution of these traits would constitute a desirable human goal? There is sounder ground for believing that a much richer genetic pool must be drawn on—in the human future as in the pre-human past—to realize further improvements, and that quite different character traits and human types are needed to overcome mankind's present cultural disequilibrium. As for settling on scientists and technologists as the supreme product of human evolution, the final incarnations of the "just man made perfect," what a happy solution that is! The proposal for genetic control reduces the whole idea of control to absurdity: the presumptuous notion that finite minds, operating with the limited equipment of their particular culture and historical moment, will ever be qualified to exercise absolute control over the infinite future possibilities of human development.

One more point demands exegesis—the idea of "conquest." In what sense does the notion of "conquest" have the slightest meaning in relation to man's place in nature? What bearing does this have on the coöperative transactions and interactions of species, or on man's attempt to transcend his own biological limitations by superorganic modes of life? The very term "conquest" is an obsolete military term; it is an ideological fossil left over from the traumatic original episodes in civilization that brought forth war, slavery, organized destruction, and genocide. "Conquest" and "cultivation" are historic enemies; they stand at opposite poles. Conquest is in no sense a necessary sign of higher human development, though conquistadores have always thought otherwise. Any valid concept of organic development must use the primary terms of ecology—coöperation and symbiosis—as well as of struggle and conflict, for even predators are part of a food chain, and do not "conquer" their prey except to eat it. The idea of total conquest is an extrapolation of the existing power system. It indicates not a desirable end—accommodation—but a pathological aberration, reinforced by such rewards as this system bestows. As for the climactic notion that "the universe will be man's at last," what is this but a fantasy as bizarre as the fantasy of an asylum inmate who imagines that he is emperor of the world? Such a claim is aeons away from reality.

The decisive factor of safety in human development lies in the fact that man's many specific experimental errors and subjective aberrations have

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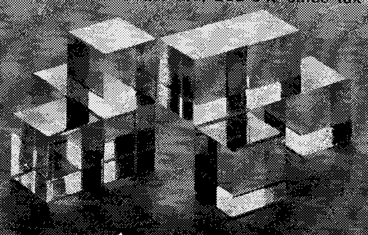

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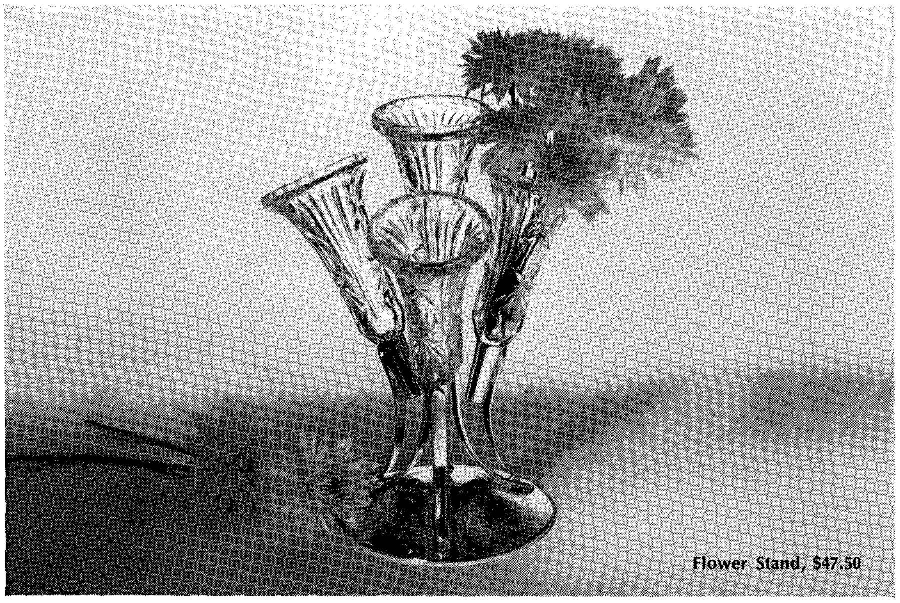
not been deliberately fixed in the genes. To an extent that no other species enjoys, each fresh generation shakes the genetic dice and rolls out fresh combinations, leaving it open to new human factors to repair past errors and embark on fresh experiments. Many mistakes have been made in the development of every known culture, and some of them, such as war, slavery, and class exploitation, have seriously crippled human development. Yet none of these aberrations are so deeply embedded in the flesh that they are unalterable or immortal. If in the future fresh human possibilities should be denied us, it would be because the dominant power system deliberately denied them, in the very fashion that the technocratic spokesmen advocate. Insofar as the illusion of technological inevitability is taken to be an inescapable reality—e.g., "genetic control is bound to occur"—this attitude only adds an inner compulsiveness to the many external compulsions imposed by the power complex. Such beliefs often prove to be self-fulfilling prophecies, and they make more probable the riveting together of a planetary megamachine. This superimposed power system, with its insistent compulsiveness and automatism, may prove the gravest menace to man's development. While the cultural inheritance is partly reprogrammed from generation to generation, from culture to culture, and is modified even from hour to hour by the plans and acts of individual minds, genetic control might program man out of existence and create a substitute homunculus—the fixed component of a humanly vacuous automatic system. By its cultural inventions, the human species has up to the present avoided such a fatal arrest.

THE MEGAMACHINES COMPARED

WE are now in a position to compare the ancient and modern forms of the megamachine, but first let me make plain that the ancient machine was not identified—indeed, it remained undiscovered—until the new one had taken form. Their differences are as significant as their resemblances, yet the underlying similarities throw a fresh light, I submit, on the wide span of intervening history, and even more on the age that has just opened.

These megamachines have similar technological capacities: they are mass organizations able to perform tasks that lie outside the range of small work collectives and loose tribal or territorial groups. Yet at every point the ancient machine, since it was composed mainly of human parts, was subject to human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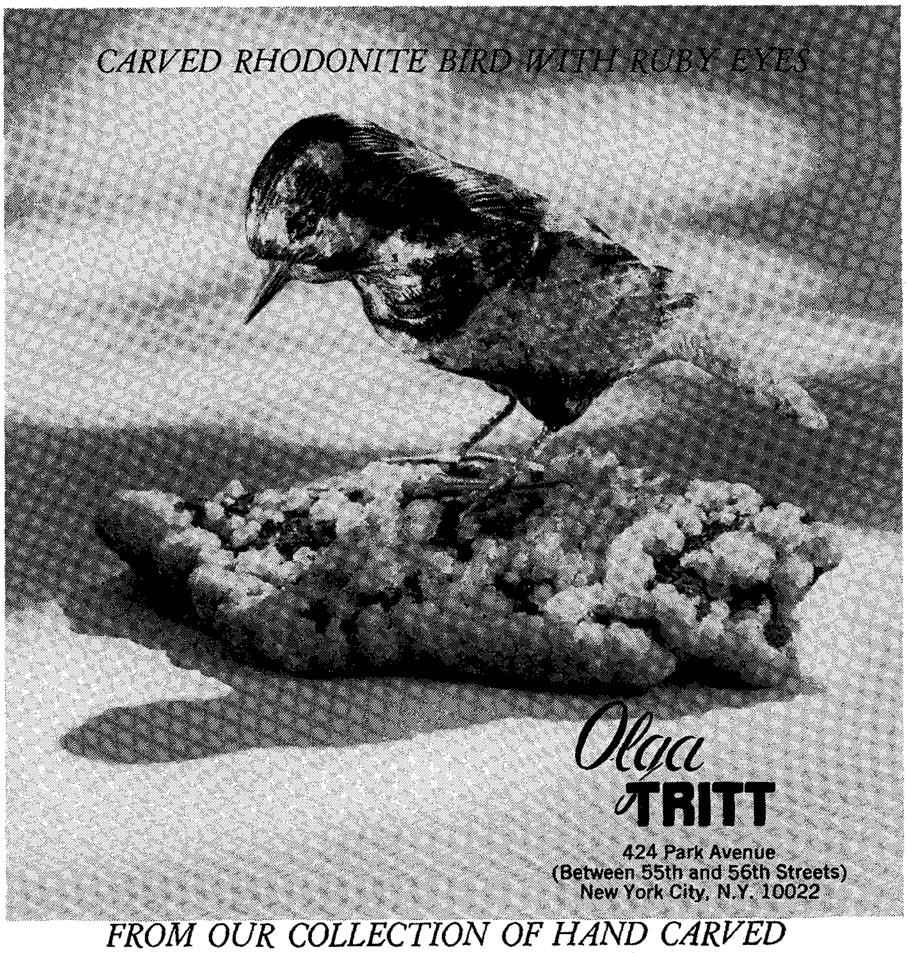
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limitations, for even under the harshest taskmaster a slave cannot exert much more than a tenth of a horsepower, nor can he keep working indefinitely without lowering his output. The great contrast between the two machines is that the modern one has progressively multiplied the use of the more reliable mechanical components while not merely reducing the labor force needed for a colossal operation but, through electronics, facilitating instantaneous remote control. Though human servomechanisms are still necessary at nodal points in the system, the modern machine escapes spatial and temporal limitations; it can operate as a single, largely invisible unit over a wide area, its functioning parts operating as a unit through instant communication. Thus the new model commands whole regiments of diversified mechanical units, with superhuman power and superhuman mechanical reliability, and with lightning speed. Earlier totalitarian regimes repeatedly failed because of slowness in communication; indeed, one of the chief concerns of the older megamachine was the improvement of road and water communication, with relays of runners and horses, or galleys pulled with machinelike unison by slaves. Once the telegraph was invented, the limitations on long-distance control were abolished, and the telephone and radio followed. Theoretically, any spot on earth can now be in instant oral communication with every other spot, and instant visual transactions anywhere are only a short distance away. An almost equal acceleration in speed has taken place in transporting the human body. The winged messengers that once carried commands from Heaven to earth are in effect now in readiness at any airport, and in a short while transportation at a speed of Mach 2 should enable our up-to-date angels to travel to any point on the planet in less than half a day. Power, speed, and control have been the chief marks of absolute monarchs in all ages; doing away with natural limitations in these areas is the common theme that unites the ancient and the modern megamachines.

Both these machines aim to ultimately exert control over the entire community at every point of human existence. But in the method of control there is a radical difference, largely in the modern machine's favor. Possibly because life in the neolithic villages, centering on food and sex, was sufficiently gratifying, demands for sacrificial effort, or even extra work, were reluctantly met. (Small, thrifty democratic communities do not tax themselves willingly even for their own palpable good.) At all events, it is clear that the human parts of the original megamachine were assembled only under severe military coercion and drilled into the perfect performance of their tasks under "army discipline." To insure compliance with the tax collector and the draft organizer, merciless punishment was visited not only upon slaves but upon harmless villagers and temporary conscripts. For the mass of men, then, the ancient megamachine operated with only minimal rewards but with maximal punishments, and so pervasive was this practice that even the highest officers of the state were frequently subject to abasements and coercions. Exhausting labors were periodically performed by the whole community under threat of even worse treatment if the workers did not meet their quotas.

From such evidence, one has reason to infer that the megamachine was originally the creation of the weapons-bearing minority that invented organized warfare and imposed unconditional obedience and regular tribute upon the passive, non-aggressive, compliant neolithic peasants—peasants who have throughout all succeeding history, in fact, formed the larger part of the human population. Though the modern megamachine is equally the product of war, it has partly overcome the need for overt coercion with a more subtle kind, which substitutes rewards, or seeming rewards, for punishments, and with every show of reasonable consideration, as when the Nazi executioners persuaded their victims to dig their own graves. Yet up to a point, it must be confessed, the system of punishment worked. What is more, it produced results that, however harsh the conditions of work, sometimes benefitted the whole community. On the other hand, this system not merely wasted manpower by requiring an excessive number of slave drivers and overseers—one for each squad of ten men—but produced friction, sullen resentment, lowered outputs, and tempered down the energies of superior minds that might have engaged in free invention and spontaneous creativity. One cannot even guess how many potential Imhoteps or Josephs were sterilized—as in Russia and China today—by terror. What was worse, the repressive routines, the savage punishments spread beyond the province of work and corroded many other human relations. Historical evidence indicates that conspiracies, uprisings, poisonings, slave re-

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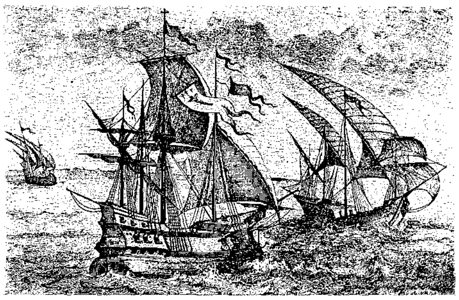

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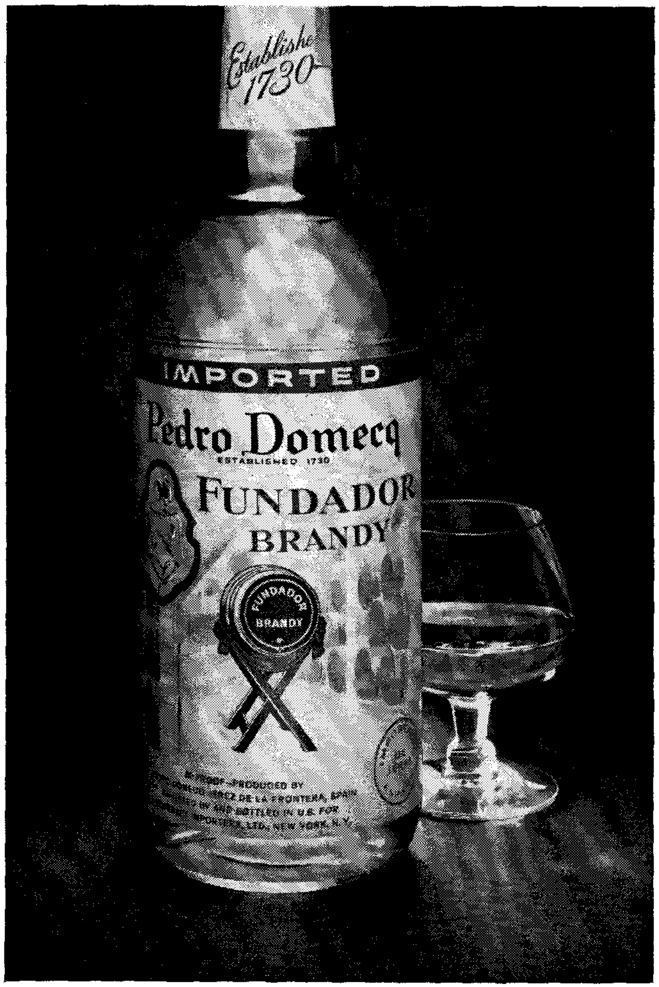
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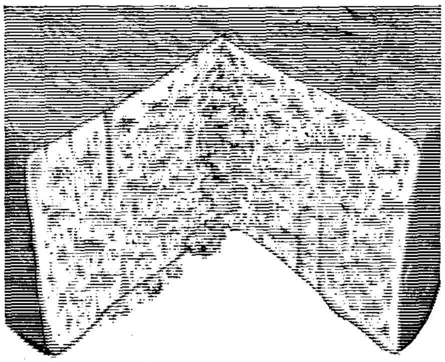

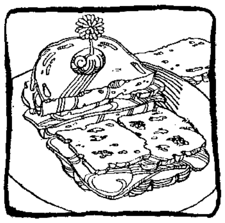

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volts lowered the working efficiency of the earlier megamachine.

The ideology that underlies and unites the ancient and the modern megamachine ignores the needs and purposes of life in order to fortify the power complex and extend its dominion. Both megamachines are oriented toward death, and the closer they approach unified planetary control, the less escapable does that result promise to become. Everyone is familiar with this constant historical drive in the gross form of war, for military violence—as distinguished from sporadic, minor forms of animal aggression—is the historical product of a special form of social organization, developed in certain ant societies sixty million years ago, and reëstablished, with all its sinister institutional accomplishments, in the Egyptian and Mesopotamian communities of the Pyramid Age.

All these ancient features were restored during the nineteenth century—above all, the collective dedication to death. During the last half century alone, between fifty and a hundred million people—it is impossible to make precise calculations—have met premature death through violence and starvation, on the battlefield, in concentration camps, in bombed cities and agricultural areas that have been turned into mass-extermination camps. What is more, we have been repeatedly informed by authorities in the United States—indeed, they boast about it—that in the first nuclear strike launched by powers as well equipped as the United States and Russia, between a quarter and half of the inhabitants in each of those countries would be killed on the first day. With justifiable prudence, these official predictions refrain from estimating further losses by the other means of genocide they have perfected—during the second day, the second week, the second year, and even the second century, for this would involve factors of astronomical dimensions, whose unforeseeable consequences might be permanently irreparable. (Scientists so supremely vain as to suppose that they have the ability to foresee these effects are among the trusted advisers of the American government.)

Like all other modern technical performances, the mass infliction of death has been both expanded and speeded up. So far, nuclear explosions and rocket explorations, both directly deriving from plans for war, have been the most conspicuous manifestations of our lethal facilities, along with the communications systems upon which they depend. The fact that no *human* purpose, present or prospective, would be

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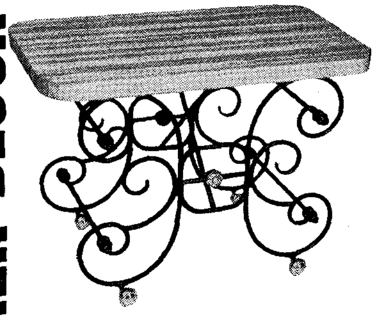

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served by the new modes of extermination, no matter how successful in "overkill," only demonstrates the deep underlayers of psychotic irrationality upon which the fantasies of absolute weapons, of absolute power, and of absolute control have been set. Freud drew a parallel between the magic rituals of many so-called primitive peoples and the behavior of neurotic personalities in our time. But there is no practice in these arrested cultures—headhunting or cannibalism or voodoo murder—that is comparable in superstitious savagery and mental corruption to the plans of highly trained scientists, technologists, and military men to inflict collective death on the scale that *modern technological agents have made* possible. No wonder some of the best of our younger generation regard their acquiescent elders with unutterable horror and rage.

Compared with this pervasive dedication to death in our own culture, the Egyptian cult of the dead, developed during the Pyramid Age, with its magniloquent pyramids, its magic rituals, and its elaborate techniques of mummification, was a relatively innocent exhibition of irrationality. Actually, the destruction that accompanied the wars of the early military machines was so limited by the necessary reliance upon mere manpower and hand weapons and hand tools that even their most extravagant efforts were reparable. It is our *present removal of all limits, made* possible only by the advances of science and technics, that reveals the true nature of this culture and its chosen destiny.

Yes, the priests and warriors of the megamachine can exterminate mankind; so, if von Neumann is right, they will. No *mere animal* instinct of aggression accounts for this growing aberration. But something more than the animal instinct for self-preservation—an immense increase in emotional alertness, moral concern, and practical audacity—will be necessary on a worldwide scale if mankind is finally to save itself.

—Lewis Mumford

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

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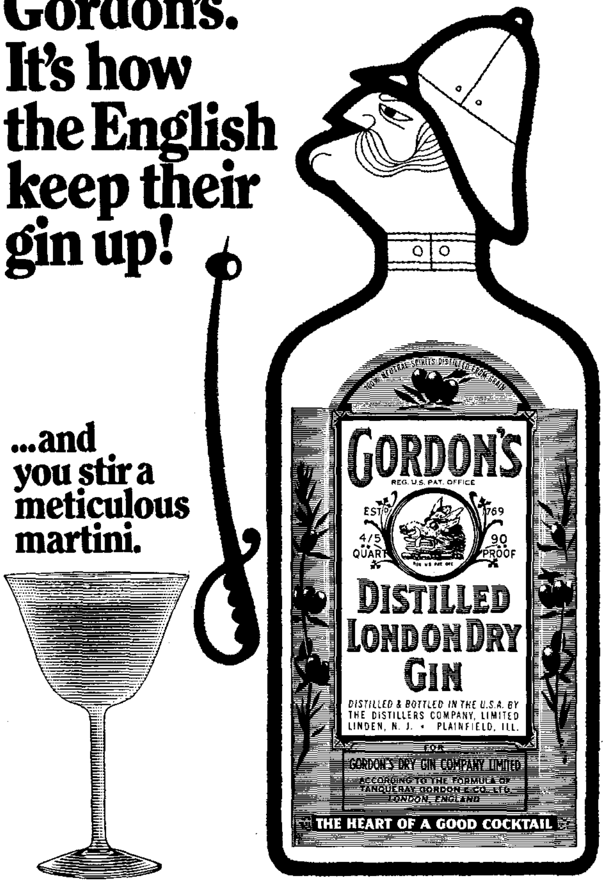
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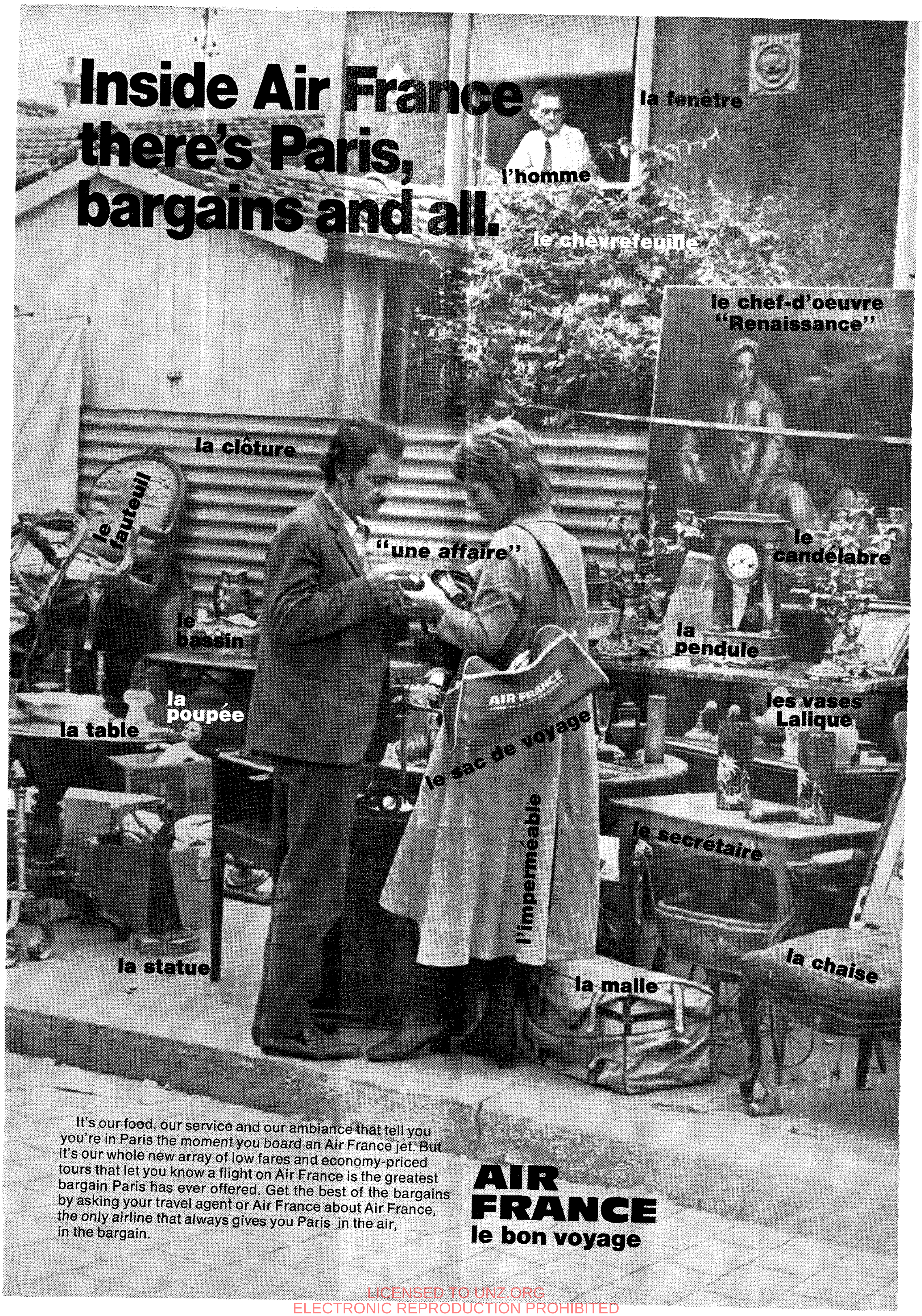
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THE THEATRE

UNDER THE DEODARS

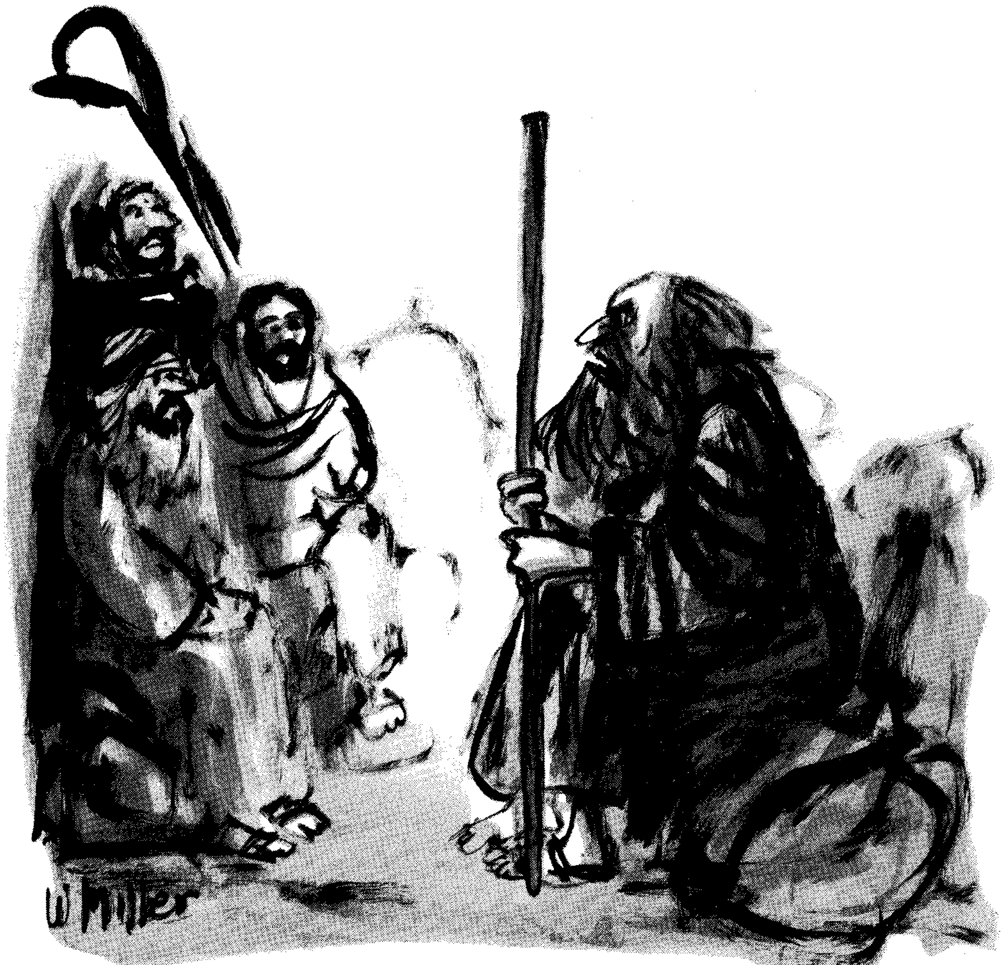
“Conduct Unbecoming,” by Barry England, of Merrie England, is an entertaining exercise in old-fashioned melodrama, complete with mysterious screams in the night, a dead man who is seemingly restored to life, and a toff of a subaltern who veers from drunken rebellion as the play opens to sober obsequiousness as it ends. The time is the late nineteenth century, when the frumpy little Widow of Windsor was also Empress of India, and the place is the headquarters of a posh regiment of the Indian Army. The theme of the play is honor—the honor of the regiment, the honor of its officers, and the honor of a couple of ladies in the environs. Mr. England is only thirty-six, and it strikes me as marvellous that he has been able to make his tidy play sound as if it had been set down in the very period and place with which it is concerned. He must be a veritable Bridey Murphy of a writer, able to move back in time to a way of thinking and speaking that at first glance could be mistaken for early Kipling but is actually closer to late Boucicault. How has Mr. England managed to expunge from his mind all the notions of dramaturgy popular in the contemporary theatre? Did these notions—the Theatre of the Absurd, the Theatre of Cruelty, the Theatre of the Ill-Made, or Half-Made, or Un-Made Play—go in one England ear and out the other, or is the author perhaps writing a parody so skillful that, like Beerbohm’s parody of James, it is almost indistinguishable from the real thing? I am inclined to believe that Mr. England is a serious chap and that he takes his subject seriously; when all the high jinks of who did what to whom with which murderous weapon have been disposed of, I think he would like us to leave the Ethel Barrymore shaking our heads over the evil that lurks in the hearts of men. Well, the fact is that we don’t shake our heads, or not much, but we *do* have a good time at the play, and my only reservation about it is that, these several days later, I still haven’t figured out what was happening onstage during the last five minutes—a vexation that I mustn’t expatiate on, for fear of spoiling the dénouement for others.

“Conduct Unbecoming” is welcomely old-fashioned not only in its structure but also in having an enormous cast. Under the direction of Val May, everybody makes a point of overacting just enough to call attention to his fancy-Dan lines. Much of the play is in the form of courtroom confrontations (at one point I got the eerie impression that the entire enterprise was sliding sidewise into “The Trial of Mary Dugan”), and by their nature these confrontations call for a good deal of Aha!-like eyebrow-lifting and mustache-twirling. Four members of the cast are veterans of the British company, and they are splendid: Paul Jones and Jeremy Clyde, as two newly arrived subalterns; Michael Barrington, as the aging colonel; and Donald Pickering, as the adjutant. Among the newcomers to the cast, I admired Elizabeth Shepherd, Paul Harding, Michael Bradshaw, and Richard Lupino. The single set, which ably evokes the Empire in its glory, was designed by Finlay James, who also ran up the handsome costumes. —Brendan Gill

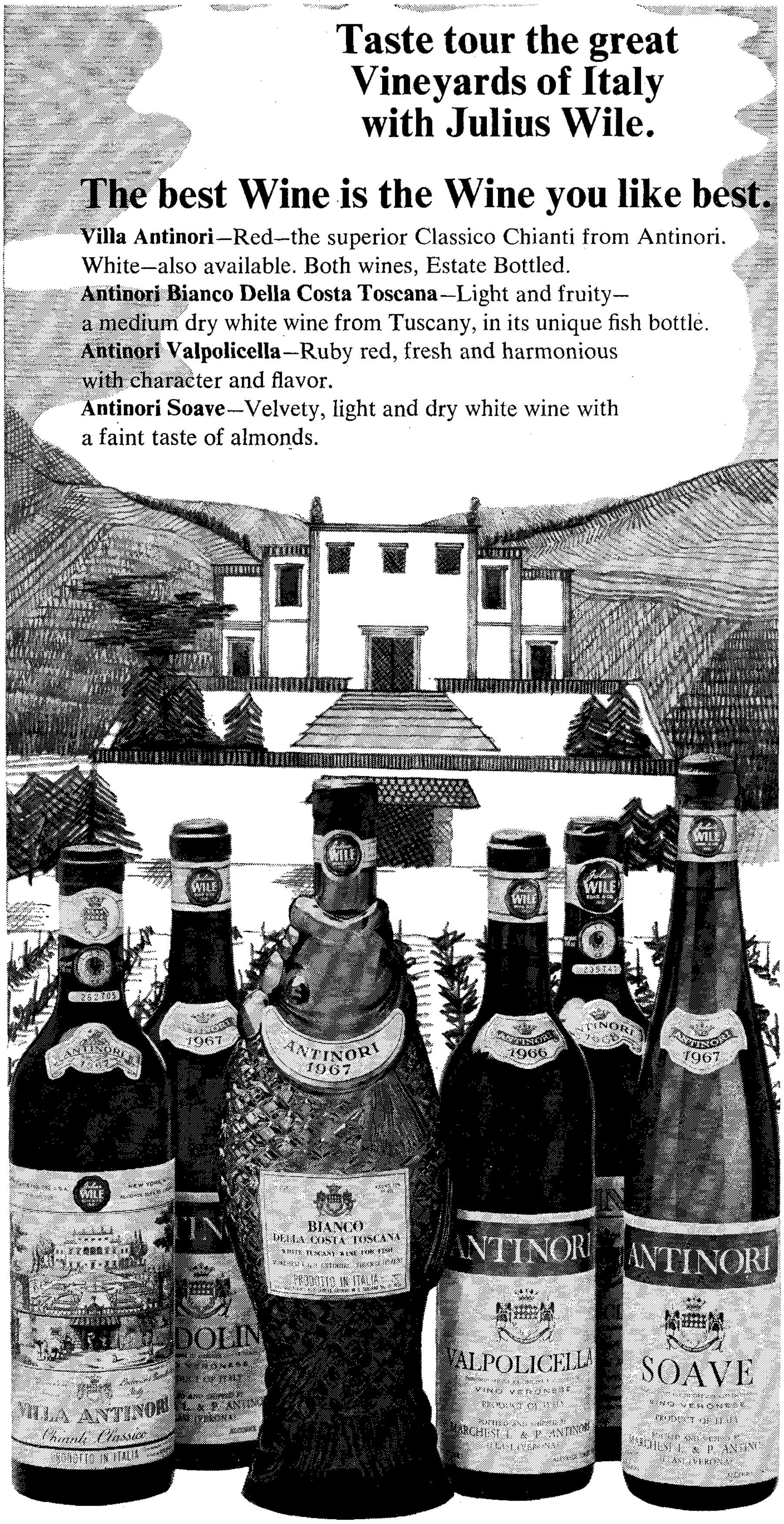
OFF BROADWAY

Clipped-Wing Pinero

The production of “Trelawney of the ‘Wells,’ ” at the Public, is pretty bad, but it is not altogether hopeless; it is almost saved by Sasha von Scherler, who, simply by acting a supporting role with skill and wholeheartedness, eventually succeeds in bringing the play to the audience and letting us at least see what it could be if it were done right. All of us, including, perhaps, the late Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, are in her debt. “Trelawney,” which was first done in 1898, and in which Pinero, himself once an actor, looks back affectionately at a provincial theatrical stock company near London in the eighteen-sixties, may not be important, but it is perfect. It also happens to be a favorite of mine, although I’ve never seen it performed before. The cast, with the exception of Miss von Scherler and a couple of others, completely misses its quality—a quality compounded of charm, style, humor, and



“Now, you can quote me, mind you, but don’t go running around making a religion out of it.”



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tenderness, plus various attributes of the well-made play. Miss von Scherler's Avonia Bunn, a minor actress in the "Wells" troupe, is a take-it-as-it-comes, sunny, and rather slovenly soul with a careless tongue ("You're a warm-hearted woman, but you're a sieve" is the description of her given by one of her colleagues), and possessed of a deep sensitivity—of which she seems unaware—to the feelings of others. (Again, Miss von Scherler always realizes the innocence that is essential to every characterization in the show.) Toward the end, Avonia's husband, the pompous juvenile lead of the troupe, is given the choice of a demeaning role in the Christmas pantomime or his notice, and her sympathy for his indignation and hurt pride and her jubilant relief when he accepts the part make for the one scene of the whole evening that rings absolutely true.

"Trelawney of the 'Wells'" tells the story of Rose Trelawney, a rising star and everybody's darling, who leaves the profession when she becomes engaged to the young grandson of the Vice-Chancellor of England, goes to live, "on approval," in the grandfather's house in Cavendish Square, and then, after a miserable interlude, returns to the stage in a new kind of play by a shabby bit actor named Tom Wrench. Wrench is a wry, awkward fellow who has been quietly and hopelessly in love with her all along, and his script is his gift to her and to her young man, who has left his family for the boards. The character of Wrench—bitter, ironic, and self-mocking—is the most romantic and interesting role of all, although it is barely touched on down at the Public. Wrench, by the way, is based upon an actual dramatist, Tom Robertson (1829-71), whose plays—among them "Caste" and "Society," written in ordinary speech, without rant or fustian, about recognizable men and women—for a short while changed the course of English theatre. Bernard Shaw even refers to the Robertsonian epoch of his youth. Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are, as usual, appropriate and visually delightful. Geoff Garland, as a low comedian, and Jean Bruno, as a landlady, are helpful, but nobody else is. Shaw, reviewing the original production, wasn't entirely satisfied with the performance, either, although he liked the play better than he liked most of Pinero's work. —EDITH OLIVER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

October 17

IF foreign policy were merely the kind of confidence game that domestic politics so often is, one could say that the Administration has shown uncommon adroitness over the last few months. There have been a few *gaffes*, but only minor ones—such as the announcement that the Soviets were building a submarine base in Cuba when, it seems, all that is being built is a Rest and Recreation facility that may or may not be used by the Soviet seamen who have for years been cruising in this part of the world, on the ocean surface or below it. The Soviets said we were mistaken, and we have acknowledged that the evidence didn't support the indictment. And that—for the time being, anyway—is that. In other affairs, though, things have been going swimmingly for the Administration—in terms, that is, of its present domestic needs, of which the most compelling is to elect Republicans to Congress next month. The ninety-day cease-fire that the Secretary of State arranged in the Middle East has, to the astonishment of many, held, and will presumably hold until, if not beyond, the specified expiration date, which will be two days after the votes are counted here. If King Hussein had failed to maintain his uneasy rule in Jordan, we would, we have been belatedly told, have gone to his rescue, and this, of course, would have had politically disagreeable consequences. But the King prevailed—partly, perhaps, because his Syrian and Iraqi enemies didn't want to tangle with the United States Marines—and American intervention was avoided. Because President Nasser's death seemed a more newsworthy event than President Nixon's visit to the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean—a pseudo-event at best—the trip was not quite the propaganda success it might have been, but it was a success of sorts. A President travelling about the country is either a politician or an idler, but a globe-trotting President is a statesman.

Best of all, from the President's and his party's point of view, has been his performance on Vietnam. Almost without exception, his critics in Congress—and candidates opposing his supporters in Congress—have spoken approvingly of his call for a cease-fire and his proposals for a broadened peace conference to consider a settlement covering all of Indo-China. Many have misgivings but regard this as a poor time to put them on the record; others, evidently, have no misgivings, among them the Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, who has said, "I endorse President Nixon's definitive proposals wholeheartedly and without reservations." In Paris, the Communist delegations have said that their rejection of them is "firm, total, and categorical," but this hurts little. The pro-Nixon hawks delight in such talk, since it shows that the President isn't selling out, and the doves, for the most part, accept the Administration's judgment (which may be vindicated by later developments) that the Communists are given to saying one thing in public and another in private—Communist politicians being in this respect quite similar to non- or anti-Communist politicians. At any rate, the President's speech of last week, coupled with announcements of continuing troop withdrawals and lower casualties, has practically eliminated Vietnam as an issue in this year's politics. By a few strokes of rhetoric, he has turned himself from a warmaker into a peacemaker. Morally, to be sure, nothing has changed. The continuation of an indefensible war on a reduced scale (reduced for the Americans, if not necessarily for the Vietnamese) is not more virtuous than its continuation on the earlier and larger scale. But a smaller war is cause for rejoicing in other than moral terms, and who can fault a President who proclaims his intention of "widening the peace" and demonstrates it by offering a package deal that would include not only South Vietnam but Laos and Cambodia as well? Some who are not courting public favor in the fall of 1970 may be able to say that he should be judged by the war he continues to wage rather than by the peace he professes to seek, but for most candidates now, apparently, opposing the Nixon foreign policy is opposing not the war that is still in progress but the peace that is thought to be in process.

On the far left in this country and in certain quarters elsewhere, the President's proposals are regarded as a complete fraud—not merely a means of exploiting foreign policy for votes at home but a deceitful scheme for perpetuating the war and imposing American domination. This is not a view shared by any significant number of people here, even in anti-Nixon circles. Hardly anyone of any persuasion doubts that he was seeking primarily to influence the congressional elections; at the same time, there are few who believe that he sees any profit in seeking a military victory. He knows it can't be obtained and would be worthless even if it could. His desire for peace has not overcome his fear of defeat, but this does not mean that he lusts for unending combat. There is, however, a feeling that if he had not given the highest priority to domestic politics, he would have pursued his diplomatic ends by different and perhaps more effective means than through a speech to the world in the middle of a hard-fought American election campaign. It may be that Hanoi and the Vietcong would have found his proposals totally unacceptable and non-negotiable no matter how, when, where, and by whom they were presented; on the other hand, it is at least conceivable that under other circumstances they might have seen the proposals as opening up new possibilities for negotiations. Indeed, it is still conceivable that they will see them in this light, for the American terms have in fact changed somewhat—most notably in an implied willingness to consider the formation of some sort

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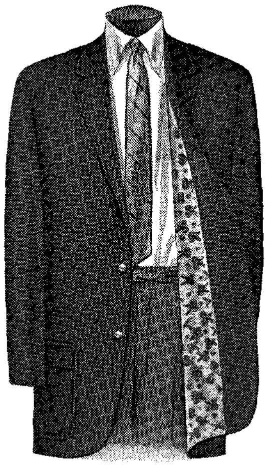

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of interim coalition. But what was absolutely predictable, as State Department spokesmen have been busily explaining for the last week, was that the Communists would have to denounce publicly any proposal publicly made by an American President. They have constituents to contend with, too, and if they had made an early and favorable response to anything Richard Nixon said, their credibility would be as gravely impaired as that of a Billy Graham would be if he said he had been talking with Satan recently and had found him rather a decent sort. The President, knowing all that he does about the delicacy of his own situation, could hardly have been unaware of the kind of reaction his proposals would get from the Communist negotiators. He doubtless knew also that if his plan had even a chance of serious consideration at the present time, it would have been better to advance it—privately if possible, and in any case with a minimum of fanfare—through his ambassadors in Paris. But he chose a more or less calculable political advantage over a hypothetical diplomatic one, which is to say that he attached more importance to strengthening his party's role in government than to bringing about the speediest possible end to the bloodletting.

To a President, the choices may present themselves in a very different light. He may understandably, if erroneously, reason that nothing is more important, even in his conduct of foreign policy, than that he be master in his own house. He has to have more on his mind than Vietnam. It would gain this country and the world little if de-escalation there were accompanied by escalation in the Middle East, a confrontation with the Soviet Union, or an intensification of the arms race with the Soviet Union and China. If he is confident that his views will in the long run prove sound, then he has almost an obligation to do all that he can to have them prevail. It is difficult, though, to see how he could have that kind of confidence. He has put his domestic adversaries on the defensive—indeed, for the moment he holds them in the palm of his hand—but that is a short-term gain that could prove to be a long-term loss. It is far from certain that it is in the Republican interest to eliminate the war as an issue in this year's campaign; the Vice-President's appeal has been to the loyalist's heart and to the prosecutor's mentality. Early in the campaign, the Democrats joined the prosecutors, and now almost everyone is a loyalist. If the issues are reduced to economic ones, and if the voters, or most of them, adhere to es-

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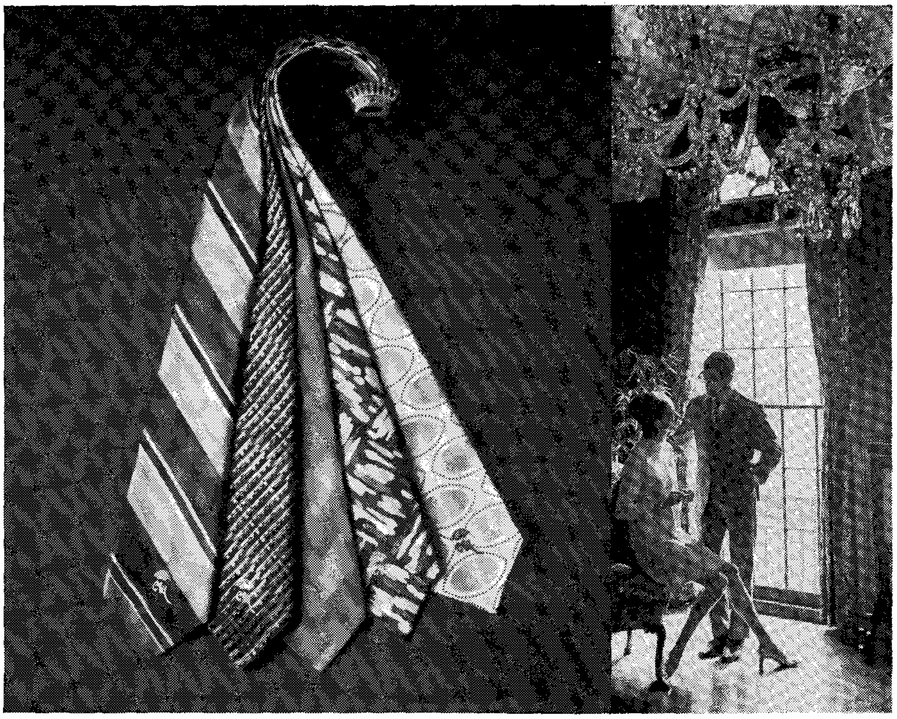
tablished patterns, then the beneficiaries of recent developments should be the Democrats. The President appears to have created a situation favorable to himself as Chief Magistrate, but he has at the same time turned obstructionists into collaborators, and therefore has no case against obstructionism—except the obstructionism of the radicals, few of whom have been favored with nominations to public office. For the moment, he wears the mantle of Dwight Eisenhower, the Great Unifier. But Eisenhower was never of much help to his party, even when he had Nixon performing the chores that Agnew now performs for Nixon.

Nor is there, as yet, much reason to hope that by addressing the world, rather than the Vietnamese, on Vietnam the President has improved our position anywhere. Non-Communist governments have been almost unanimous in praising his speech of last week, but that kind of praise can't be put to much use. Hanoi isn't much impressed with sentiments expressed by British Prime Ministers or Laotian princes. No one really knows what the leaders in Moscow really want to happen in Vietnam, but they were foreseeably swift in their rejection of the Nixon program, and, in what was probably an act of diplomatic retaliation, they dusted off an old program of their own for a settlement in the Middle East. When the appeal is to public opinion, the superpowers invariably behave like rival insurance salesmen, each inviting the attention of potential clients to the superior benefits of his policy. Probably very little would have come of it if Premier Kosygin had attended the rally currently under way at the United Nations, but Soviet spokesmen attribute the cancellation of his plans to what American spokesmen refer to as "the President's initiative." However that may be, it effectively dimmed what slight hope there was that the U.N. might somehow lend itself to some sort of accommodation. To be sure, not every disappointing turn of events can be attributed to what an American President does or does not do. Soviet foreign policy is a product of Soviet politics, and if Soviet-American relations are in poorer shape now than they seemed to be a few months ago, the cause cannot be simple personal pique. The present Soviet stand on the Middle East goes back at least fifteen years and has been maintained with at least as much consistency as American policy ever since. Nevertheless, it does seem reasonably clear that the President's mixing of diplomacy with Republican



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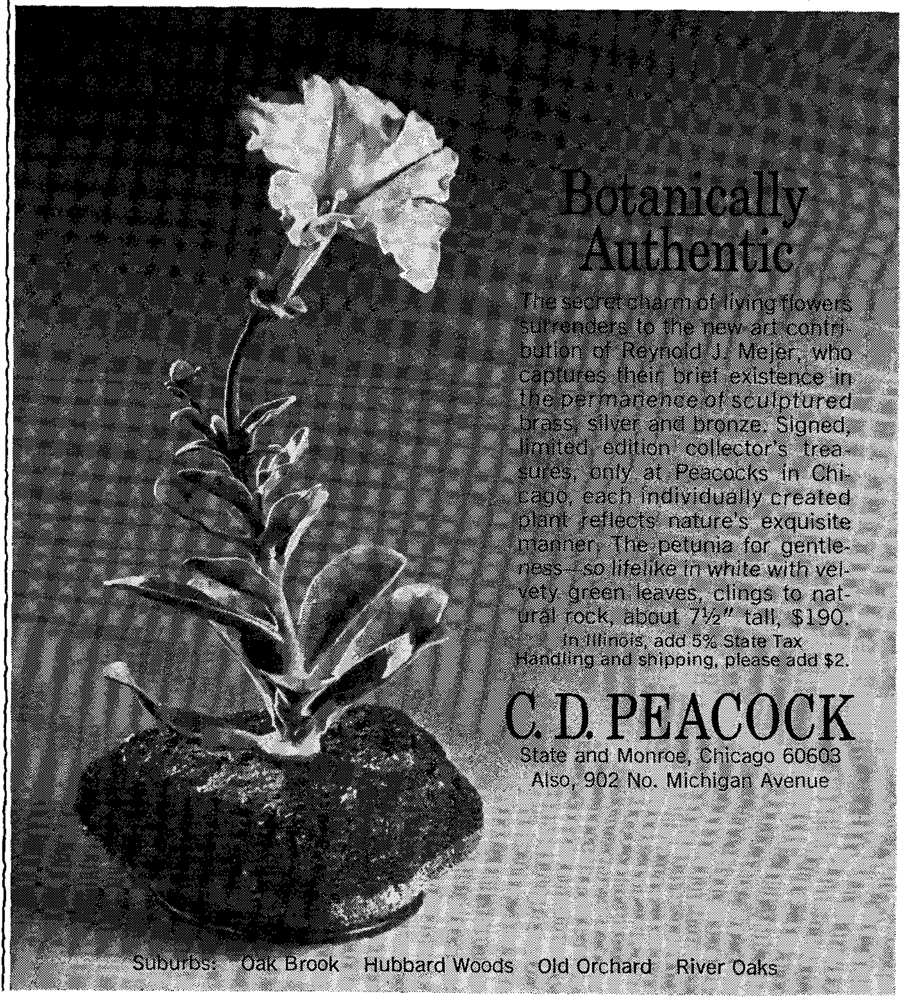

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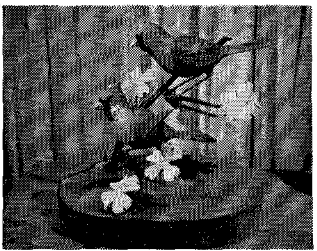

Male & female cardinals in a setting of dogwood blossoms and green leaves—sculptured entirely in walnut wood. Life sized birds in authentic colors with sculptured "feather detailing''. . . . Blossoms, leaves and branches wire reinforced for durability and resiliency. Polished walnut base. 8½x10x11" high. $325.00, ppd.
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politics and public relations has led to at least some delays along the route to the comity of nations. The SALT talks and an improvement of relations between Bonn and Moscow are matters that have little to do with the Soviet Union's general position in the world—except to the degree that success in either enterprise would somewhat enhance Moscow's prestige. Both sets of negotiations were going along reasonably well until the President took stage center in the Mediterranean and then came home to offer himself as a world leader about to usher in a "generation of peace." It is possible that things will start looking up again after the election, and that all that will have been lost is time. It could also be that the time already lost is the time that no one side could afford to lose.

WHEN Congress reconvenes on November 16th, there will be an effort to override the President's veto of the bill limiting the amount of money that political candidates can spend for the purchase of television and radio time. No one is now in a position to estimate the prospects for overriding, since the congressmen—particularly those who have been reëlected—are bound to be influenced by their post-election readings of the President's strength, and perhaps by what the election will have revealed about the influence of television in 1970. For the present, opinion seems to be running heavily against the President, and there is something approaching unanimity on the proposition that his veto of this more or less bipartisan measure was an act of blatant partisanship. The contention is that he opposed it, while praising its "highly laudable and widely supported goals," because Republicans are richer than Democrats. It would have been uncharacteristic of him to overlook any such consideration in reaching his decision, and it certainly makes better sense than some of the reasons he gave in his veto message, of which the one most heavily stressed was that the bill was discriminatory because it did not apply to printed advertising. Supporters of the bill had countered this argument in advance—saying, for one thing, that half a loaf is better than none, and, furthermore, in terms of money and probable influence, television and radio are closer to being three-quarters or seven-eighths of a loaf than half. Some also contend that there is something inherently and unrelentingly undemocratic in broadcast advertising; in print it is generally necessary to make at least a stab at a rational appeal—to present an argu-

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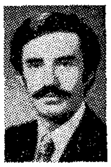
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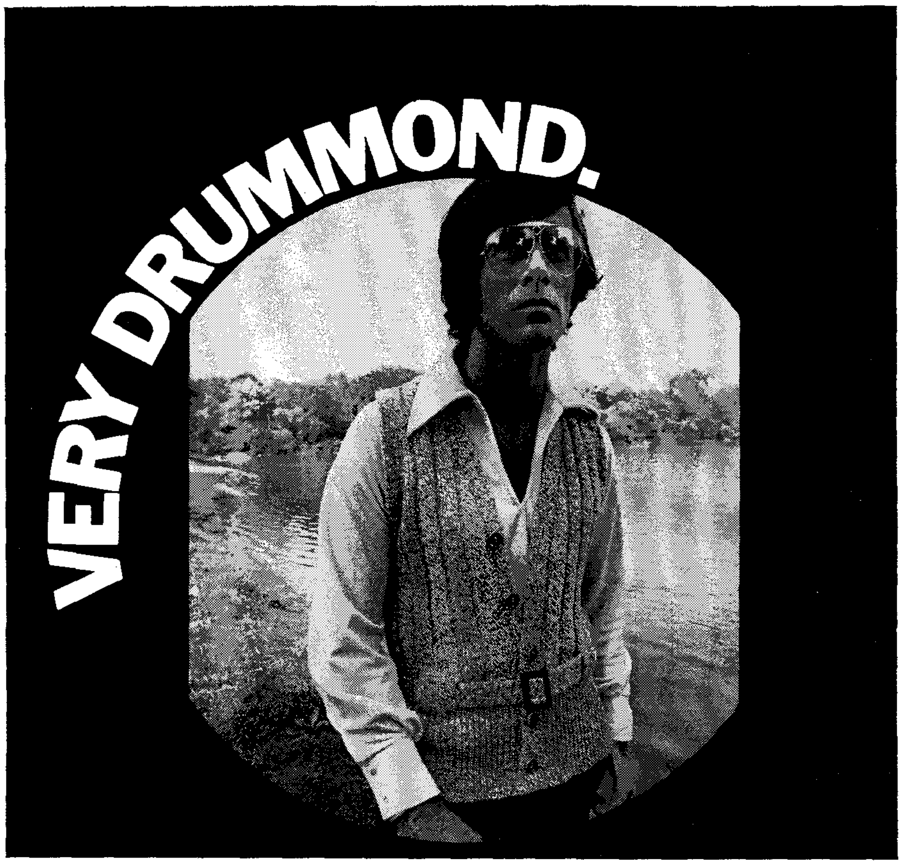
ment that can be pondered and reexamined—but television commercials, with few exceptions, are essentially assaults on the eyes and ears rather than on the mind. Had the President, who has shown a high tolerance for a good many discriminatory measures, felt that the bill would favor his party, it is generally believed, he would not have held out for perfection.

This seems more likely than not to be so. It is possible to wonder, however, whether the case for the bill is as sound as its proponents claim it to be. The political uses to which television has been put in this country have been deplorable. The money spent on commercials seeking votes could probably accomplish many of the worthy reforms to which the candidates claim devotion. And television is a corrupting influence not so much because it favors the rich in politics as because it favors the rich who are *not* in politics but are eager to gain influence by paying the expenses of campaigners. The fact is that there are relatively few men in public life wealthy enough to underwrite their own campaigns; among Presidents and Presidential candidates in the last few decades, only John F. Kennedy commanded a substantial fortune. The man who can buy his own election is more likely to be independent than the man who must seek money from others. In any case, the situation is a scandal that no democratic society should tolerate and that most democratic societies do not tolerate. But in this country, for a number of reasons, we have found no workable devices for reducing the influence of money in politics. The problem existed—perhaps, though not surely, in less insidious forms—before there was television, and all the laws passed to limit political expenditures and donations have got us nowhere. If television were nationalized, commercials could be done away with altogether, but that is currently unthinkable; if the government financed all campaigning, the use of television might be limited or abolished, but that, too, is unthinkable. The argument that if less money were spent on television and radio than on other media more rational debate would ensue may have some merit, but not much. More likely, the picture now on the tube would be plastered all across the country on billboards, and there would be an enormous market in sound trucks and bullhorns. The issue of broadcasting in politics is a grave one, but the larger issue is the role of money in politics.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE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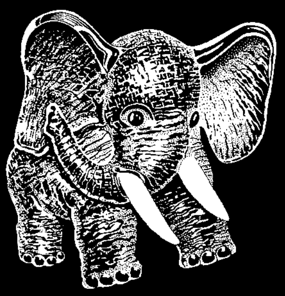

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Kamikazes

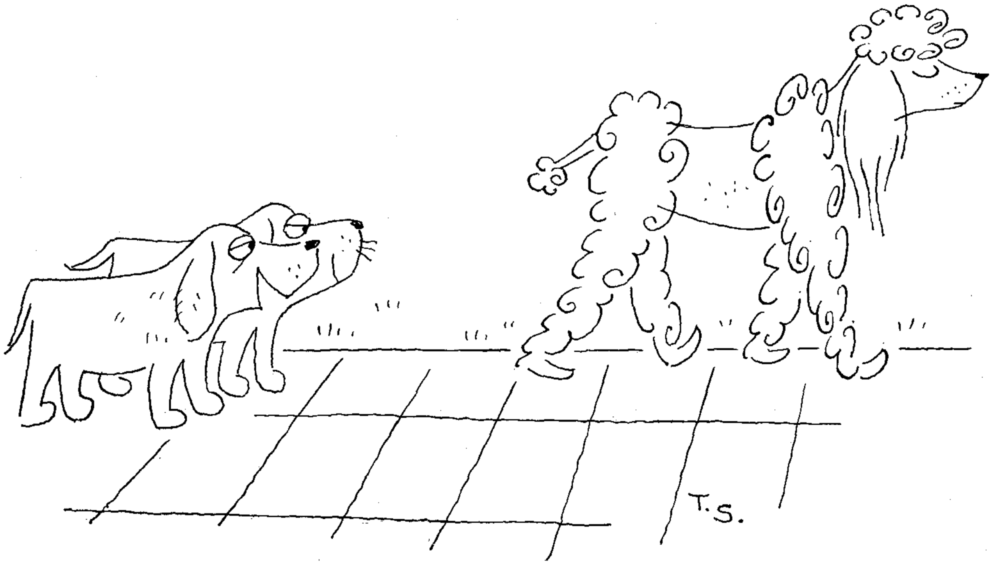
3 ARTS
LAST WEEK

"ICE" is a surprisingly honest, comprehensive view of the life style of young American revolutionary terrorists; though nominally set in the indefinite near future, when the Vietnam war has been superseded by a war in Mexico, it is simply an extension of current urban-guerrilla attitudes and activities. However, the film generates far more interest when you talk about it afterward than while you're seeing it. As a piece of moviemaking, it is gray and grainy and painfully stagnant, and when you strain to make out the overlapping mumbled conversations you discover that nothing in particular is being communicated. Though it's an acted film, it has a hazy semi-documentary style, as if a stoned anthropologist were examining his own tribe and were so indifferent to the filmmaking process that he hadn't learned how to read a light meter or bothered to work out a continuity. It's a film about political commitment that is made not only without commitment to film as an art form but without any enthusiasm for its own political commitment.

The director, Robert Kramer, has perhaps the least ingratiating style imaginable. In "Ice," as in his 1968 film "The Edge," the viewer is likely to get the characters confused, because they're not introduced to us or individualized; we are left to sort them out for ourselves, if we care about the particulars. Obviously, Kramer doesn't, because he doesn't follow such elementary theatrical principles as not casting look-alikes, or costuming people so that they can be readily distinguished. The only care in "Ice" seems to have gone into the violent scenes, and then only into their staging, not into their dramatic function. The film offers a cross-section of guerrilla activities, without explanations. We are plunked into the middle—into receiving guns and hiding them, into meetings, killings, sabotage—without being informed why someone is being killed, or who he is, or why someone else is being tortured. When things go wrong, we don't know why, or even which side they're going wrong for; we're not sure who the opposition are—whether they're police or right-wing groups or left-wingers with a different ideology. And since the scenes don't build out of each other, you get the feeling that the significant parts must be missing, and you become impatient—you feel you're getting the fringe details and mumbo-jumbo of conspiratorial organization rather than the heart of revolutionary activity. It all seems pointless and utterly unreal as you watch kids playing at being guerrillas in their parents' tasteful apartments in the Belnord and other upper-West Side bastions of the middle-class left. When they go out to liberate a luxury high-rise, the nuttiness of it all may make you groan.

But these weaknesses in the movie as plausible dramatic entertainment are just what make it such a revealing account of the anomalies in this movement that *is* concerned with immediate destructive actions rather than a vision or a long-range plan, this movement whose participants do indeed look alike, and talk tonelessly, as if anesthetized, and who are indeed likely to be upper-middle-class kids whose parents support them and, in varying degrees, agree with them and coöperate. It's obvious that some parents made their homes available to Kramer, and some appear in the film. "Ice," though it cost only twelve thousand dollars (from the American Film Institute), has a cast of two hundred and fifty. Kramer gives a remarkably accurate picture of the world he is part of, and, in a very peculiar way, which I think rarely occurs, his style as a moviemaker—which is to say his *weaknesses* as a moviemaker—is part of the style of life he chronicles. This long, ambitious picture is passive and demoralized and mechanical; it's as alienated as its characters. I don't think Kramer has merely projected his own alienation onto them; I think he shares in their absence of goals, and that's why his movie is so paralyzingly boring.

"Ice" is the cold, dank side of the youth consciousness; it is concerned primarily with life-taking and with routinized self-sacrifice. "The Edge" was a chronicle of the disillusion of a group of once active civil-rights workers living together in a community; one of them made plans to assassinate President Johnson, failed, and committed suicide. In "Ice," the actions planned seem just as senseless and suicidal, and are presented that way. The movie is a kind of aging New Left self-examination, a where-we-are-now—a record of random violence and grubby, inane discussions. The movie appears to be coldly objective, and one may think that it is almost obsessively introspective and self-critical until one recognizes that the objectivity is a matter of tone, not of method. Television has accustomed us to thinking that objectivity lies in not evaluating the facts, and this movie, which does not interpret what it shows, and which is so diffuse that the shots don't even appear to be framed, carries "objectivity" so far that the picture seems to be visually decomposing while you're watching it. But though it is not a propaganda film in any obvious sense, there can be no doubt that the presentation is made from inside. "Ice" takes a despondent view, but it believes in the revolution-



"Very, very French."

ary actions it shows. It doesn't believe in them *much*, but it believes in them more than it believes in anything else. The commitment is implicit not only in the fact that the movie finds nothing strange about this way of life but in what it takes for granted by starting at the point where all other possibilities have been excluded—which is why it seems totally nondramatic. The characters have already resigned themselves to becoming bodies to be put not just on the line but over it. Kramer doesn't sentimentalize details, any more than he dramatizes situations, but he does sentimentalize at the most basic level in presenting this communal-guerrilla mode of living, on behalf of the poor and victimized (whether they want it or not), as a necessity. And the slight pretense that we're in a future police state makes the underground guerrilla network seem inevitable. However, there's little doubt that some, perhaps many, believe it's inevitable now, and the participation in terrorism by young, privileged, well-educated people is not likely to disturb the younger movie audience, who may accept "Ice" as where things are—and conceivably even as an affirmation.

The extremists are not colorful, emotional, wild-eyed revolutionaries. They go about their plotting and bombing as if revolution were an unpleasant business they were engaged in—a dangerous business that was going to turn out badly for them but that they must go on with. Though the characters are not stereotypes in the Hollywood sense, they nevertheless seem stereotypes rather than people, and this is, I think, part of the revelation of the film—the revolutionaries' interchangeability. They have accepted their roles as cogs in the revolution, and, being devoid of strong personality or flamboyant passions, they *are* alike. They seem to believe they are rational political beings because they are not romantic in style; they have managed to make nihilism banal. They are like the mild, affectless terrorists making bombs in their parents' Village town house; their voices are as low-keyed and lacking in ardor as the Bernardine Dohrn tape. They don't really choose violence; they acquiesce in it. In the movie, they're trying to bring about an apocalyptic change that they don't expect to survive, but they go about their tasks methodically. They have rationalized their irrationality, and they have domesticated their alienation in communal living. (They do not lose their alienation in communal living; instead, they reinforce it, because their alienation becomes the life style that

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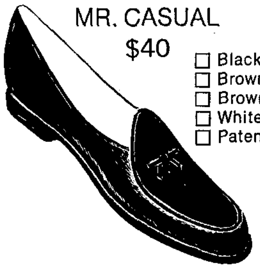

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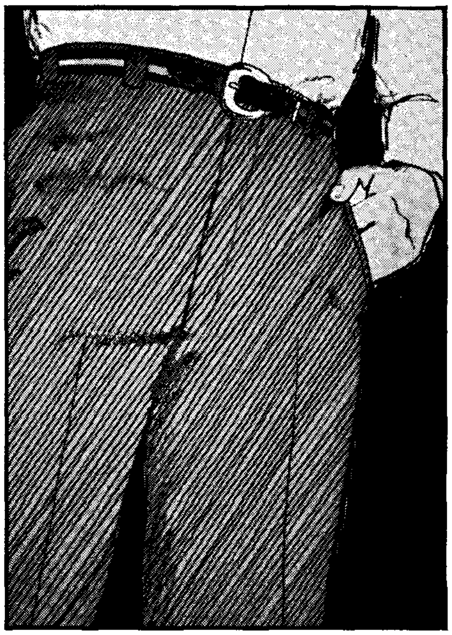

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links them.) One could almost say they carry out their tasks like the anonymous workers on a cathedral—for the greater glory of the poor.

They seem to be wiped out as people, but though their dreariness and their acceptance of the self-obliterating life go together, we can't tell which came first. The movie isn't illuminating on this point, yet from the evidence in the film (and elsewhere) I infer that this depersonalization is not distressing to the depersonalized. Maybe their acceptance of conspiratorial action gives them a mission that justifies the depressed state they were in anyway—gives them a definition as people that they hadn't had before, a *reason* for losing the lives that they'd never fully found. They may *feel* less depersonalized in the movement because they no longer feel the need to express themselves individually. The fact is that within the last couple of years well-educated students have accommodated themselves to terrorism with startling ease. "Ice" shows them to be as blandly programmed as they do indeed seem to be in newspaper accounts. One begins to see the movie as part of a phenomenon, and to look into it for clues to how it is that some of the most freely brought-up children in our society—the children of poets and professors and analysts and successful businessmen—are so personally depressed about "Amerika" and so affectless about violence that they have turned into Kamikazes. In the movie, the guerrillas talk about their regional offensive as part of a spontaneous revolution that, by the meshing of many groups like theirs, will overthrow the warmaking establishment, and yet nihilism is their normal, everyday outlook. They have commitment but not conviction.

They are conspirators in violence, but they aren't like revolutionaries as we've traditionally thought of revolutionaries, because they don't seem to be carriers of revolution—they don't have any revolutionary *spirit*. The film itself raises this question, as it raises so many others, only to drop it in, like the TV producers who think that when they mention something they have covered it, though they have only covered themselves against the charge of having omitted it. The characters in "Ice" relax with drugs or sex, and there is never a hint of intellectual excitement or of any pleasure in thought. They are a joyless, unhappy group, and one gets no sense of how they want society to be, of what their dream of the good life is. Even their despair is neutral. One looks at them and thinks, What kind of revo-

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lution could they conceivably make? What kind of life do they visualize? From the evidence, they have no sustaining vision beyond smashing the state. They speak of better conditions for the poor, but they speak of nothing for themselves—not even survival.

Self-abnegation pervades the movie. One can only surmise that these people don't really believe in a liberating revolution—that they believe only in the repression they constantly expect. With the specifically modern look of being faintly blocked emotionally that is as common in the faces in suburban supermarkets as it is in the faces of the girl defendants in the Tate case and the girls sought for bombings, they accept a conspiratorial role, as if everything political had been settled except the details. They carry out their actions like the girl in "La Chinoise" who, having got the hotel-room numbers mixed, assassinates the wrong man, curses herself for her mistake, and goes back into the hotel and shoots the right man—a bureaucrat whose crime is that he carries out orders mechanically. The depressed state of the conspirators suggests that mechanized equality is their goal. One gets the strong impression that it is not politically but psychologically that the terrorists have lost interest in nonviolent alternatives, and that they *prefer* this conspiratorial, terrorist nonpolitics, in which they don't have to believe in anything or try to make actual contact with blacks or the poor, who might rebuff them. They don't have to leave their own middle-class group. The mechanical solutions of terrorism—the simple acts of destruction—can satisfy their desire for accomplishment. When they blow something up, they have tangible results—not the frustrations they heard about from those who worked in the South or in the ghettos or in the McCarthy campaign. Terrorism is the ultimate materialism. Functioning this way, they don't develop as people; they become like guns.

The atrophy shows in the filmmaking process: Kramer throws in flaccid derivations from Godard—agitprop statements, some revolutionary "theatre," some war toys, a documentary montage. The political slogans that are recited might be a comment on left-wing sterility, but who can say? In this spongy atmosphere, sterility and comment on sterility are not distinguishable. Kramer's work has an ill-defined self-consciousness; almost anything one can perceive in the film might have been put there deliberately or might have found its way in and been accepted as belonging there. The title itself may refer to the frozen rigidity of the movement as it waits for mass support, and it may indicate a recognition that to live just to "smash the state" is not enough. The director, disengaged from filmmaking while engaged in it, is also disengaged from the results: his name isn't even on the picture. All through the ambiguousness and gloom of "Ice," Kramer seems to be saying that the movement is doomed and maybe the movie isn't worth doing; his pessimism is a deeply offensive form of face-saving sentimentality, since it is used to justify everything from killing to taking pictures out of focus.

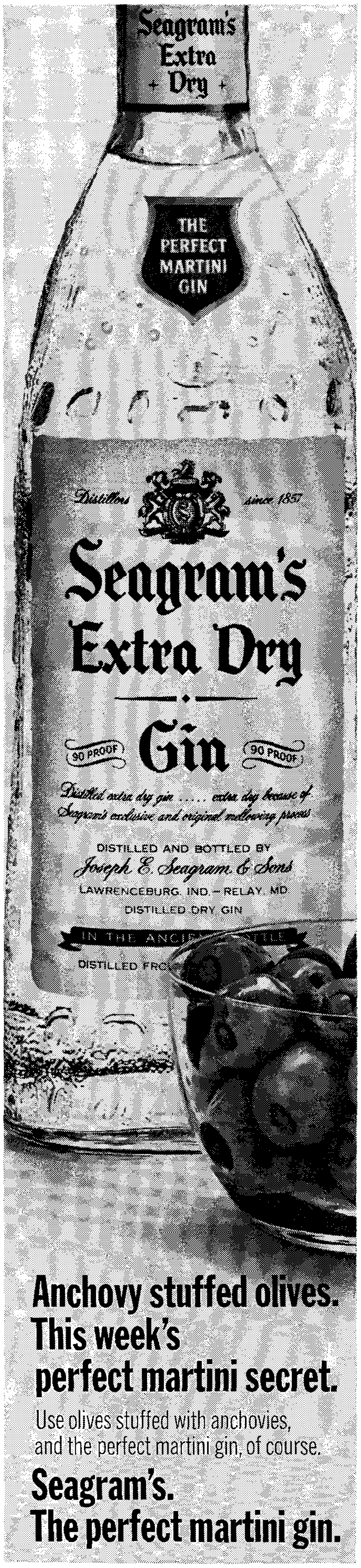
In "One Plus One," Godard's alienation devices backfired. He put down intellectuals, but he did everything in the movie for intellectual reasons; he used black actors as worker-guerrillas and had them recite political lessons inexpressively. Panthers, even when they sound programmed, convey the emotional basis for what they are saying, but in "One Plus One" there was no connection between the words and any revolutionary impulse. And since the words carried no emotional force—not even hate—audiences got bored and stopped listening. Without emotional charge, the revolutionary rituals were like parodies of what Godard himself apparently believes in. The black workers were just blank, and the demonstration-lecture style was so dehumanized that you couldn't even grasp why they'd get involved in a revolutionary struggle. But what you couldn't believe about his black workers you can believe about the educated young middle-class. In "Ice," the characters appear to get involved in guerrilla action *because* they are blank.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

... Sooty Baby, the horse that won all those races wearing a Magnuson button on her blinkers, is now retired and expecting. But Lorna Brown, Soot's owner, has a new horse, Soft Boy, running, and according to my asking for equal time. Sorry, Soft Boy runs without usually unreliable track tipsters, Sen. Jackson is blinkers.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Hiya, Blinkers!



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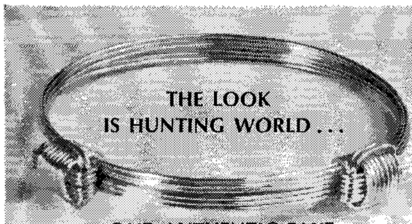

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FOOTBALL

Hard Times

WHEN the Packers, as depleted by damage to personnel as the Jets are now, went up against the Dallas Cowboys for the professional championship on that thirteen-below-zero afternoon three years ago, they had to call upon whatever was still intact for the drive that ended—oh, four or five seconds before time ran out—when Bart Starr, his nose in the frozen turf, sneaked through the Dallas line for the championship touchdown. Among the intact personnel was Chuck Mercein, late of Yale, later of the Giants, and intact because he had been out of action until the Packers picked him up toward the end of the year. On the progress toward that famous touchdown, Starr gave Mercein a hand-off good for eight badly needed yards and threw him a pass worth nineteen yards—the longest gain on that despairing drive. When Vince Lombardi started coaching the Redskins instead of the Packers, Mercein came along (perhaps the great old man had—what is rare in the vast football industry—a touch of gratitude), and after Lombardi died, earlier this season, Mercein was again on his own. What he can do for the depleted Jets has to be seen, but one can hope.

On an afternoon nearly as *Götterdämmerung* as that championship afternoon (namely, last Saturday), when a bitter wind was disorganizing the activity in many an Eastern stadium, blowing snow into the faces of many a passer and persuading many a football to fall through frozen fingers, Richie Szaro, who had labored modestly and almost unnoticed through a year of Harvard freshman football and two and a half seasons of Harvard varsity football, finally had himself his day. He, too, was playing a catch-up game, for Cornell was in the lead, 24–21, and time was (as people used to say) a-wasting. Richie had gone down to Harvard a high-school prize, but a bit of foot trouble, accentuated by a turned ankle, had converted him from a high-scoring runner into a "ksp"—the designation for the chap who comes onfield only to get off a kick. Szaro kicks soccer style, and left-footed, and it is an awkward-looking procedure, all right—as awkward-looking as the Gogolaks', and just as accurate. (Pete Gogolak kicked three last Sunday, more than enough to let the Giants beat the Patriots, 16–0.) Two-thirds of the way through the final quarter, Szaro sighted down the wind and then kicked a field goal that tied Cornell, at 24–all. Nine seconds before the game ended, he kicked, once more downwind, the winning field goal.

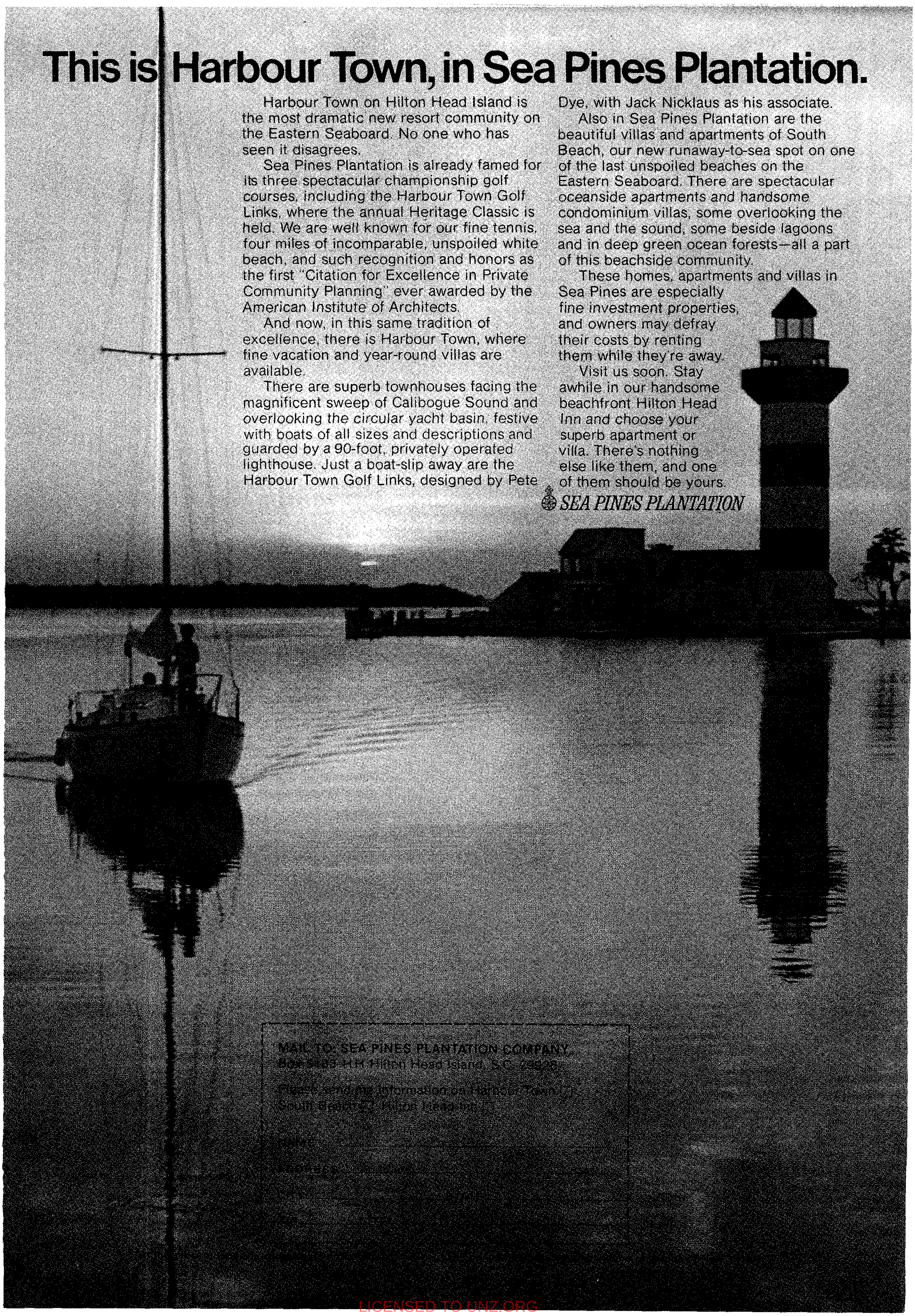
STADIUM PARKING

Hard times befell Army again last Saturday (Virginia 21, Army 20). Like the Jets, Army has suffered a shortage of usable personnel this fall. Peterson, its sure-footed punter, was damaged beyond repair at the beginning of the season, and the unhappy punter brought up from the junior varsity to fill in fumbled the pass from center that came to him in the fourth quarter and could not get off his kick. Virginia, behind 20–14 at that moment, had the rest of the afternoon to itself. . . . The high wind in Yale Bowl helped Klebanoff, its resident field-goal man, match Szaro with two whopping, though not as decisive, field goals, and Yale, overrunning Columbia's Jackson, one of the three really good quarterbacks in the Ivy League, and giving Massey, its own quarterback, all the time needed for his strategic devices, looks like the one obstacle in Dartmouth's way this year. Yale suited up sixty men, including four quarterbacks, and used them all (Yale 32, Columbia 15). If anyone asks, Massey is another of the three good Ivy League quarterbacks, and Chasey (who superintended Dartmouth 42, Brown 14 on Saturday) is the third. Harvard's Foster, who looks like a senior prophet now that he has grown an encircling beard, can be the fourth, once he learns to throw better. He is already a good runner, a good scrambler, a good punter, and a good safety. Plummer, Princeton's leading man, can be the fifth when he gets over his "tunnel vision" (only one catcher in his sights at a time). And Marinaro, who was slowed up a trifle by Harvard last week, need not be bothered by that; he is already the best broken-field runner Cornell has had in a long time, and the most bewildering one. —J. W. L.

•

Largely autobiographical and pseudonymous. Has been acquired for filming by Rock McKuen and Rock Hudson.
—*Publishers' Weekly.*

With Rock Torn?



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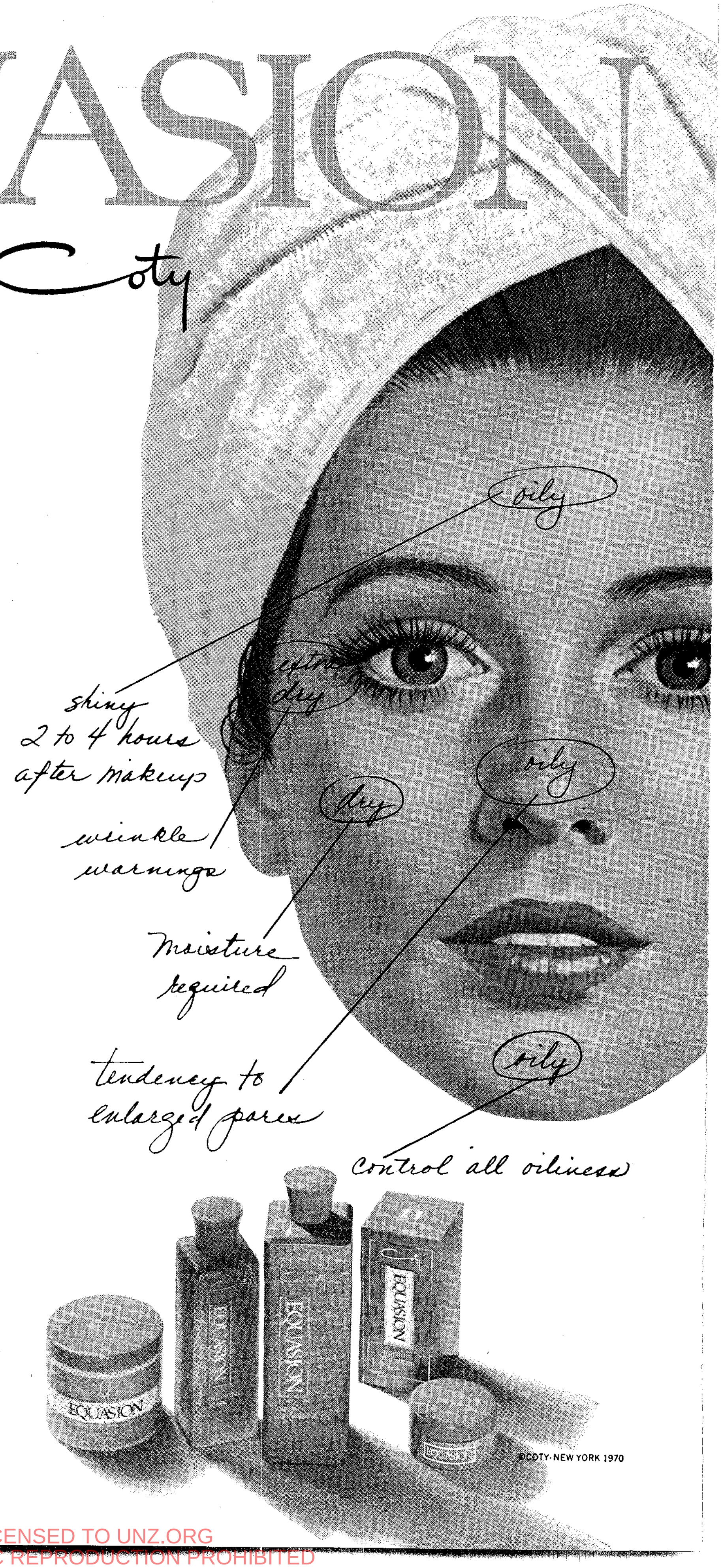
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OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS

AILANTHUS ALTISSIMA

ACCORDING to the *Social Register of Big Trees*, which has been compiled and published periodically since 1944 by the American Forestry Association, the champion ailanthus in the United States stands in the village of Head of the Harbor, out on Long Island. About six hundred tree champions among a total of eight hundred and sixty-five native or naturalized species known to grow wild in this country are listed in the latest edition, and the contest, which is judged on a complicated point scale that involves over-all height, circumference at four and a half feet from the ground, and spread of branches, has become briskly competitive in recent years as state forestry organizations, garden clubs, and interested individuals have advanced the claims of their favorite big trees. Reigns of champions are often brief. Florida, which has more tree species within its borders than any other state, also has the most champions—currently, sixty-two. California is second, with forty-eight, and Michigan third, with forty-five. New York has two, the junior champion being a bigtooth aspen in the town of Walker, not far from Rochester. Bigtooth aspen, in reality a poplar, grows in dry soils and burned-over areas in southeastern Canada and northeastern United States. It is the favorite food of beavers, an animal whose numbers are now increasing in the state, to the delight of trappers, who often bait their snares with a tasty two-foot branch of the tree. Usually, a bigtooth aspen is under sixty feet in height, but the specimen in Walker, which took its place at the head of its class in 1963, rises to almost a hundred.

The state's senior champion, whose reign has lasted almost two decades, is of a species known by sight to practically every resident of New York City. The ailanthus is sometimes called the tree of heaven, but O. Henry, who was not known for his nature writing, referred to it merely as the "backyard tree." A native of China, it has been here almost two hundred years. The bark is gray, and the coarse, rather crooked branches carry exotic-looking compound leaves. These, late to come and late to go, have a somewhat tropical appearance, especially when dancing in a breeze. Comparatively thick leaf stalks measure from a foot and a half to a yard long, and carry eleven to forty-one leaflets, which are of a brilliant green no matter what the weather. In June, the trees, separately sexed, like the willows and certain others, produce inconspicuous, yellowish-green flowers. Wind and insects do the pollinating, and by late summer large, crowded clusters of samaras, or key fruits, hang heavy on the female trees. The seed, so light that seventeen thousand of them are needed to make a pound, is a small black dot at the center of a pair of twisted wings—a much more efficient flying machine than, for example, the single-bladed maple key. Partly because of this device, the tree grows not only in Brooklyn, where it was celebrated in a novel some years back, but uniformly throughout the five boroughs, in back yards and in outright waste places where other trees would fail. It thrives in cracks between bricks. Cockily, it pushes tufts of green through iron gratings of apartment-house areaways, rising from what appear to be beds of sheer concrete. A poet once remarked that in this city two dead vine leaves, a cigarette butt, and a paper clip provide ideal growing conditions for an ailanthus. He hardly exaggerated. A fifteen-foot specimen was found flourishing a few years back on a corner of a garage roof in the lower Bronx, sustaining itself handily on dust and roofing cinders. Winds take the light seed surprisingly high, and the tree's characteristic branches can often be spotted drooping over masonry façades in terrace gardens a hundred feet up. The ailanthus exceeds all our other trees in speed of growth. Young ailanthus trees often add eight feet in height a year. Once established, they are almost indestructible. Suckers sprout twelve feet tall in one growing season from the stumps of felled trees. A botanist has predicted that when Manhattan falls in ruins it will soon be covered by ailanthus. A start has, in fact, been made in that direction. According to Parks Department records, there are two million trees, including a few elderly ailanthus, in our parks, and half a million, including virtually *no* ailanthus, line our streets. But the department estimates that elsewhere, despite its policy of uprooting young ones within its jurisdiction and granting no permits for street plantings, half a million ailanthus of various sizes are now growing enthusiastically among us, far more than any other species.

Pollution from industry and from the automobile has long since done in many of the old-fashioned American trees that used to embellish our city streets. Plane trees and other modern replacements often turn sickly, as well. Sulphur dioxide, carbon monoxide, and gobs of soot are currently the three main pollutants of our air. The ailanthus somehow resists these. All trees feed themselves—and thus start the preservation of their health—in exactly the same fashion. The first requirement is water. To put it most simply, just back of the bark, inside the thin

Wm Hamilton

"Professor, could you cool your theory a sec while I change the tape?"

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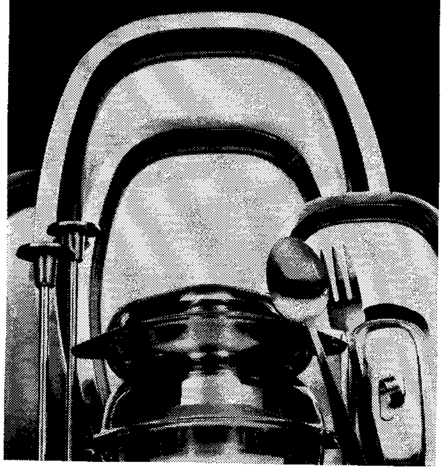

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growing layer called the cambium, lies the outer wood, the sapwood, and this contains tubes that carry up water obtained from the earth by the roots. The tubes grow thinner and thinner, until, through the thinnest of all, the water passes into the leaves. Every molecule of water in a tree, it has recently been discovered, is bound to others like links in an extremely strong chain, so that as the leaves use up the water more mounts by means of the liquid linkage—often a hundred feet or more. Of course, trees must breathe air as well as drink water. On the underside of each leaf are tiny holes, opened and closed by guard cells, which admit air. Using water, carbon dioxide from the air, and the energy from a bit of light, the leaf, with the aid of its chlorophyll, produces sugar and pure oxygen. The oxygen it returns to the atmosphere through the leaf holes, and the sugar, which is the raw food of all tree species, it keeps. The sugar descends by way of cells on the outside of the thin cambium layer to whatever part of the tree requires it. Trees ordinarily languish or die under urban pollution, either from the clogging of the leaf holes, which produces a form of strangulation, or from the presence of too large an amount of noxious gases in the air that the leaves take in, which produces a form of toxicity, or from some combination of the two. Under these conditions, certain trees buckle completely. Others perform marginally, at best. The ailanthus seems unaffected. In fact, it can prosper where pollution is worst. Botanists do not yet know the secret of its elastic metabolism. One of them said recently, with a sigh, "If the ailanthus were suddenly to become a tree of prime commercial importance, we would have a good chance of learning the key to its pollution resistance. Scores of researchers with scads of money would zero in on it. Alas, this doesn't seem likely to happen. The tree is widely regarded as a weed."

THE national champion, which no one could conceivably regard as a weed, is to be found on the North Shore of Long Island, thirty-five miles from the city's eastern boundary, at Sherrewogue, the estate of Francis M. Bacon III, who is a stockbroker (Harvard '21), and Mrs. Bacon, who is Toni Frissell, a photographer whose work has often appeared in *Life* and *Vogue*. The Bacons usually spend the first four days of the week in the city and then go to the country for a three-day weekend. Having asked and re-

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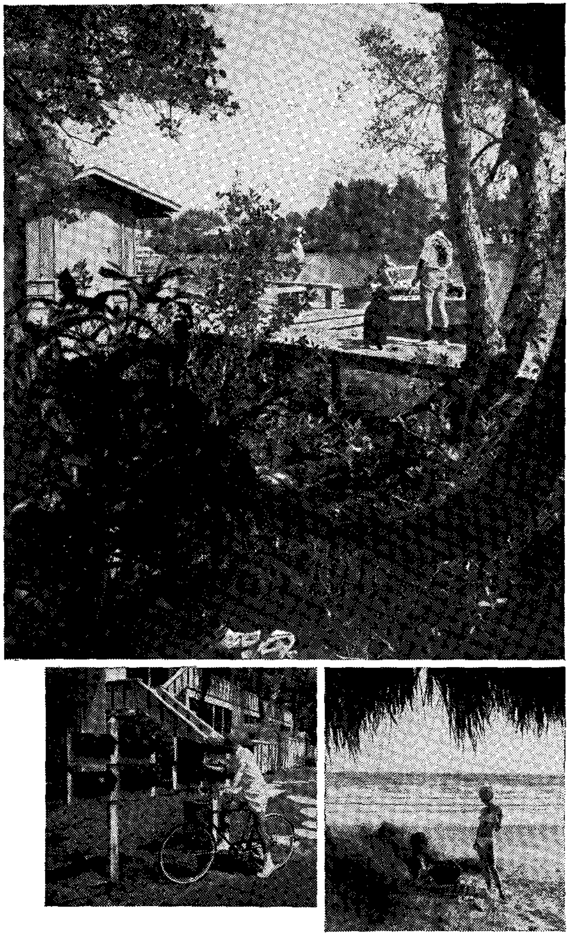
ceived permission to call on them at Sherrewogue, I drove out there one weekend not long ago to see the tree, accompanied by its nominator for the championship, George H. Peters, of Climax, New York. A past president of the Long Island Horticultural Society and a onetime deputy commissioner of public works in charge of Nassau County parks, Peters retired some years back to a home in the Catskills, but he and Mrs. Peters maintain an apartment in Freeport, and I picked him up there in the middle of the morning. A trim, blue-eyed man of seventy, he looked and acted twenty years younger, as is often the case, I find, with those who spend their lives close to plants.

We entered the Bacons' place by a road running through extensive, well-planted grounds. After a hundred yards or so, we stopped, at his suggestion, and got out to look around. Stony Brook Bay, a sizable sheet of water, lay to our left. Beyond it to the west was the peninsula of Nissequogue. Perhaps another hundred yards ahead of us stood the Bacons' house. It was an imposing three-story wooden structure, painted white, and in front of it, and partly concealing it, was the champion. "There!" Peters said, with animation. "You'd never think *that* was a cussed-out, despised, and generally maligned form of plant life, would you? Twenty years ago, when I first heard there was a big ailanthus on the Bacon property, I came over all full of excitement, but I wasn't prepared for a giant like this."

And giant it was—a fountain of green, shooting up nearly a hundred feet, with a wide trunk and a vast spread of branches. Peters continued to gaze at it fondly. Then he told me some of the details of its discovery and coronation. "I first heard of it from Mrs. Herbert G. Meserve, a holly breeder over there in Nissequogue. She owns an estate with the unusual name of Holly-by-Golly. Back in 1947, egged on by the publicity surrounding the publication of the American Forestry Association's first *Social Register of Big Trees*, we in our horticultural society decided to list the notable trees we had on Long Island. I was put in charge of the project, and we fanned out all over. Five years later, in 1952, the survey resulted in the publication of a booklet called 'The Trees of Long Island.' I nominated this ailanthus that year as national champion, and it was accepted. Its statistics then were: height, eighty feet; spread, seventy-five feet; and trunk circumference, eight-



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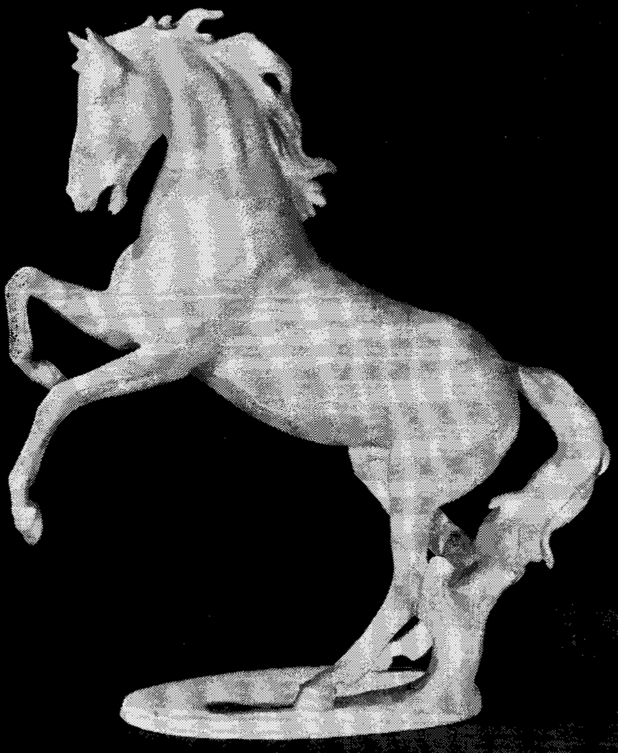

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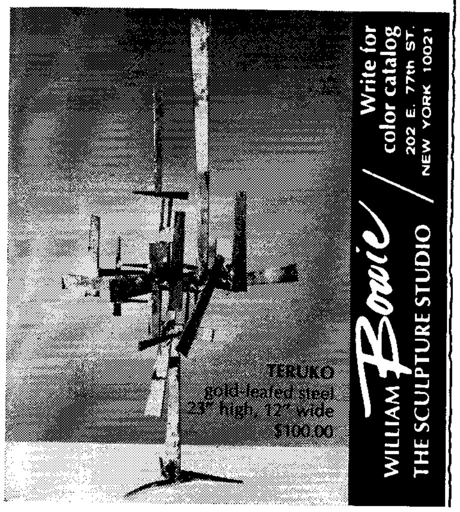

een feet eight inches. It displaced an ailanthus in Queen Annes County, Maryland, whose trunk circumference was almost a foot smaller and spread ten feet less.”

I asked Peters if he knew how old the tree was. “I would judge it at something over a century in age, and to have been planted here as a young tree a decade or so before the Civil War,” he said. “That was the era when wealthy men from the city were buying estates along the North Shore and beautifying them with all sorts of native and exotic flora. It became the habit, too, with people who already had places here. Notice that larch over there, and that copper beech, and especially that weeping beech. All are desirable ornamentals. The weeping beech, like all others of its kind in the world, is the descendant of a deformed sapling that long ago sprouted in the garden of Baron DeMar, a Belgian nobleman, who ordered it destroyed. Instead, his gardener cared for it and developed it into the graceful thing that botany now calls the weeping beech. In 1847, Samuel B. Parsons, a nurseryman of Flushing—which was then, and had been for some time, a center of nurseries in this country—was touring Europe in search of rare plants. He bought a shoot of the weeping beech and brought it in a flowerpot back to Flushing. There it grew into what a famous British horticulturist has called the finest tree of its kind in the world. The tree now stands on Thirty-seventh Avenue and Parsons Boulevard in Flushing, and the city has bought the land around it and made a park for its protection. This one here is also a beautiful weeping beech. As for the ailanthus, its position in a prominent place before the house and its size, which indicates an age of over a hundred years, both point to its having been part of the estate-beautification program that went on around here about that time.”

We got back into the car and drove on toward the tree. It stood some sixty feet in front of the house, amid a sizable planting of boxwood, off to one side of a loop formed in the driveway for convenience in turning. On the other side of the loop was a pond, with mallards floating on it. The part of the tree's massive trunk that faced the house was covered with a shroud of English ivy.

“Let's see what the trunk measures now,” said Peters. Carefully parting the box, which, in the sunshine, exuded its characteristic dusty-spicy smell, we reached the trunk, and Peters took from his pocket a twenty-five-foot steel tape encased in a leather-covered reel. He put one end against the gray, creased bark and asked me to hold it, which I did. Then he circled the bole, passing the tape over the ivy at the required height of four and a half feet. “Nineteen feet nine inches,” he said. “Make it nineteen eight, allowing for the ivy.”

We both backed out of the box, and Peters stood for some moments looking up at the champion. “Not much growth in the last ten years,” he said. “It's grown only about three inches in girth this past decade, as against nine for the previous. Age is making itself felt. And it's lost some leaders, too.” He pointed toward two cuts, sawed flush to the trunk and covered with preservative, where limbs had once grown ten or fifteen feet above ground. “But the cuts are solid,” he went on. “So the tree continues healthy.” Many ailanthus at maturity, which for the average tree is forty to fifty years, fall victim to heart rot. Then the interior of the trunk and larger branches grow hollow, and the tree's life expectancy is short.

Just then, a caretaker passed by, and Peters asked him how the limbs had been lost. “In an ice storm a couple of winters ago,” the caretaker said.

“There's one of the weaknesses of the ailanthus,” Peters told me. “Ice storms and high winds frequently damage it. Because of the fast rate of growth, the wood is rather weak, you see. Yet what nature takes away with one hand it gives back with the other. Ailanthus, for example, is notably resistant to both insects and diseases. It even weathers salt water. Along the seashore, high, hurricane-driven tides don't kill it when they pass over its roots, whereas they do virtually all other trees.”

Between the champion and the house I noticed a smaller ailanthus, and I asked Peters about it. “The big tree is a male,” he said, “and that is an offshoot. It rose from the large tree's root, and is, of course, also a male. The ailanthus reproduces itself not only by seed but also by this method, which is called suckering.”

It was now almost noon, and we walked up to the front door, where we were greeted by the Bacons, who had invited us to join them for lunch. “We'll eat in today,” Mrs. Bacon said, “although often in the warm weather we lunch in the shade of our tree. I love looking up at its elephant-hide bark. Some years, mallards build a nest

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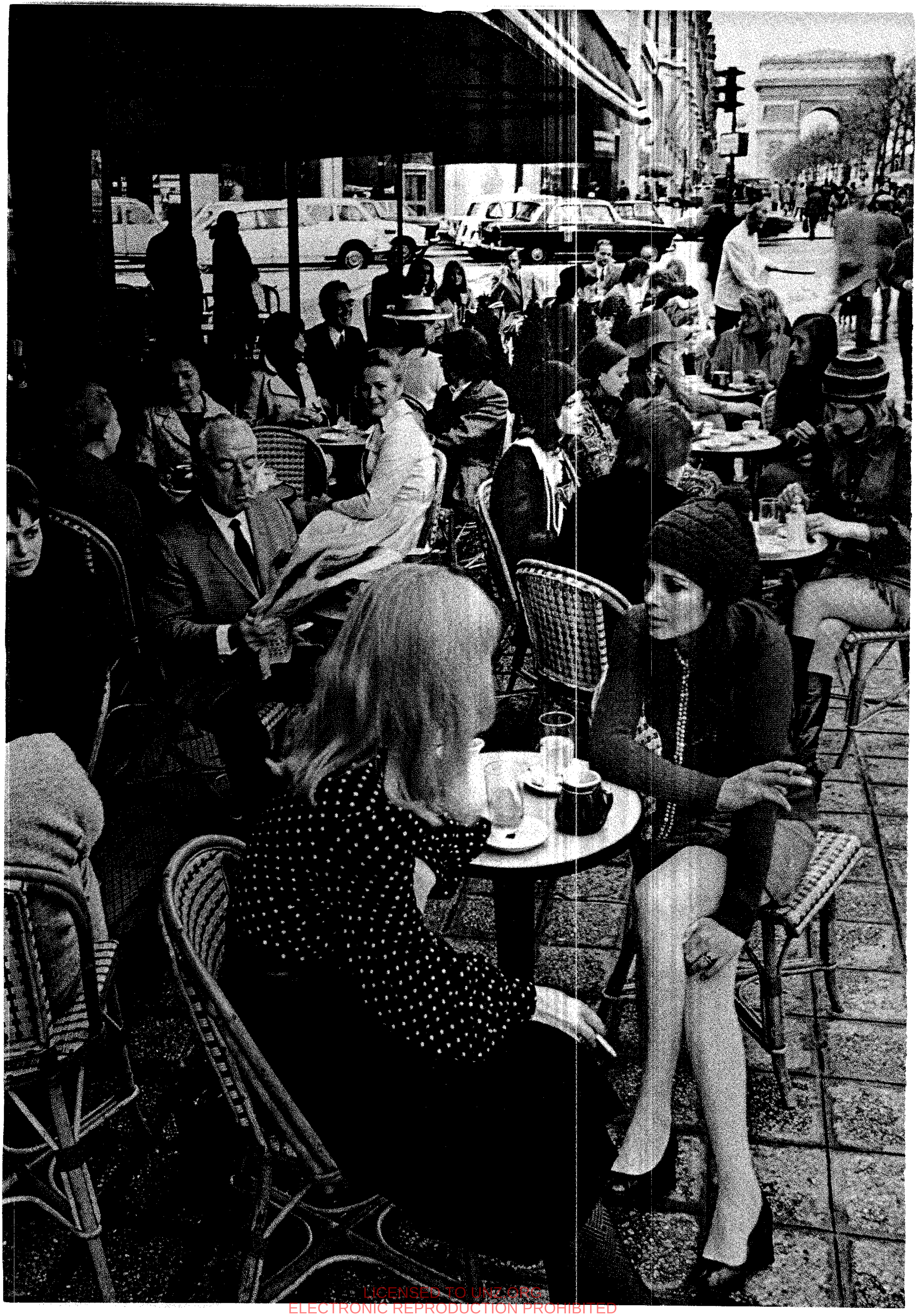

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in the lowest crotch. The hatchlings tumble to the ground with no harm done, and make a beeline for the pond, where they grow up—if the turtles will let them. We've had this place for thirty-odd years, and the family before us, the Devereaux Emmetts, had it for fifty-some. Early in their ownership, an iron standard that held a lamp to light the roadway was fastened to the tree. Now the trunk has engulfed it, and perhaps the lamp as well."

I was surprised to hear Mrs. Bacon say that the house, which is quite large, dated back to 1689, since early-Colonial dwellings were usually far less imposing. "Oh, originally this was just a two-story farmhouse," she said. "Stanford White designed the west wing, and somebody, sometime, added a third floor and other considerable trimmings." The village of Head of the Harbor is in the township of Smithtown, and Mrs. Bacon told us that the whole area had been sold in 1663 by Lion Gardiner's widow to Richard Smith, Jr., a former soldier of Oliver Cromwell who trained a bull as his riding animal and was known far and wide as Bullrider Smith. A statue of the bull stands a few miles to the west of Sherrewogue, where Routes 25 and 25A intersect. The Bacons' house was originally built for Smith's second son. Smith's own place was across Stony Brook Bay, on the peninsula of Nissequogue, on part of what is now Holly-by-Golly. Mrs. Emmett, from whom the Bacons bought Sherrewogue, was born a Smith. The Indian name, long attached to the place, means "across the water" in the language of the Montauk tribe.

AILANTHUS talk dominated lunch. It seems that the first ailanthus known to have entered this country arrived in 1784. William Hamilton, of Philadelphia, a grandson of the man who designed Independence Hall, planted it as an ornamental in his garden. (This garden, called the Woodlands, is now a part of Woodlands Cemetery, adjacent to the campus of the University of Pennsylvania, in downtown Philadelphia.) But the ailanthus didn't really become well known hereabouts until after William Prince, another Flushing nurseryman, brought it to Long Island, in 1820. His nursery, one of the nation's first, had been started in 1732. It was so famous that when the British took over Flushing during the Revolutionary War, General Howe appointed a guard to save it from harm. By 1840, partly through the efforts of Prince, a per-

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suasive salesman, the ailanthus was common around New York. Streets were lined with it. Linden and horse chestnuts (which had bugs) were displaced to make way for it. City burghers drove their elegantly cushioned carriages and barouches under it. Their country cousins, in what are now the outskirts of the city, burned it for fuel, ranking the wood with oak, black walnut, and birch for a clean, hot flame.

Then the tide turned. Ailanthus on the Capitol grounds in Washington, D.C., were rooted out. Citizens began attacking the tree in the public print. The reason was the male's flowers. These briefly each spring give off an unpleasant odor. "Disagreeable" is one description, "putrid" is another, and some critics point out that the carrion fly, among other insects, aids in pollination of the species. I asked Mrs. Bacon what her response was to the smell of their tree. She replied that for the first week or ten days in June a sweet, sickly fragrance hovers around the champion, which could certainly be called disagreeable. "As it's grown older, though, this is less noticeable," she said. The pollen itself is not in the class with that of beech, birch, elm, oak, and poplar. These cause almost all tree-occasioned allergies. A couple of people in Brooklyn Heights, however, are known to suffer from ailanthus.

The scientific name, meaning "tallest heaven tree," is *Ailanthus altissima.* How the species acquired it is a tangled story of the sort that is common among plants. Before Linnaeus, botanical nomenclature was chaotic. No system existed for telling precisely what plant was being talked about. After his introduction, in 1753, of standardized description, based on the use of one word to describe the genus followed by one word to describe the species, the confusion lessened. Since then, the first botanist to publish a definitive description of a plant has chosen the name. But, as the final authority, the International Botanical Congress maintains a nomenclature committee to resolve problems. *Ailanthus,* the generic name, was given in Paris at the end of the eighteenth century by René Louiche Desfontaines, a distinguished botanist. He had seen the tree growing there in the garden of the first physician in ordinary to the king. Unfortunately, he also saw a picture of what he thought was the same tree in a book by a pre-Linnaean scientist concerning the flora of the Molucca Islands. The native name was *ailanto,* or tree of heaven, from the lofty height. Desfontaines Latinized this to *ailanthus* and added

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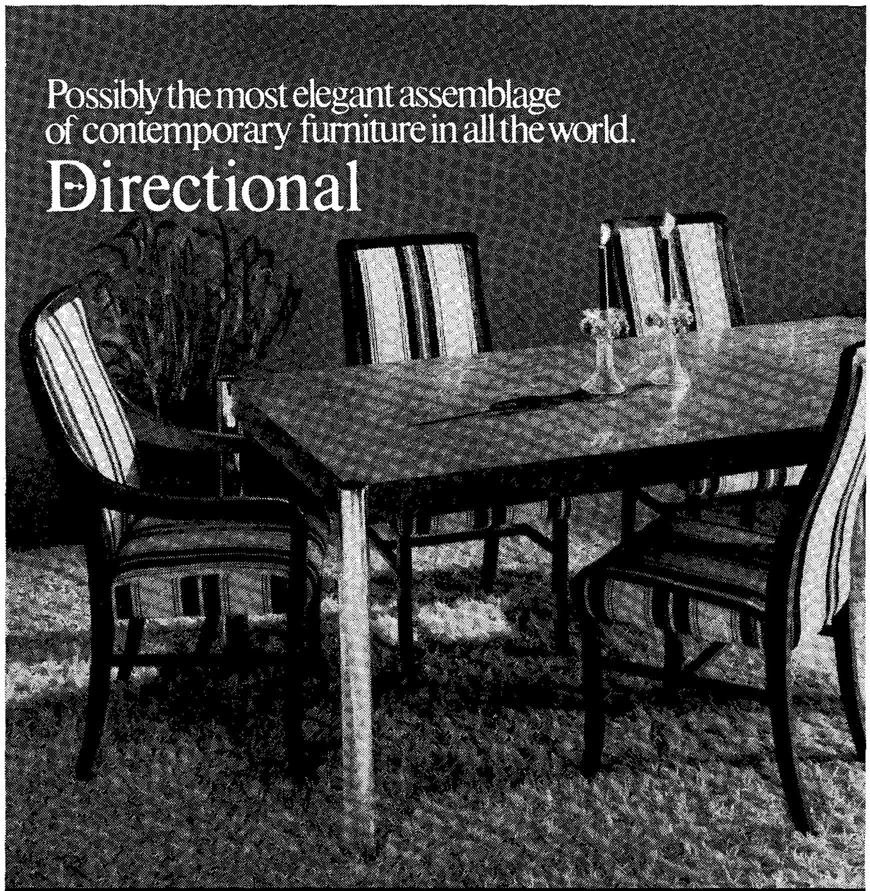
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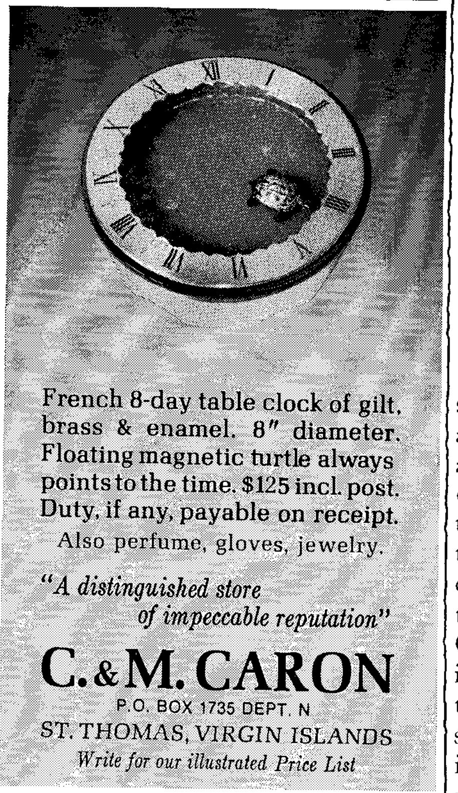

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the specific name *glandulosa*, for the two small glands each leaflet bears at its base. The ailanthus had arrived in Europe only shortly before this—in 1751, when Father d'Incarnaville, a French Jesuit living in Peking, sent to the Royal Society of London some seeds of what he thought was the Nanking varnish tree, a commercial plant of high value. Evidence exists that he knew the winged seed of the ailanthus, but the seeds he sent had somehow lost their wings, and Father d'Incarnaville did not recognize them. They grew, however, producing not varnish trees but ailanthus. One planter, an Englishman named Miller, describing it seventeen years later as a new plant, placed it in an already established genus. He called it *Toxicodendron altissima*, or tallest poison tree, on the ground that being around it in the greenhouse gave him headaches. Thus, the tree entered botanical literature with two names. Early in this century, the nomenclature committee set about straightening things out. In 1906, it approved *Ailanthus glandulosa;* then, ten years later, a scholar noted that although Miller had erred on the genus, his species name had preceded Desfontaines'. Accordingly, the committee gave *altissima* preference over *glandulosa*, and the name is now presumably set forever.

Although the first specimen of the ailanthus we see today arrived in America in 1784, paleobotanists have examined petrified relics from Montana that show the ailanthus, looking very much as it does now, was present on this continent more than sixty million years ago. Eohippus, the dawn horse, scampered under it. Climatic changes wiped it out on this side of the world, but in unglaciated parts of Asia it survived, along with a form of insect life that lives on the tree as an apparently harmless parasite. This is a large, beautiful moth, tan with reddish markings, called *Samia cynthia*. Although the moth's caterpillars feed on the ailanthus leaves and attach their cocoons to them, tree and insect seem to thrive in each other's company. In China, the cocoon's rough silk is spun into stout pongeelike cloth, so strong that a nineteenth-century American scientist wrote that garments made of it lasted through several generations of wearers. This information caused many efforts a hundred years or so ago to establish in this country a silk industry based on the ailanthus moth, but none was successful. I asked the Bacons whether they had ever noticed any evidence of the moth around the champion. Mrs. Bacon said she had seen big

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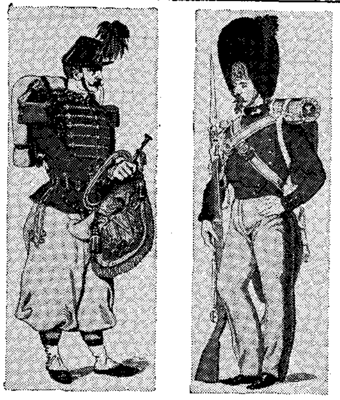

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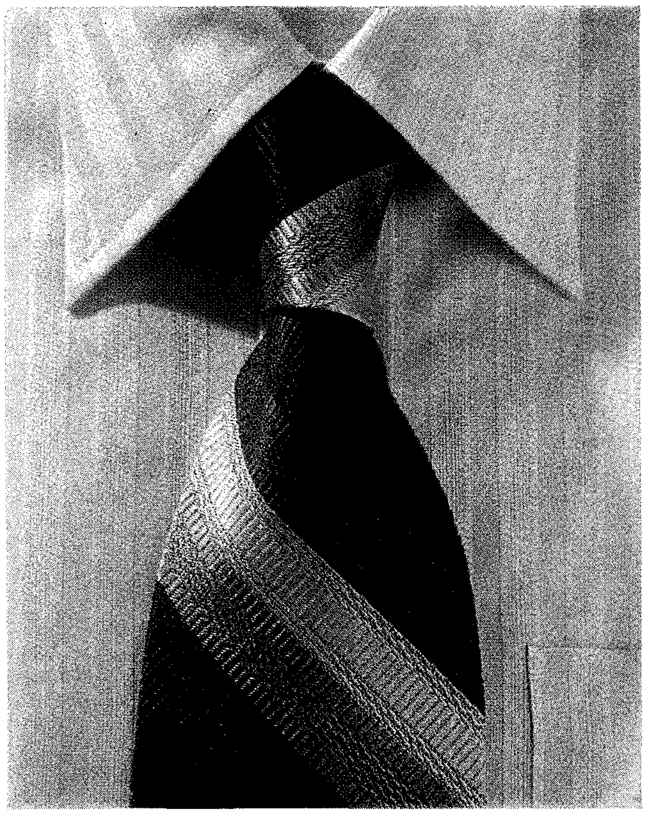

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green caterpillars, about three and a half inches long, near it. These were the full-grown larvae. Entomologists in search of the cocoons find them readily in Central Park and on Convent Avenue and 141st Street, under the ailanthus that stands before the old Alexander Hamilton mansion.

Ailanthus altissima now grows in many parts of North America. But it dislikes frequent sub-zero temperatures, and ventures only as far north as Massachusetts, from there ranging west to Iowa and southwest to Texas. It is the most northerly of about a dozen ailanthus species, most of the rest of which are tropical and native to southern Asia and the Pacific islands. *Ailanthus altissima* favors the Temperate Zone in Asia as well as in this country, and extends as far north as Peking, where it is common as a street ornamental.

Mr. Bacon said he thought the pond near the tree had helped the well-being of his own large specimen.

"Doubtless true," said Peters. "Water is very important to a tree, producing heft and health. The average ailanthus dies before sixty years of age. Yours is *twice that, and seemingly* hale."

Mr. Bacon said he wondered how long the champion might last.

"It's hard to say," Peters said. "There are signs that its life mechanism has begun to slow down. But it could easily last another thirty-five years."

"I hope it's here as long as we are," Mr. Bacon said.

AFTER lunch, I dropped Peters at his Freeport apartment and drove back to midtown Manhattan by the Belt Parkway, the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel, and the East River Drive. Almost everywhere, except in the tunnel, I passed ailanthus fronds stirring in the light breeze. Botanical reference books list many uses of the tree around the world. Its plantings check erosion in dune areas of the Black Sea. Afforestation is its contribution on the bare slopes of the Alps, timber in New Zealand. In China, an infusion of the powdered bark, yellowish-green and of strong, nauseating odor and bitter taste, is prescribed as a cure for tapeworm and dysentery. Here, of course, the tree's only function is to refresh those who look out of rear windows or up from tables in back-yard cafés at its verdant flounces. They are green, always green, even in the hottest summer, and, in a domain of bleak masonry walls, they lift the heart.

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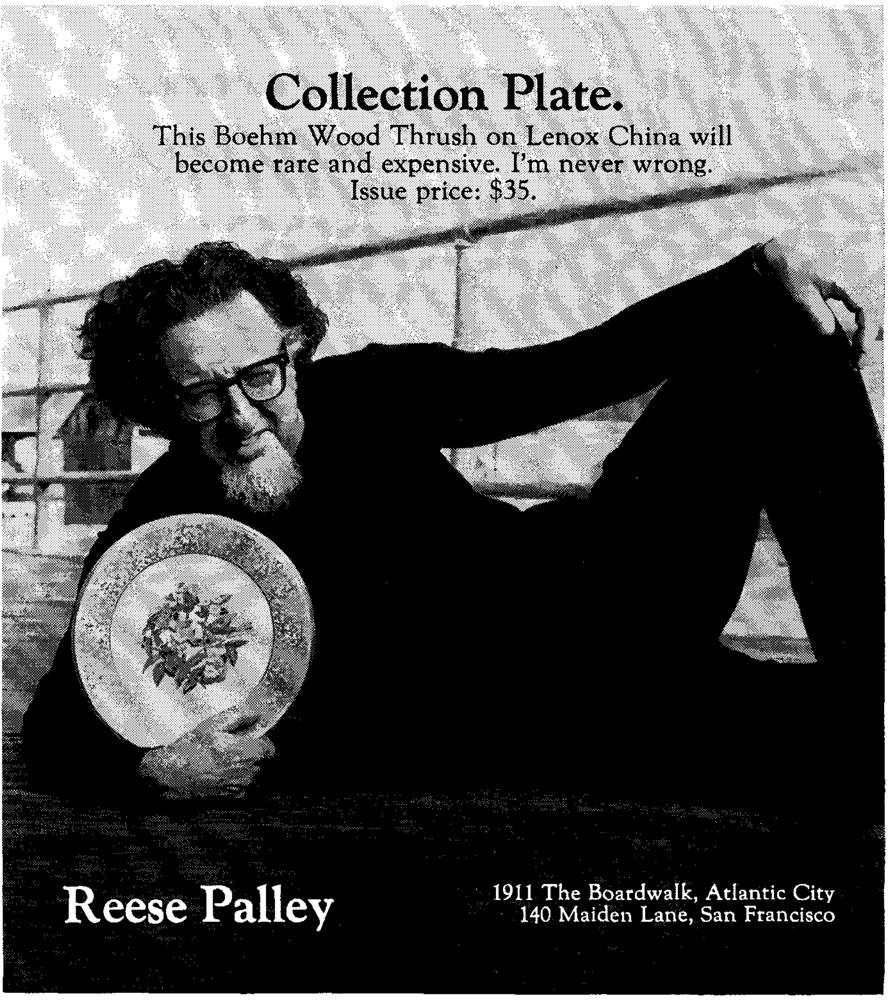
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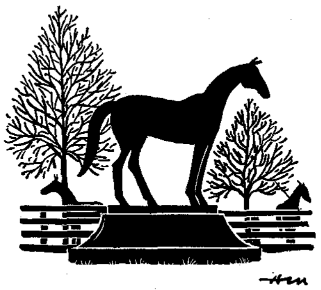
THE RACE TRACK

Grass Cutter

THE persistence of Paul Mellon's Fort Marcy in the Man o' War Stakes paid off at Belmont Park last Saturday afternoon. The three previous years, he had finished in the money, being second twice and third once. In the mile-and-a-half gallop over the turf course last weekend, he was always well up in the running, and, taking the lead on the turn for home, he won by a length and three-quarters from Loud. Drumtop was third, four and a half lengths away and a neck in front of Burd Alane. The six other runners were strung out behind them. It's a good bet that Fort Marcy will be voted the best grass horse, as they put it, in the end-of-the-season polls. A fine, powerful bay six-year-old, he looks remarkably fit, considering that he's been under colors a dozen times since he came out at Hialeah in January. He made a couple of trips to California, and others to Maryland and Jersey—the most recent one to Atlantic City, where he won the United Nations Handicap. It was a pleasure to see the relaxed ease with which he moved in the paddock. But then Elliott Burch, who trains him, always turns out his horses well. Fort Marcy may run in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct a week from Saturday, and it could be his last start. At least, there is talk of his being retired.



Steeplechasing ended for the year with the running of the Temple Gwathmey Handicap, at three miles, and, for the record, Top Bid, who took the lead at the last turn of the field, won it by four lengths from Duke Cannon. Tingle Creek, who set the pace, was third. Devotees of the sport were not favored by the weather on either of the two National Steeplechase Days. On the first afternoon, it rained so hard I thought a couple of hurdle races would be washed away.

AS you've probably heard, Nijinsky was beaten again, finishing a length and a half behind Lorenzaccio, an outsider in the betting at 100–7, in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket last weekend. From all accounts, Nijinsky was calm and looking very fit when he came to the paddock, but as he was led around and around the walking ring his nerves got the better of him, as they had before the Arc at Longchamp. Piggott blamed the noise from the big crowd for his mount's defeat. Vincent O'Brien, Nijinsky's trainer, thought the big colt had had too much racing. I'd say both were right. Anyhow, Nijinsky has earned about $670,000 in pounds sterling and francs. Presently, he will go to Bull Hancock's breeding farm in Kentucky. Lorenzaccio, who has done much of his racing in France, led for most of the mile and a quarter. He was saddled by Noel Murless, and I may have seen him one morning not long ago when I had a look at some of the eighty horses Murless has in training at Newmarket, but I can't say I remember him.

ON the way to the Arc in Paris, I had a couple of days at Newmarket, and was lucky enough to see two of the important autumn events—the Middle Park Stakes, which is the opposite number of our Futurity, and the Cambridgeshire Handicap, for older horses. Only five ran for the Middle Park, and Brigadier Gerard, a big, powerful, beautifully balanced bay colt—the best-looker I've seen all season—won it by a decisive three lengths from the odds-on favorite, who was named, of all things, Mummy's Pet. John Hay Whitney's Swing Easy was third and Charles Engelhard's Fireside Chat was fourth. I was told that the Brigadier had won his three previous starts just as easily, and that he was through for the year. (In England, the better two-year-olds seldom run as many as half a dozen times.) Owned in partnership by Mrs. John Hislop and her husband, who gets out *The British Racehorse*, Brigadier Gerard is, if you're interested in pedigrees, by Queen's Hussar out of La Paiva. What may be more to the point, he is one of the second choices, at 8–1, in the future betting on next year's 2,000 Guineas Stakes. The favorite while I was over there was Minsky, at 4–1, not so much because of his record as because he is a full brother to Nijinsky. No doubt Minsky has already been replaced by Mr. Mellon's Mill Reef, who won the Dewhurst Stakes the day before the Champion Stakes, defeating Mr. Engelhard's Wenceslas by four lengths. I was told that Mill Reef, who had won the Gimcrack Stakes earlier, was the best in training in England.

The Cambridgeshire brought out twenty-seven runners, and not a set of blinkers in the lot. Prince de Galles stormed home in it to repeat his victory of a year ago—something no other horse has done in the race since 1949. Moreover, he carried 133 pounds, which was twenty-three more than he carried last year. Richboy, to whom Prince de Galles gave fourteen pounds, was second, and Owen Anthony, to whom he gave twenty-seven pounds, was third. The race was run over the mile-and-a-furlong Cambridgeshire Course (they're all straightaways at Newmarket), and the first half was described over the public-address system by one announcer and the second by another. At the halfway mark, I could pick out some of the horses by the colors I knew, and I thought the second man at the mike was exceptionally good. I'll probably be hanged from the nearest tree at the Big A for saying this, but the announcing of races is done so much better in England that there's really no comparison. For one thing, some of the men who call the races over there own horses and know which end kicks and which bites. Also, they tell you more about what the runners look like than about which jockeys are "in the irons," whatever that means. The last race I saw at Newmarket was for maiden two-year-olds, at seven furlongs, and it had thirty-eight starters. Before the field had gone a furlong, it divided, one half bearing toward the rails on the far side of the course—which is twice as wide as the homestretch at Belmont Park—and the other half going to the near side. It looked like two races being run off at the same time. Though it was a photo finish, the man at the mike called the winner, who was in one group, and the second and third, who were in the other. Can you imagine your favorite local announcer, whoever he may be, managing that? I can't. —AUDAX MINOR

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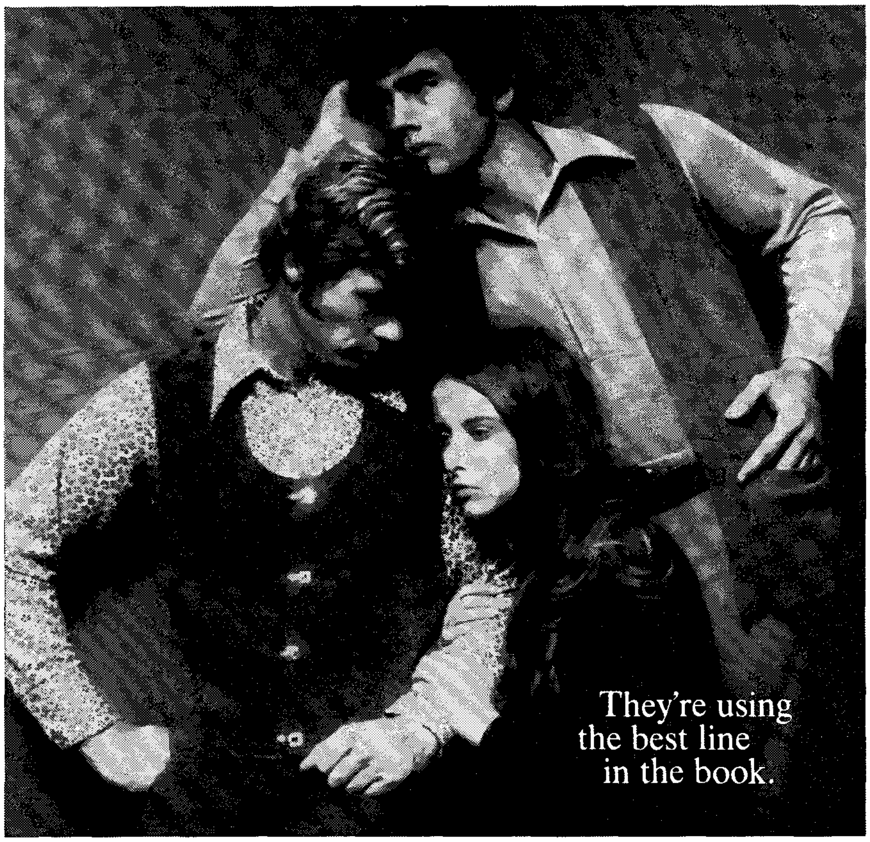

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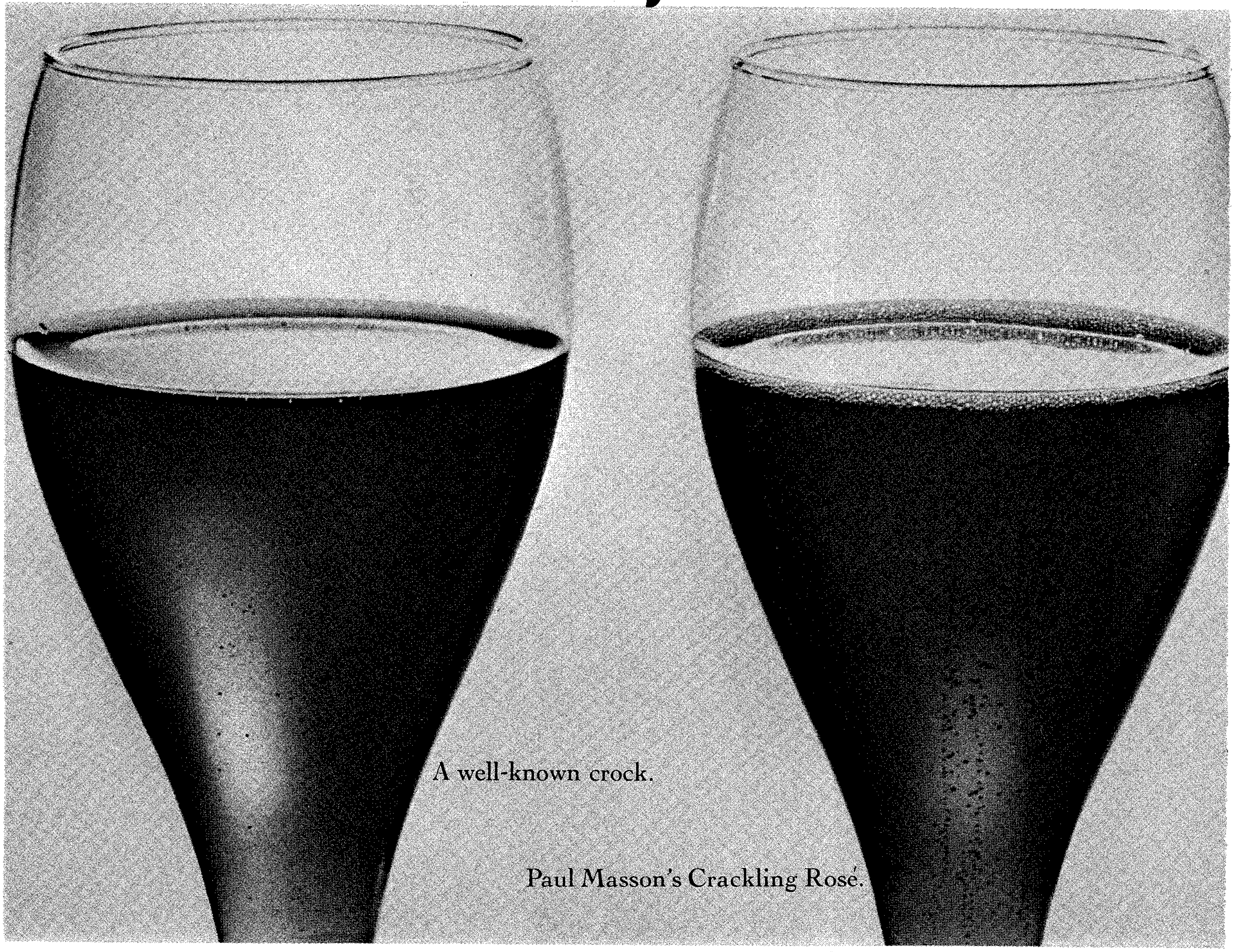

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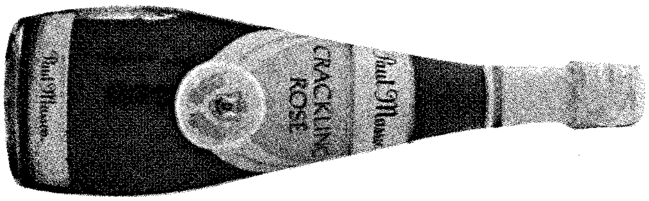

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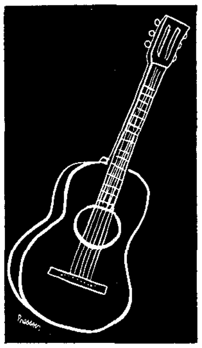
MUSICAL EVENTS

Good Queen Bess

NOT since Maria Callas has the art of acting been as splendidly displayed on the operatic stage as it was by Beverly Sills as Queen Elizabeth in the New York City Opera's production of Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux," which had its first performance at the State Theatre last Thursday night. Every gesture and mood of the famous queen, from regal imperiousness and feminine impatience to brokenheartedness, was made real as Miss Sills developed the character before her audience. Certain scenes—the whole of Act II and the final episode of grief and remorse—were almost overwhelming in their power. What she did with her role purely from the histrionic standpoint was something one is privileged to witness only a few times in a lifetime—and to say that her audience was stunned is to state things in a humdrum way. She *was* Elizabeth, from the extreme pallor of her makeup, which one remembers from old portraits, to the royal sweep of her train, the conflicts of emotion that history has recorded, and the nervous movements, whether of her fan (which revealed by its rapid motions what was going on inside the woman) or of her whole body convulsed in wrath as she pounded the table in front of her. This was great theatre judged by any standards, and it was a characterization that I shall never forget.



To add to all this, there was the Sills voice—in its conventional uses a familiar thing but here made to convey every shade of feeling, even sometimes made deliberately ugly to express fury or despair. No reader of this column need be reminded that it is a voice of extraordinary beauty, capable of overcoming the most terrifying coloratura hurdles. The hurdles provided by Donizetti in this score are difficult enough to require the entire concentration of an ordinary singer. Yet here was Miss Sills not only singing the scales and arpeggios and high notes with accuracy but coloring them with all manner of emotion and presenting the visual impression I have described besides. It is not surprising that the audience gave her a standing ovation at the end of the second act and that the curtain calls lasted far into the night. The combination of skills she brought to her role made this a historic moment. Though I had long before praised her to the skies, I had not realized the extent of her dramatic powers.

Placido Domingo was a fine figure as Robert, Earl of Essex, and sang his arias and recitatives with beautiful, lyric grace. Beverly Wolff did superbly as Sara, Duchess of Nottingham. Louis Quilico, as the Duke of Nottingham, had an imposing presence and sang powerfully. And the lesser roles—Lord Cecil (John Lankston), Sir Walter Raleigh (David Rae Smith), the Page (Jack Bittner), and Nottingham's servant (Don Yule)—were all at least adequately set forth. As happens when the inimitable team of Tito Capobianco, Ming Cho Lee, and José Varona is involved, the production was worthy of an artist of Miss Sills' calibre. Mr. Capobianco's direction was lively and to the point, and Mr. Lee's sets were handsome studies in English Gothic, light and airy despite their period characteristics, and full of typical Lee touches, such as the symbolic wall hangings. And Mr. Varona's costumes were both magnificent and remarkably ingenious, slimming down rather bulky shapes like those of Mr. Domingo and Mr. Quilico, and presenting a lavish glimpse of Elizabethan pomp. Julius Rudel's conducting was, as always, taut, expert, and considerate.

Having said all this, I must add that "Roberto Devereux" is not a terribly good opera. Its effectiveness the other night was due entirely to the sterling work of those concerned in the production. The story is, of course, that of Elizabeth and Essex. The invention of Sara, Nottingham's wife, is a concession to operatic tradition, which requires that you have a mezzo-soprano and a sexual conflict—a combination that is not exactly the right one for the founding of the British Empire. The music contains no moments such as the Sextet from the same composer's "Lucia." It seems to be manufactured out of clichés of the bel-canto period, some of them sounding as though they had been retrieved from Donizetti's wastebasket. Without the artistry of a singing actress like Miss Sills, the evening would have been pretty boring. But the production *does* have Miss Sills, and I urge you to see it.

LAST Tuesday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House and encountered a performance of "Un

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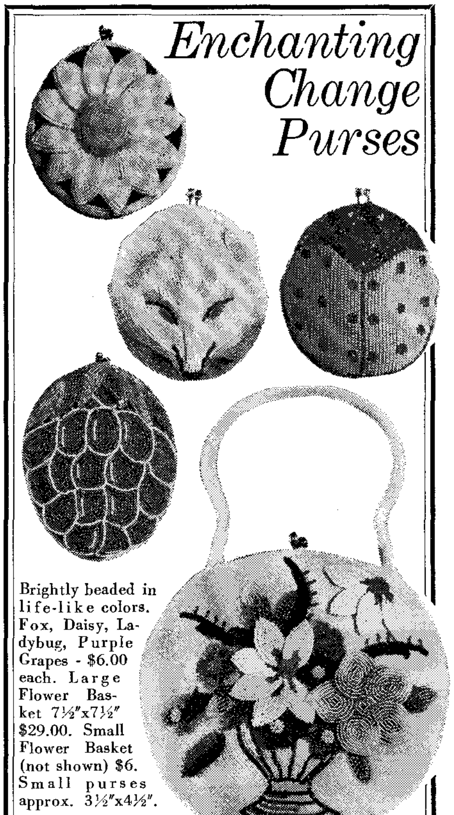

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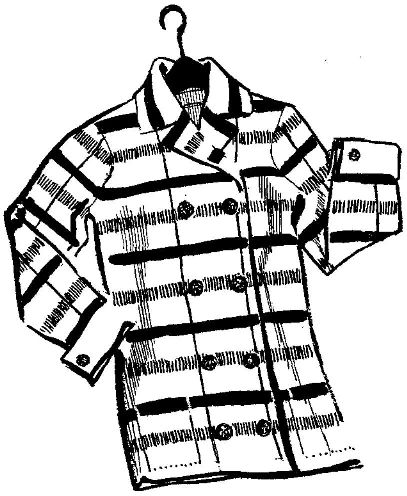

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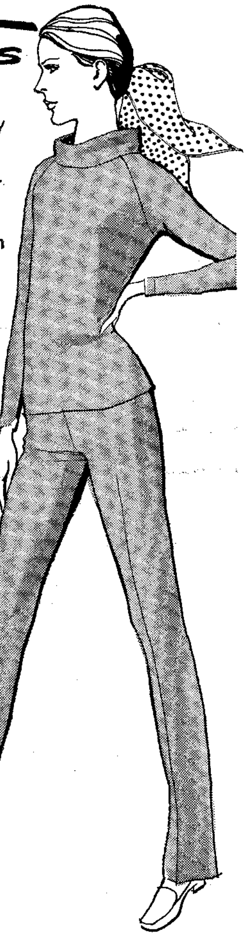

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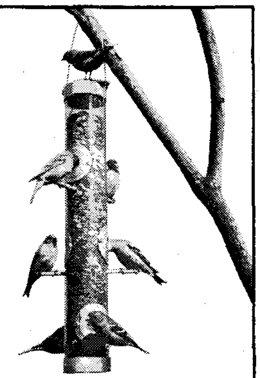

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Ballo in Maschera" that was distinctly above average. The sets, by Ita Maximowna, though they are old by now, are still very effective, as is the production, originated by Günther Rennert. And Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, always a dependable professional maestro, held the performance under fine control. The most notable feature of the evening was the singing of Montserrat Caballé in the role of Amelia—particularly her memorable second act. Here she was deeply affecting and vocally sublime. Hers is an interesting voice, emotionally colored yet pure, not particularly powerful but capable of great elegance, especially in highly dramatic moments. I wish that we could hear her Norma, which would provide a contrast, not necessarily superior or inferior, to that of Joan Sutherland. King Gustaf III was done by Mr. Domingo, who was having a busy week. I can only say that he sang the role as though it had been specially written for him. He makes a pleasing, lyric Gustaf, for a change (heavier singers, such as Richard Tucker, have had a corner on this role for so many years), and the quality of Verdi's music seems to call for just this sort of lightness and ease. Robert Merrill, who is about to celebrate his twenty-fifth anniversary with the Metropolitan, sang the role of Captain Anckarström admirably, though here and there his voice betrayed the wear of the years. Irene Dalis coped very well indeed with the nearly thankless role of Ulrica, which is designed for a classical contralto and lies very low. However, Miss Dalis managed to project her low notes with power, and her dramatic feeling for the role is unexceptionable. Then there was the Count de Horn, sung by Paul Plishka, that man who is always appearing in minor roles and making such an impression of vocal beauty that one wonders why he is not appearing in major ones. The rest were certainly adequate, though Joy Clements was a little less than brilliant as Oscar, the King's Page. Altogether, this was a worthy evening of singing and another production to be recommended.

LAST Wednesday evening, the Boston Symphony came to town to present the initial concert of its series in Philharmonic Hall. I think I have already pointed out the curious fact that the sound of an orchestra reflects its maestro instead of being something inherent in the orchestra itself, and have said that the Boston Symphony's sound has been completely altered since Wil-

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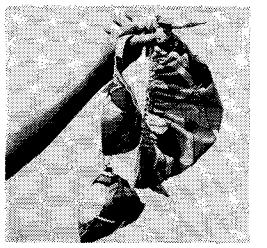

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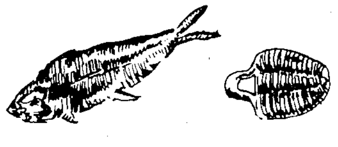

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liam Steinberg took over its baton. This new sound is rounder and more robust, with brass instruments using the full, expansive embouchure rather than the delicate, refined one that some other conductors prefer. Certainly the new sound is exactly right for Bruckner symphonies, and Mr. Steinberg presented us with Bruckner's Seventh the other night. I have heard more eloquent performances of this symphony. In fact, I have heard more eloquent performances of it by Mr. Steinberg himself. The air of hushed reverence that should accompany any great Bruckner reading was absent this time, and though no one could fault the performance on technical grounds, it did not reach the mystical heights that this great symphony is capable of attaining. About the symphony itself I shall say nothing; I have already written so much about it.

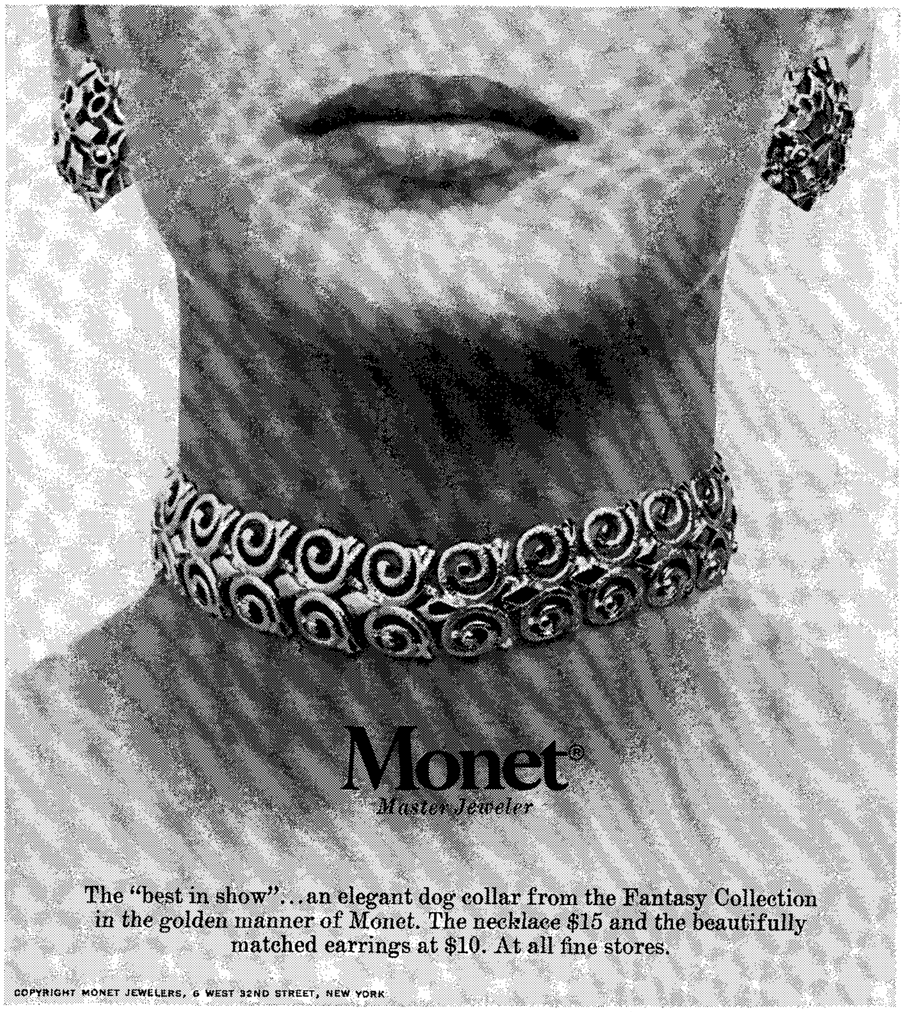
The evening was an interesting one for another reason. Mr. Steinberg brought along the first performance I have heard in many years of Max Reger's Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart. While it is not a work of overwhelming power (Reger wrote a great deal of dull music; this composition stands high among his others), it is still worth listening to. Reger was, among other things, a great orchestrator, and his last variation before the fugue is a wonderfully delicate statement, and it was wonderfully played by the orchestra. This work, along with Reger's Hiller Variations and Böcklin Suite, was popular hereabouts way back in the time of Mengelberg. Maybe these last two compositions would be worth a revival, too.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Quick Study

THE music of Vernon Duke, who died early last year, is investigated with affectionate consideration in two recent releases. The more comprehensive is "Ben Bagley's Vernon Duke Revisited" (Crewe), bringing together several soloists and an orchestra under Norman Paris, who is also responsible for the arrangements and piano solos. The more expressive, though, is "A Tribute to Vernon Duke," which takes up one side of a two-record set entitled "Mabel Mercer & Bobby Short—Second Town Hall Concert" (Atlantic). In this one, recorded at a joint recital last year, Short, the singer and pianist, wings through ten Duke songs with his familiar skill and enthusiasm—and, of



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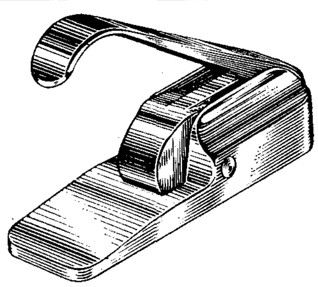

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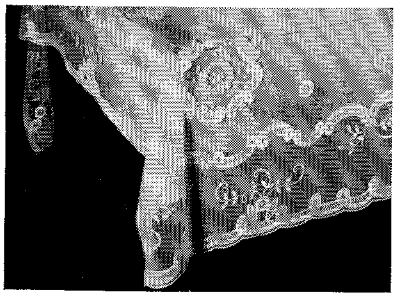
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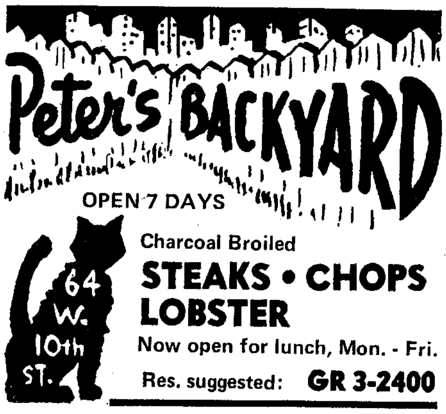
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course, with the familiar support of the bassist Beverly Peer and the drummer Richard Sheridan, both of whom have been associated with Short for several years, and whose playing is like an extension of Short's. The Bagley recording manages to turn up fourteen of Duke's pieces, but the selections, all relatively unfamiliar, are not always apt, and a good deal of the vocalism leaves something to be desired. Nevertheless, both sets aroused my interest to such an extent that for days after listening to them I'd find pieces like "Now" and "Words Without Music" preoccupying me, although I had all but forgotten the originals and they had never attracted wide attention. Not that they deserved such dismissal, for Duke was a writer whose abilities challenged those of the very best of his contemporaries in the nineteen-thirties—the period in which he produced the majority of his better pieces. But Duke pursued a rather devious path—two paths, in fact—throughout his American career, and particularly during those years in which such instinctively hit-oriented writers as Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers, and Porter were industriously turning out fleet musical-comedy scores for both the stage and the screen. Because of this ambivalence, one's recollection of him is blurred, and one is dangerously inclined to overlook him in any consideration of the giants of the day. He was forever shuttling back and forth between the musical-comedy field and the concert world—composing, for the latter, symphonies, ballet scores, and the like under his real name, Vladimir Dukelsky. (It was George Gershwin who suggested the name Vernon Duke.) A behavior pattern of this sort must have proved unsettling to Broadway impresarios intent on turning an honest dollar with the aid of established writers of a less vacillating nature. Then, too, judging from all one has heard and read about Duke, and especially from his 1955 autobiography, "Passport to Paris," he was a vain man, given to immodest statements and possessed of an almost childish sense of worldly values, so that one can imagine him letting good opportunities slip through his hands while he grasped the wrong ones. Whatever the reasons—pride, caprice, an absorption with musical constructions that were frequently too advanced for his audiences—the fact remains that during his entire career he provided the score for just one memorable show—"Cabin in the Sky," from which the title song and "Taking a Chance on Love" are the best-known excerpts. His other most

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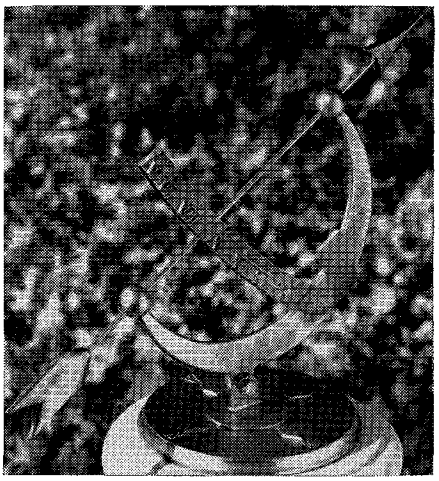
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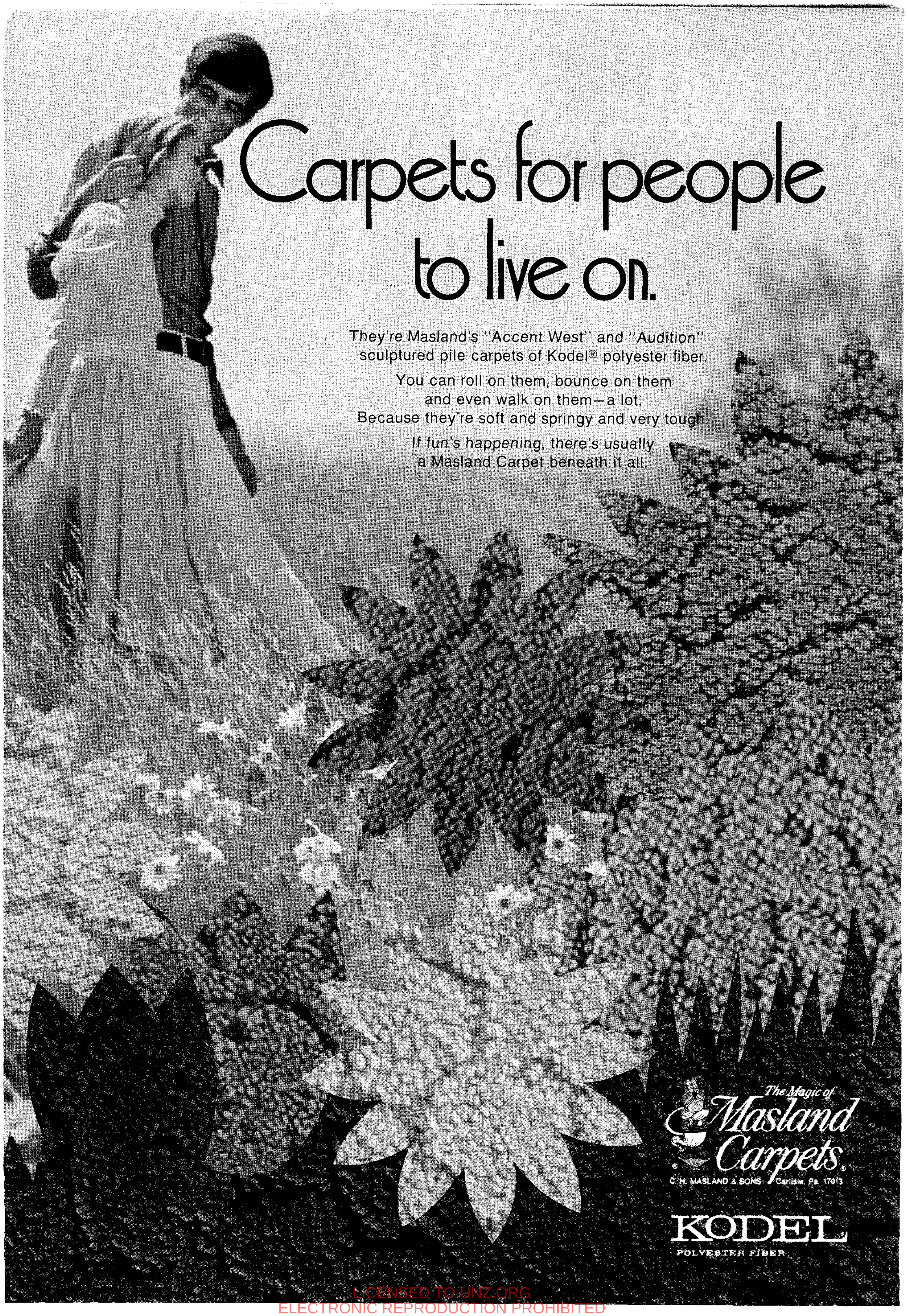

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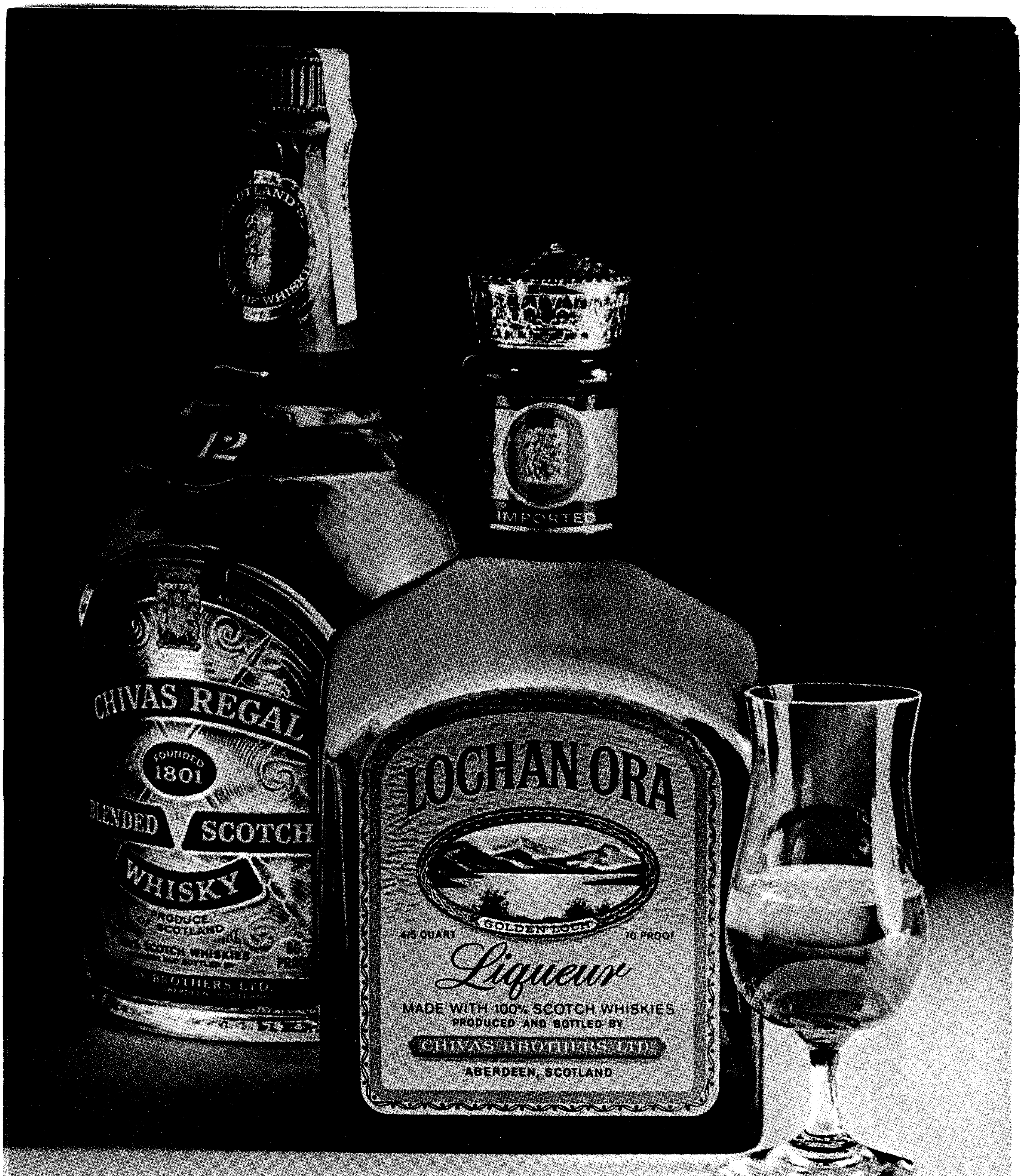
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familiar songs—"April in Paris" (his biggest success), "Autumn in New York," "I Can't Get Started," and "What Is There to Say?"—were all introduced in revues of varying merit; the rest of the book shows he composed scores for expired out of town or a short time after reaching it.

Duke belongs on that small list of European composers who, arriving here as young men, succeeded in adapting themselves to the heady Broadway environment, but he was unique in certain respects. Two of the other Europeans, Romberg and Friml, were involved mainly in perpetuating the form of the Viennese operetta, and this was also true of Frederick Loewe, whose chief accomplishment was to reawaken and revitalize that form after a slumbrous couple of decades. Kurt Weill, the only other member of this fraternity who comes to mind, was an uprooted German who, getting here a bit later in life than the others, only partly assimilated the Broadway idiom, instead transforming it with his own special genius. It was native New Yorkers—Gershwin, Kern, Rodgers, Youmans, Schwartz—and other American writers, such as Porter and Arlen, who created and elevated to an art form the New York sound, at once high-spirited, insouciant, and infused with light sentiment. Duke grasped it with surprising ease, thanks to the influence of George Gershwin and also to that of such early and deft collaborators as Ira Gershwin and E. Y. Harburg. (Later on, he teamed up with such superior rhymesters as Ogden Nash and John Latouche.)

Short's recital, unlike the other recording, includes a few of the more widely recognized Duke songs—"I Can't Get Started," "This Is Romance," and "What Is There to Say?"—and there are also "Not a Care in the World," which is a catchy thing from "Banjo Eyes;" "In My Old Virginia Home, on the River Nile," a sly device about "passing" in ancient Egypt, from "Cabin in the Sky;" "Round About," a low-keyed confession of disillusionment with which Bette Davis was confronted in "Two's Company;" the aforementioned "Now," also to be found in the Bagley recording; "Sweet Bye and Bye," the euphoric title song from a Duke-Nash effort that foundered on the road; and "Summer Is A-Comin' In," a delightfully impish song from a Duke-Latouche musical, "The Lady Comes Across," that sank rapidly on Broadway. Short closes this section with a few bars of "I Like the Likes of You,"

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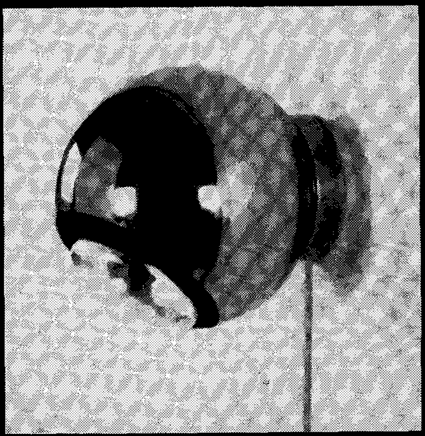

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a Duke-Harburg number with which he customarily concludes his nightclub sets. The remainder of Short's half of the joint recital is devoted mainly to other show tunes, among them the Gershwins' fluent "Isn't It a Pity?," out of the hapless revue "Pardon My English," and the youthful Cole Porter's irresistible "I've a Shooting Box in Scotland," which was written for a Yale Dramatic Association smoker after Porter had gone on to Harvard Law, and which surfaced briefly in a 1916 Broadway misadventure called "See America First."

Miss Mercer's share of the recital, in which she is sensitively accompanied by a pianist named Buddy Barnes, again reveals her as a matchless conveyor of the American art song, a unique musical category established largely by songwriters associated with the commercial theatre in its various manifestations. All but a few of the pieces—"Love Is Blue," "Down in the Depths," "The Best Is Yet to Come," and "These Foolish Things"—have had even less common currency than Short's numbers (the lovely "Both Sides Now," which was recorded some time back by Judy Collins, may be another exception), but they are all affecting, and they include, among other things, the Cy Coleman-Carolyn Leigh "Mama's Little Girl," which was excised from the musical "Little Me" even before it reached Philadelphia, and "Wait Till We're Sixty-five," an Alan Jay Lerner-Burton Lane salute to Medicare and other benisons that was heard, but generally overlooked, in the musical "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever."

"Ben Bagley's Vernon Duke Revisited" is the latest in a series of "Revisited" albums that Bagley, a fairly young and wayward entrepreneur with both feet planted firmly in the past, proffered during the decade just ended. "Now," "Words Without Music," "Round About," and "That Moment of Moments," a sprightly Duke-Gershwin concoction from "Ziegfeld Follies of 1936," have found their way into the collection, and so (imagine my forgetting it!) has "Spring Again"—an added number composed by Duke and Ira Gershwin for the film "Goldwyn Follies," for which the Gershwin brothers were to have provided all the songs, and during the manufacture of which George died, having composed just four, including "Love Walked In" and, his last song, "Love Is Here to Stay." The other numbers in the Bagley recording are generally minor Duke, and few of them are adequately

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presented. The assemblage of singers includes Blossom Dearie, Gloria De Haven, Tammy Grimes, Jack Haskell, Anthony Perkins, Rex Reed, and Joan Rivers. Miss Dearie, an experienced musician with a subtly compelling baby voice, is the best of the lot, perking things up with "Low and Lazy," from "Sweet Bye and Bye," and—in a duet with Reed—with "Sugarfoot," from "Jackpot;" and Miss Rivers, a card-carrying yenta, displays gravelly authority in "Just Like a Man," a song from "Two's Company" for which Ogden Nash has furnished an extra pair of closing lines, and "Life's a Funny Present," from "Sadie Thompson." But Miss De Haven's erratic and slightly self-conscious singing doesn't do "Words Without Music" entire justice, though it must be admitted that the song isn't an easy one to deal with. Nor are the other performers very helpful. The Paris arrangements are slick and his piano work is nimble, but somehow Short's night-clubby approach in the other recording works much better.

A companion record, "Ben Bagley's Alan Jay Lerner Revisited" (Crewe), has also appeared. Again, Paris has been responsible for the arrangements, the direction, and the piano work, but here he has a much stronger company at his disposal. Miss Dearie is once more in evidence, along with Dorothy Loudon, Nancy Walker, and Jerry Orbach—powerful musical-comedy performers all—and Roddy McDowall, who, though he is not essentially a singer, comes off pleasantly enough. Lerner is the first lyricist that Bagley has honored in his series, but the recording is as much a revisit with his three principal collaborators—composers Kurt Weill, Frederick Loewe, and Burton Lane—as it is a tribute to Lerner. There are five pieces that Lerner and Weill set down for the ambitious and trying musical "Love Life," four from the Lerner-Lane film "Royal Wedding," and five from the first book show on which Lerner and Loewe collaborated—the only mildly accepted "The Day Before Spring." These five, with their graceful and promising melodies and winningly romantic lyrics, offer indisputable evidence that Lerner and Loewe were made for each other.

—Douglas Watt

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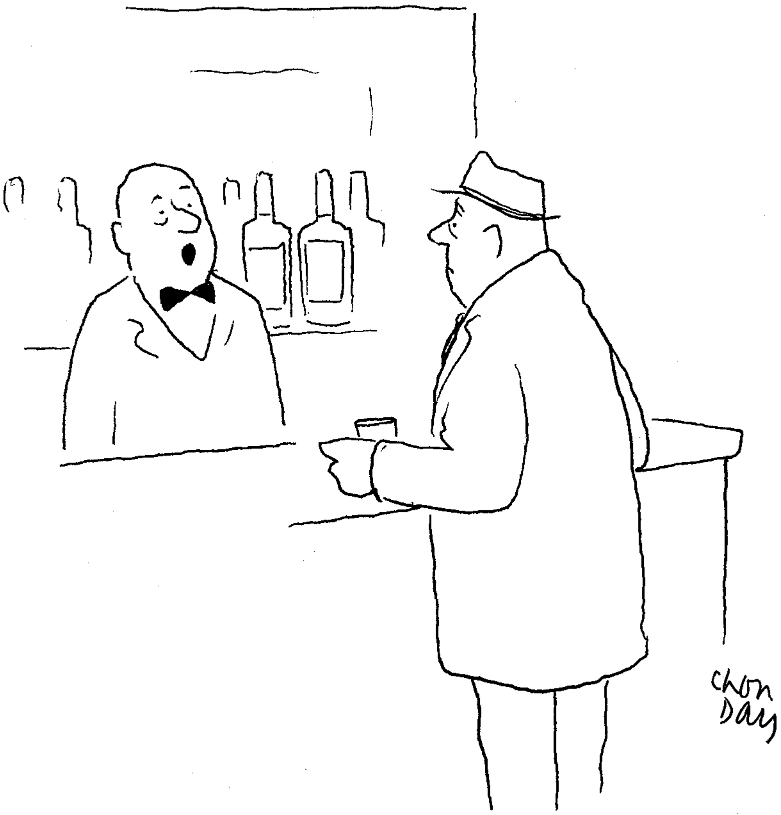
BOOKS

Bye, Bye, Bye

UNIVERSITIES might have been founded to seduce novelists into thinking that life can be bottled and managed. Each member of a group of people living among a handful of streets and buildings has almost everything in common with the next, yet strives to make it clear that he is quite unique. Student years might be designed to bring out the novelist in every man: well-worn ideas appear dazzlingly new, one need never be sapped or fuddled by unsuitable people, and even dissatisfaction seems glorious. The reader is spurred on by curiosity, lulled by nostalgia and envy, and cowed by the novelist's implicit declaration that he is an educated man. Novels of university life continue to be popular. Like the institutions, though, they are in a state of change. It is becoming impossibly hard to impose the discipline of fiction on the lives of the young. Growth must be shown from within; it cannot be illustrated by developing tastes in acquaintances or books. The everyday middle ground is receding fast from college novels. Students—fictional ones, anyway—are as absorbed by their feelings as ever, and perhaps better informed about the wider world than they were at other periods. But they have lost the notion that college is a complete society in which they spend a particular and vivid portion of their lives.

Many qualities of college novels are constant. Nostalgia being a weakness of all alumni and even of some few indolent and melancholic undergraduates, sentimentality and its companion, laziness, are often pitfalls. This is especially true of novels about the older establishments—and anything set in Oxford or Harvard is apparently certain to be published. The shorthand of "crossing Tom Quad" or "sitting on the steps of Widener Library" passes for description of the scene and enlists our sympathy for all who engage in such mysterious activities. The college novelist starts with every advantage and is all too often slipshod. Idealization is to be expected of him. However miserable or unprincipled his characters, they are Olympians—brighter, more beautiful, above all younger than the reader. Yet those of the characteristics of life in the classic college idylls that have not entirely vanished have been changed into more general concerns. Some of the losses are not worth bemoaning. Compton Mackenzie and Evelyn Waugh show us an Oxford in which scientists and provincials—and one is invariably the other—are humbler than the porter's cat. Women appear only in Eights Week, as an intrusive, rustling, troublesome horde. Isherwood's Cambridge and Scott Fitzgerald's Princeton are riddled with cabals and snobbishness, arrogance and animosity. Today's college novelist is less beguiled by the mechanism of ambition. The big man on a huge campus is likely to be too busy writing a novel to hone his perceptions with loathing or yearning. Ragging and overt cruelty have been succeeded by exchanged obscenities, which are more democratic. Such dialogues pepper Erich Segal's "Love Story" (Harper & Row); even so, his sugary saga of privilege at Harvard seems quaint and forced. Students go on joining certain herds but no longer look as hard at the rejected ones. Categories and catchwords still have their appeal. Yet there is more than a semantic difference between the parochialism in "Sinister Street" of Michael Fane's society of "Good Eggs, Bad Men, and bloods" and the description in a recent Harvard undergraduate novel (Nicholas Gagarin's "Windsong," published by Morrow) of the group that occupied University Hall in the spring of 1969—"very beautiful, very human, and very together." College novels have always been chiefly about growing up and learning to love in ideal conditions. But idle moments were once filled with japes, walks, clubs, sports, and cliques—rich loam for the industrious novelist. They are now taken up by marijuana, moviegoing, introspection, and car rides, which are of less substantial stuff. Lyrical descriptions of nature are still considered essential, but there isn't much enthusiasm for college buildings anymore. We have also stopped spying on the freshman as he ornaments his walls and bookshelves with tenderly original, studiously conformist tastes. Psychoanalysis often lays a clammy hand on self-discovery. Sex, of course, now has a monumental role in college life. Perhaps because of this, it is widely taken for granted that our student hero is an adult.

"Running Out," by Christopher Brookhouse (Little, Brown), belongs to a new strain of novels—often some version of the college novel—by and about young people. Their style is cinematic, poetic, and sensual; their characters are intelligent and bemused; their titles are often based on gerunds. (Anything on the lines of "Falling Apart," "Coming Together," or "Muddling Through" will serve to create an



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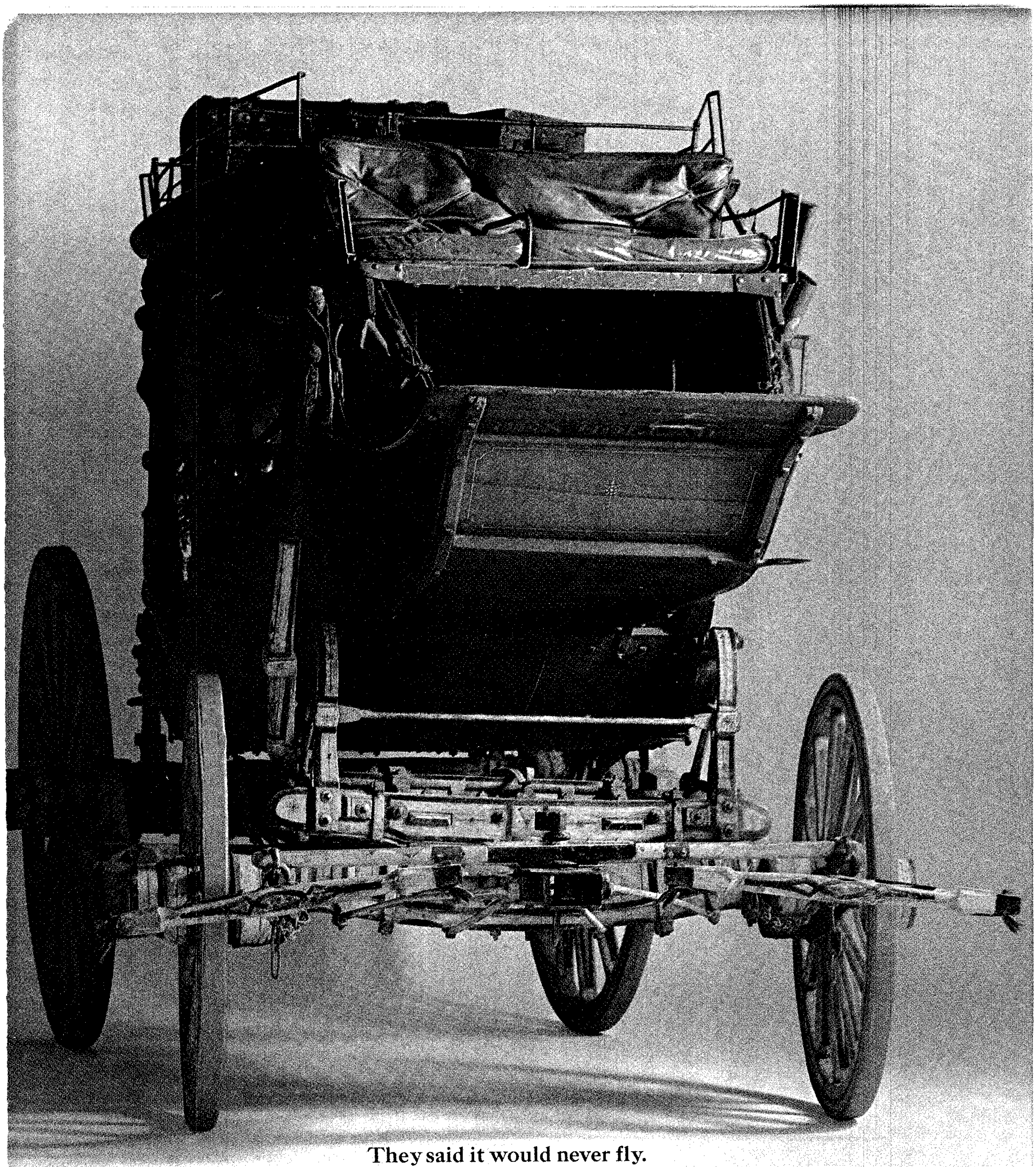

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atmosphere of watery impermanence.) The college novel used to be a hymn to places and to trial and error; it is now a murmured praise of youthfulness and sensuality. The characters of "Running Out" are—in spirit if not in fact—graduate students, and homeless, disconnected beings who bring student attitudes to adult events. Three young people, recently graduated from Harvard and Radcliffe, are more or less living together one summer in Cambridge, which one of them declares "a town of mistresses and changing situations." Bingham and Rachael are staying in his family's house. Neither of them seems to do any work. Before the suicide of Bingham's father, some months earlier, Rachael was living with George, who was then teaching at Harvard. George confided his mistress to his best friend before fleeing to a college in North Carolina, where he hopes to be restored to his integrity. We gather that Bingham, George, and Rachael are faultlessly sensitive, intelligent, and good-looking. The author draws on some of the conventions of much earlier college novels. Bingham's thoughts and standards are peculiarly modern, but in circumstances he is close to the aristocratic undergraduate ideal and inherits something of Sebastian Flyte and Amory Blaine. He comes of distinguished New England stock, drives a sports car, lives in a spacious and dramatic old house, and has an attractive mother, who wanders extravagantly through Europe. (The student hero's mother is often dreamy, beautiful, and selfish. This allows him uninterrupted independence in vacations. Usually only one parent appears in his life, so he is nurtured from the cradle in insecurity and sensitivity.) True to the prototype, too, is Bingham's way of surrounding himself with friends of meaner extract. These would, in an older and an undergraduate society, have applied decently dun-colored minds to acquiring a second-class degree and have acted as foils to the hero's own languid facility. Rachael's parents were poor and are conveniently dead. George's parents are poor and tediously alive, but he ignores them. Parents are capriciously cast off in college novels as in adolescent fantasies, should they threaten to impede the stripling's growth.

At the core of college novels is the quest for a way of life and an identity. (This does not include novels about faculties, like those of C. P. Snow, or "Lucky Jim," or Dorothy Sayers' "Gaudy Night," whose characters, having already pinned down an impeccable life quite satisfactorily, come back to college to solve a mystery, or "Zuleika Dobson," which has only the setting in common with any other college novel.) Youth knows no closed season in its hunt for patterns in chaos, and, to judge by "Running Out," the search is on more frenziedly than ever. The characters are groping for the meaning of life, death, and love. But if they master anything at all it will be by chance. The external world—society, books, buildings, and ideas that depend on accumulated evidence—provides them with no sounding board. Rather than seeking out a niche, which would involve a sophisticated process of comparison and rejection, they are hoping to float into some stream of enlightenment and happiness. Their common experiences provoke reactions that other people might know how to interpret, but each character is locked tightly in himself or keeps looking past his friends for bigger signposts. Each has his specific quest. Bingham is searching for understanding of his father's death and, it turns out, for death itself. Rachael is looking for love and motherhood. George is trying to make out the purpose of words and the reason for his promiscuity. Memories give Bingham something to work with, and Rachael has her sexuality. George is the most eccentric, and his search the most haphazard. He left Harvard because he was tempted by too many Radcliffe girls, and moved South to escape the danger of compromise. He becomes interested in gardening and unutterably priggish about the salutary effects of tilling the earth. He denounces scholarship and the wormy uninitiated "whose lives were bounded by their ignorance of a world they experienced only by words, or in words, secondhand." Fettered as he may have felt before he burned his books, George is never logical or verbal in any recognizable sense. Throughout the novel, there is the puzzling suggestion that the two men are so concerned with the intellect that they have lost touch with the truths of the soul and the body. Bingham couldn't keep up his end of a conversation with a parrot. There is no indication that any of the three has ever read a book. (Most prewar college novels show the hero scorning some Arcadian frolic, settling in beside the fire with a freshly lit pipe, and delving breathlessly into a new author. He is conscious of his youth and of his ignorance. Men who lived before him have written books and will stand by him as mentors. He lives among buildings whose aged dignity mocks

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the transience of his mewling crises.) The Cambridge friends hurtle unaided through infinity, or measure time, at best, in personal units: Rachael can think back to a lover in Paris, George to a Harvard romance, and Bingham to his childhood. They have no sense of history, of centuries or decades. The searchers of "Running Out" are sadly hampered by intellectual anarchy.

Rachael, who lives largely by her senses, is understood to stand the best chance. She feels that guilt and fretful speculation are the enemies of freedom. Because her goal is more feasible than the goals of her men, her life is more effective. She knows, as she is making love or going to the beach, that she must try to lure Bingham from his shroud of visions and convince him that his life with her is not a distant pageant. But there is no hope of chipping Bingham's privacy. Even poor Rachael gives up and, in a uniquely physical piece of introversion, conceives her child by a man she knows she will never see again. She had tried to draw both George and Bingham into sharing, but while the thought of loving and of pleasure engrosses them mightily, they are incapable of sharing, even in sex. The lives and thoughts of the threesome continually fail to meet. Although they are so bound that no further world could ever impinge, they never appear in the novel together. Bingham vanishes after the first third, George does not appear until Bingham has vanished. The characters exist for each other as enigmatic dreams. Bingham and George wonder at the woman they have shared and perhaps abused, and marvel at her ability to do self-sufficient and decisive things. So Rachael, who might just have been a living creature, is turned to vapor—a symbol of pleasure and the female, the focus of her lovers' friendship, their sense of failure, and their guilt. Outsiders exist as ciphers, monsters, or stony friezes of people in action—at a wedding, a baseball game, or in the subway. Whenever the external world flicks across someone's sight, his awareness of noticing takes precedence over the thing he is seeing. Most of the narration is in interior monologue and in the present tense. Of the house in which the story takes place we see mostly stairs and bedrooms. It is made to represent Bingham's rebellion against his mother. He travels in sleep to revisit the shores of his childhood, or walks past the door of a once familiar apartment house. What he observes is always less significant than its associations. Because the middle distance is hastily passed over and fused into the inner landscape, there are few way sta-

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tions for the characters between the idea of taking a bath and of dying. Calamity follows so hard upon hint that when it strikes it is only partly grasped. When Bingham is murdered, his death seems stupendously unimportant. Alive or dead, he is a perplexing thought to his friends. Rachael's instinct is to treat death as the end of another affair and begin looking for a new protector. For George, the event confirms the unreliability of reason and provides fresh evidence for his own emotional researches. The speed with which the survivors take up these threads illustrates their inadequacy rather than their strength. "Who had not killed," George wonders, "if killing meant taking love away?" If he knew that his words were a salve or an epigram, we might respect them. But his questions are as close as he comes to conclusions, his perception of the world is ever blurred and fumbled, and we can see that he is irretrievably duped. The values and pronouncements of the friends can be justified only in their tiny, barren world. They abhor compromise, but only because they are egotists who have never been trained to weigh alternatives. They have a kind of honesty, even of purity, because they are unsullied by humanity. Nothing but death could end the affair of Bingham and Rachael, not because it is doomed by its magnificence but because no living thing could destroy the vacuum. Having no awareness of society, the lovers are devoid of social passions; jealousy, which involves a sense of possession and a willingness to believe that things exist when you are not at hand to see them, could scarcely afflict them. The characters of "Running Out" drift and tumble through their lives, indiscriminately toning their experiences up or down. Mr. Brookhouse presents a world in which death has no meaning, intimates are merely ghostly fellow-travellers, and wordless men go chasing after comprehension without the guiding torch of reason. And so we might dismiss it if it were not a kind of college novel. Because its inhabitants spring from the ranks of perfect, romantic, and questing youth, we recognize in Bingham's world a new and unsettling Elysium.

—KENNEDY FRASER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND, by José Eça de Queiroz, translated from the Portuguese by Ann Stevens (Ohio University Press). Eça de Queiroz (1843-1900) was a Por-

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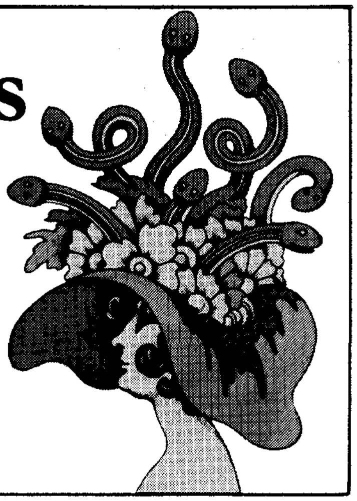

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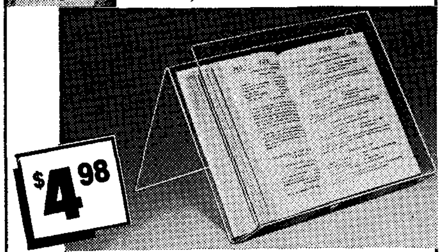

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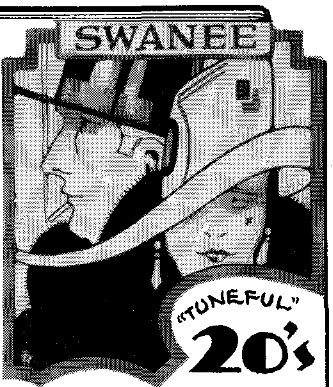

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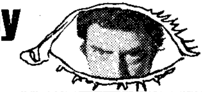

tuguese diplomat who was also a talented novelist. The "letters" that make up this book are essays that he contributed to the Brazilian newspaper *Gazeta de Noticias* in the eighteen-eighties. They were his first published writings, and they are excellent. The subjects are topical and, at least by now, only too familiar (the London Season, Christmas, the stirring of anti-Semitism in Bismarckian Germany, children's parties, the Irish question, trouble in Egypt), but Eça de Queiroz has a voice, a dry, ironic tone, that is still distinctively his own, as when he speaks of Christmas generosity ("But with the holiday over selfishness is given its head again, no one gives another thought to the poor, except a few hardened revolutionaries who deserve to be flung into prison—and poverty continues to sob in its corner") or Ireland ("Let us, however, be fair: England does send flour and a few shillings to the millions of starving Irish: and *Punch* honours them by making a few jokes about them").

WE TALK, YOU LISTEN: NEW TRIBES, NEW TURF, by Vine Deloria, Jr. (Macmillan). An argumentative rather than informative book about American Indians today. The author, who is himself an American Indian, adopts a controversial style reminiscent of his forefathers' fighting style: avoid pitched battles, loose a shower of arrows, and dart off. The Parthians fought the Romans this way, the Turks the Crusaders; though it is not magnificent, it *is* war. Mr. Deloria's paleface readers are not persuaded or enlightened; they are simply attacked. Here and there, Mr. Deloria seems to be starting a conversation, but it always turns into a war whoop.

ORDEAL OF AMBITION: JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, BURR, by Jonathan Daniels (Doubleday). Can history ever revise calumny? Maybe, maybe not. At any rate, that is what Mr. Daniels is trying to do—revise the calumniated historical memory of Aaron Burr, who was not so much a very bad man as a very good shot. Mr. Daniels' method is truly original. He has dug and dug and dug into the political life of the infant republic, and, possibly because his father's service in the Wilson Administration and his own in F.D.R.'s have given him a singular familiarity with political-power struggles within administrations, he has made of this past matter an "inside story" that is, if not exactly up-to-date, dateless. The work is knowledgeable, scholarly, and wholly absorbing.

AMERICAN PLACE-NAMES: A CONCISE AND SELECTIVE DICTIONARY FOR THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, by George R. Stewart (Oxford). Except for Henry Gannett's admittedly limited "The Origin of Certain Place Names in the United States," of 1902, this is the first compendium of its kind and size, and it is first-rate. It is essentially more than its subtitle allows. It is indeed "concise and selective," including only around twelve thousand of an estimated total of more than three million named places in this country, but since most of these names are repetitious (Springfield) or obvious in origin and meaning (Smithtown, Mill Creek, Pine Lake), it actually approaches the comprehensive: it seems to include practically all the well-known or unusual names that require elucidation. It thus embraces Atlanta ("coined . . . for the terminus of the Western & Atlantic Railroad, from 'Atlantic' apparently under the assumption that this was the feminine form") and Maggie's Nipples, Wyoming ("named by cowboys for a certain Maggie Baggs, not further identified"), and Amagansett ("Algonquian 'well-at,' because of a so-called Indian well, made from the trunk of a hollow tree sunk in a meadow"). There is an excellent, and entertainingly instructive, introduction by the author, and a considerable bibliography. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

WORDS FOR A DEAF DAUGHTER, by Paul West (Harper & Row). A book about the author's daughter, Mandy, now eight. Since she was two, her parents have known she was almost totally deaf, and for years she was savagely intractable. Today, her closed-off world has been finally penetrated to let words and light and thoughts in, so that now she can read and write and be with people. The book, written as a long apostrophe to Mandy herself, is more than a close study of a handicapped child; it is a work of art. Mr. West is a poet as well as a novelist and critic, and he has written a long and complicated poem here, at once wild and funny and beautiful and loving and sad—not gloomy sad but world sad.

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[*Headline in the Wall Street Journal*]

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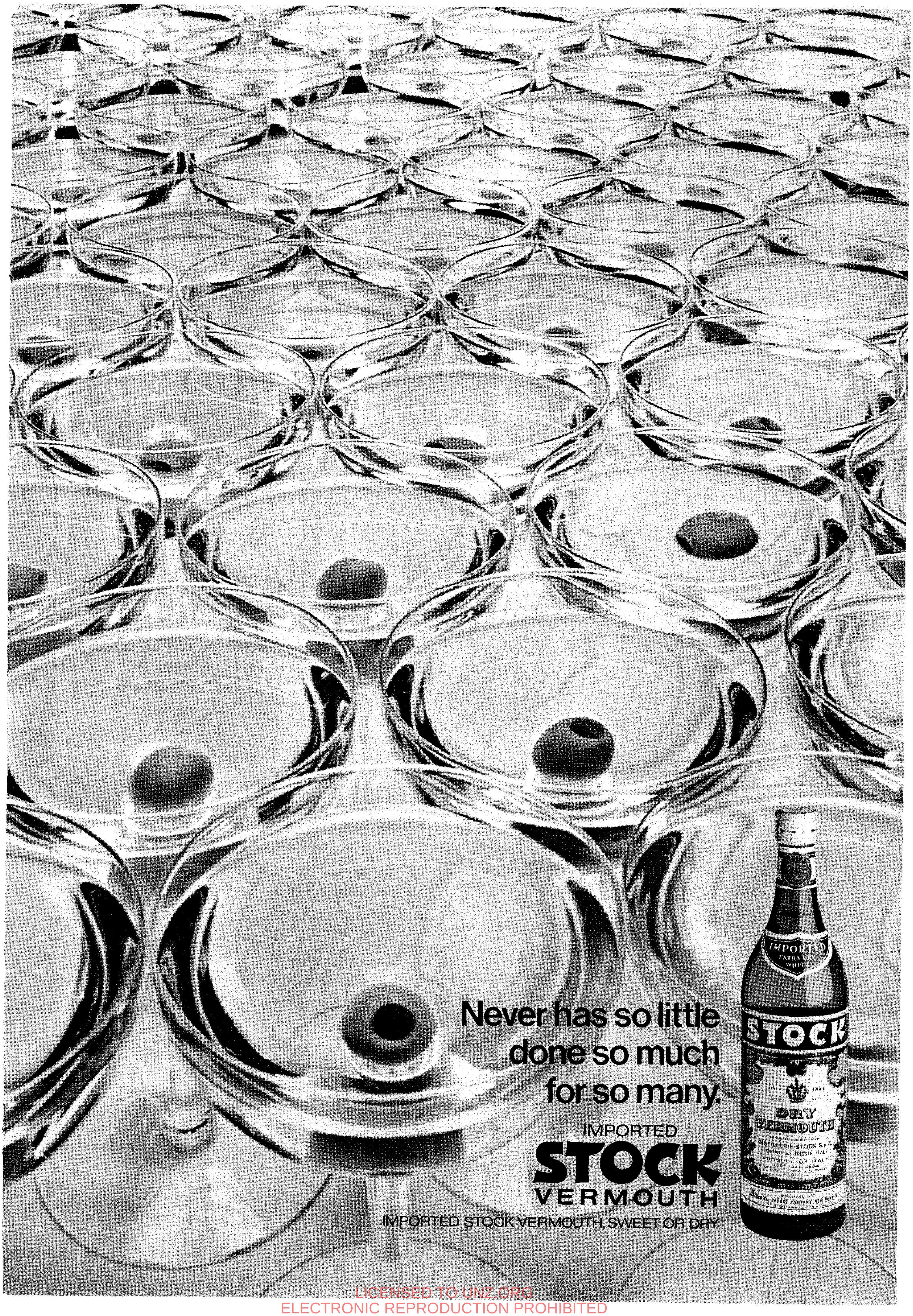
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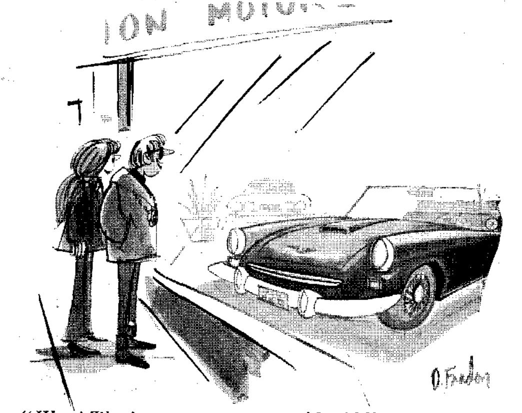

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